THE

WORKS

Of the moſt celebrated

Minor POETS.

NAMELY,

Wentworth Earl of *Roſcommon*,
Charles Earl of *Dorſet*,
Charles Earl of *Halifax*,
Sydney Earl of *Godolphin*,
John Lord *Somers*,
Dr. *Sprat* Bp. of *Rocheſter*,
Sir *Samuel Garth*,
George Stepney, Eſq;
William Walſh, Eſq;
Thomas Tickle, Eſq; and
Ambroſe Phillips, Eſq;

To which are added,

Pieces omitted in the WORKS of

Sir *John Suckling*,
Mr. *Otway*.
Matthew Prior, Eſq;
Dr. *King*,
and
Dean *Swift*.

In Three VOLUMES.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
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MDCCLI.

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TO THE

Right HONOURABLE Philip Dormer, Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THE editor of this collection, is encouraged by the great merit and reputation of the several authors of

whoſe works it is compoſed, to preſent it to your Lordſhip in this public manner. You will forgive this liberty; but would certainly be offended, ſhould he proceed one ſtep further in the beaten track of dedications, and attempt to form ſuch compliments as are due to your Lordſhip.

The praiſes offered up in addreſſes of this nature, are generally dealt out and applied in ſo profuſe and undiſtinguiſhing a manner, that however juſt and diſintereſted they may ſometimes be, they are always regarded as a greater proof of venality in the writer, than of ſuperior worth in the patron. A nameleſs and un-

unknown panegyriſt, could not indeed reaſonably be ſuſpected of inſincerity; but ſurely this practice, of acquainting the patron himſelf with his own merit and abilities, is in all caſes groſly indelicate; and in the preſent, to proclaim them to the public is quite unneceſſary.

The editor therefore will content himſelf with ſaying in general, that there is no character for which he has ſo high a veneration as your Lordſhip's; and that there is no other name which could ſo properly be prefixed to the works of the moſt eminent writers, both for genius and quality, that this country ever produced. And this ſeems neceſſary

ceſſary to be ſaid, becauſe it is the ſole reaſon of the preſent addreſs, and muſt be the excuſe of

Your LORDSHIP'S

moſt humble ſervant,

The EDITOR.

PREFACE.

SUCH is the peculiar fate of theſe times, that though poeſy now receives the greateſt honors and encouragement from the public, it has not been, for this laſt century, in a more low and declining ſtate. Our preſent writers ſeem not ſo much as warmed with that noble fire, that glowed in many of their predeceſſors; and which, perhaps, wholly expired with the breath of the late famous tranſlator of Homer. An elevation of ſentiment, a brightneſs of imagination, and majeſtic ſimplicity of ſtyle, are to be found united in the productions of former days; when thoſe of the preſent are diſtinguiſhed only by a poverty of invention, and lowneſs of thought, blown up and obſcured by a falſe and unnatural pomp of expreſſion.

As ſo ſmall a portion of the divine ſpirit of our fore-fathers is derived to us, we ought to be the more careful in preſerving their re-

mains; and not to ſuffer theſe to be loſt, though we are not equal to the imitation of them. And none are more worthy, or more wanting, of our regard in this particular, than what are comprehended in theſe papers. The authors of them were perſons as eminent for their wit and genius, as for their quality and employments; and yet their incomparable writings, though few years have elapſed ſince they were firſt compoſed, are not now, without difficulty, to be found, and ſeem already haſtening into oblivion. Many circumſtances have conſpired to reduce them to this ſtate; all of which have ariſen from the little care taken in their publication, and from the minute quantity of them: the works of each of our authors being too inconſiderable to conſtitute a volume by themſelves. Hence it has proceeded, that ſome of their writings have always remained in thoſe looſe and ſingle ſheets in which they were originally printed; and that the reſt have been, for venal purpoſes, united to the performances of other perſons, greatly inferior to theſe excellent pens. To thoſe cauſes it is alſo principally owing, that ſeveral pieces offenſively obſcene,

the legitimate iſſue indeed of our authors, but certainly never intended publickly to be fathered by them, have been forced into the light; and, which is more injurious than the reſt, that many of the moſt illuſtrious names amongſt them have been proſtituted, in dignifying the deformed and contemptible offspring of others: ſo that the very reputation of which our authors were formerly poſſeſſed, by a peculiar infelicity, hath contributed to its own ruin.

To reinſtate theſe admirable poets, in thoſe high poſts of honour which they once deſervedly filled, it was therefore neceſſary to ſeparate their writings from the works of others, amongſt which they have lain ſcattered; to reject ſuch as have been falſely and injuriouſly aſcribed to them, and to gather into a body all thoſe others as are indiſputably genuine, and worthy of them. This the editor has executed with the greateſt care and judgment that he is maſter of; and he is well aſſured, there are very few pieces of this latter kind, which are not inſerted in theſe volumes. If any have eſcaped his ſearch, this alone ſhews the

the uſefulneſs of the preſent undertaking; as it is a melancholy proof and example, what would be the fortune of ſuch as are here collected, if they had been ſuffered to continue in their former ſtate of diſperſion. Theſe have hitherto, in ſome degree, buoyed up and kept alive thoſe mean and unequal productions with which they have been attended, but would probably, in a ſhort time, be themſelves depreſſed by the ſuperior bulk and number of thoſe others, and deſcend together with them into oblivion. But in the form they are now preſented to the public, it may with ſome reaſon be hoped, that they ſtand ſecured of that laſting reputation which they ſo well deſerve, and will ſafely be tranſmitted to poſterity.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

Earl of ROSCOMMON.

AN
ESSAY
ON
TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whoſe correct * eſſay
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way;
And happy you, who, by propitious fate,
On great Apollo's ſacred ſtandard wait,
And with ſtrict diſcipline inſtructed right,
Have learn'd to uſe your arms before you fight.
But ſince the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage,
Conſpire to cenſure and expoſe our age,
Provok'd too far, we reſolutely muſt,
To the few virtues that we have, be juſt.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To ſearch the treaſures of the Roman ſtore;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The nobleſt fruits tranſplanted in our iſle,
With early hope, and fragrant bloſſoms ſmile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inſpires,
And nature ſeconds all his ſoft deſires.
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural ſong.

* *Eſſay on Poetry, written by the late Duke of* Bucks.

Who has not heard how Italy was bleſt,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy Eaſt?
Or Gallus' ſong, ſo tender, and ſo true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view?
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' herſe,
Who does not weep, that reads the moving verſe?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted ſtrains
Sicilian muſes through theſe happy plains,
Proclaim Saturnian times, our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd, after inteſtine broils,
And peace and conqueſt crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew faſt, and ſpread, and bleſt the land;
The choiceſt Books, that Rome, or Greece have known,
Her excellent tranſlators made her own:
And Europe ſtill conſiderably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our gen'rous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the ſame.
But now, we ſhew the world a nobler way,
And in tranſlated verſe, do more than they.
Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With ſweetneſs not to be expreſt in proſe.
Degrading proſe explains his meaning ill,
And ſhews the ſtuff, but not the workman's ſkill.
I (who have ſerv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my maſter as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares.
The fault is more their language's, than theirs.
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words,
Of ſofter ſound than ours, perhaps, affords;
But who did ever in French authors ſee
The comprehenſive, Engliſh energy?
The weighty bullion of one ſterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages ſhine.

I ſpeak my private, but impartial ſenſe,
With freedom, and, I hope, without offence:
For I'll recant, when France can ſhew me wit,
As ſtrong as ours, and as ſuccinctly writ.
'Tis true, compoſing is the nobler part,
But good tranſlation is no eaſy art;
For tho' materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound:
And, by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but judgment more.
The ſoil intended for Pierian ſeeds,
Muſt be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds;
Apollo ſtarts, and all Parnaſſus ſhakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes;
For none have been with admiration read,
But who, beſide their learning, were well-bred.
The firſt great work, a taſk perform'd by few,
Is, that your ſelf may to your ſelf be true:
No maſque, no tricks, no favour, no reſerve;
Diſſect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his ſtrength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch, in ſpight of his forgotten rhimes,
Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding times,
With pompous nonſenſe and a bellowing ſound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And, if my muſe can through paſt ages ſee,
That noiſy, nauſeous, gaping fool was he,
Exploded, when with univerſal ſcorn,
The mountains labour'd, and a mouſe was born.
Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wreſtler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wiſe!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he ſtrove to rend.
Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praiſes, one inſtructs, another bites.

Horace did ne'er aſpire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro ſtoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling paſſion of your mind;
Then, ſeek a poet who your way does bend,
And chuſe an author, as you chuſe a friend.
United by this ſympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your ſtyles, your ſouls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.
With how much eaſe is a young muſe betray'd,
How nice the reputation of the maid?
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaſte inſtruction of her tender years.
The firſt impreſſion in her infant breaſt
Will be the deepeſt, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let not auſterity breed ſervile fear,
No wanton ſound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from fooliſh pride's affected ſtate,
And ſpecious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect muſt anſwer for her faults.
Immodeſt words admit of no defence,
For want of decency, is want of ſenſe.
What mod'rate fop would rake the park, or ſtews,
Who among troops of faultleſs nymphs may chuſe?
Variety of ſuch is to be found;
Take then a ſubject, proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of ſenſe deſpiſe a trivial choice:
And ſuch applauſe it muſt expect to meet,
As wou'd ſome painter, buſy in a ſtreet,
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry ſign
That calls the ſtaring ſots to naſty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a ſubject good;
It muſt delight us when 'tis underſtood.

He

He that brings fulſome objects to my view,
As many old have done, and many new,
With nauſeous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of ſquils.
Inſtruct the liſt'ning world how Maro ſings
Of uſeful ſubjects, and of lofty things.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright ideas raiſe,
As merit gratitude, as well as praiſe:
But foul deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded gods,
Make ſome ſuſpect, he ſnores, as well as nods.
But I offend——Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My bluſhing muſe with conſcious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.
  On ſure foundations let your fabric riſe,
And with attractive majeſty ſurprize;
Not by affected, meritricious arts,
But ſtrict harmonious ſymetry of parts,
Which through the whole inſenſibly muſt paſs,
With vital heat to animate the maſs;
A pure, an active, an auſpicious flame,
And bright as heav'n, from whence the bleſſing came.
But few, few ſpirits, pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No rebel Titan's ſacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can thither climb.
The grizly ferry-man of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, 'till he knew his guide;
How juſtly then will impious mortals fall,
Whoſe pride would ſoar to heav'n without a call?
  Pride, of all others the moſt dang'rous fault,
Proceeds from want of ſenſe, or want of thought.

The men, who labour and digeſt things moſt,
Will be much apter to deſpond, than boaſt;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill coſt you dear before he's underſtood.
How many ages ſince has Virgil writ?
How few are they who underſtand him yet?
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heav'n ſhakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets ſhou'd before their Mantuan god.
Hail mighty Maro! may that ſacred name
Kindle my breaſt with thy cœleſtial flame;
Sublime ideas, and apt words infuſe;
The muſe inſtruct my voice, and thou inſpire the muſe.
What I have inſtanc'd only in the beſt,
Is, in proportion, true of all the reſt.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There ſweat, there ſtrain, tug the laborious oar:
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find;
Some here, ſome there, may hit the poet's mind:
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Conſult your author, with himſelf compar'd:
Who knows what bleſſing Phœbus may beſtow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such ſecrets are not eaſily found out,
But once diſcover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth ſtamps conviction in your raviſh'd breaſt,
And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt.
Truth ſtill is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obſcure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the leaſt debate,
You may confound, but never can tranſlate:
Your ſtile will this thro' all diſguiſes ſhow,
For none explain more clearly, than they know.

He

He only proves he underſtands a text,
Whoſe expoſition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names inſiſt,
Rather create than diſſipate the miſt,
And grow unjuſt by being over nice,
For ſuperſtitious virtue turns to vice.
Let * Craſſus' ghoſt, and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell;
Since Rome hath been ſo jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus or Monæſes' name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd;
And ſome, that Rome admir'd in Cæſar's time,
May neither ſuit our genius nor our clime:
The genuine ſenſe, intelligibly told,
Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold.
Excurſions are inexpiably bad,
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out, than add.
Abſtruſe and myſtick thoughts you muſt expreſs
With painful care, but ſeeming eaſineſs;
For truth ſhines brighteſt thro' the plaineſt dreſs.
Th'Ænean muſe, when ſhe appears in ſtate,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verſes wait;
Yet wri es ſometimes as ſoft and moving things
As Venus ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings.
Your author always will the beſt adviſe,
Fall when he falls, and when he riſes, riſe.
Affected noiſe is the moſt wretched thing,
That to content can empty ſcriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even ſyllables, and ſtill the laſt,
Tho' groſs innumerable faults abound,
In ſpight of nonſenſe, never fail of ſound.
But this is meant of even verſe alone,
As being moſt harmonious, and moſt known:

contempt

* *Hor. l. 3. Od. 6.*

For

For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd ſyllables muſt lie.
Whatever ſiſter of the learned nine
Does to your ſuit a willing ear incline,
Urge your ſucceſs, deſerve a laſting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a conſtant flame.
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You loſe the fruit of all your former care,
For the ſad proſpect of a juſt deſpair.
A quack, too ſcandalouſly mean to name,
Had, by man-midwifry, got wealth, and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The lab'ring wife invokes his ſurer aid;
Well-ſeaſon'd bowls the goſſip's ſpirits raiſe,
Who while ſhe guzzles, chats the doctor's praiſe,
And largely, what ſhe wants in words, ſupplies,
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtleſs animal is man!
How very active in his own trepan!
For greedy of phyſicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praiſe he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
From ſaving women falls to killing men.
Another ſuch had left the nation thin,
In ſpight of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they ſlew.
His name ſtruck ev'ry where as great a damp
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For ſmarting ſoundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine ſtar'd him in the face;
Fain wou'd he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no huſband left to own a child;

The

The friends, that got the brats, were poiſon'd too:
In this ſad caſe what cou'd our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts, and paſt all hope of bail,
Th'unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail;
And there with baſket-alms, ſcarce kept alive,
Shews how miſtaken talents ought to thrive.
I pity, from my ſoul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to proſtitute their pen;
Who muſt, like lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead;
But you, Pompilian's wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your ſwords and cares,
Let no vain hope your eaſy minds ſeduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuſe.
'Tis very dang'rous, tamp'ring with a muſe,
The profit's ſmall, and you have much to loſe;
For, tho' true wit adorns your birth, or place,
Degen'rate lines degrade th'attainted race.
No poet any paſſion can excite,
But what they feel tranſport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th'impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rolling eyes;
And panting; Lo! the god, the god ſhe cries;
With words, not hers, and more than human ſound,
She makes th'obedient ghoſts peep trembling thro' the ground.
But tho' we muſt obey when heav'n commands,
And man in vain the ſacred call withſtands,
Beware what ſpirit rages in your breaſt;
For ten inſpir'd, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.
Thus make the proper uſe of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the chearful hours too freely paſs,
And ſparkling wine ſmiles in the tempting glaſs,

Your pulſe adviſes, and begins to beat
Thro' ev'ry ſwelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a muſe propitiouſly invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another ſummons wait,
Before the radiant ſun, a glimmering lamp,
Adult'rate metals to the ſterling ſtamp;
Appear not meaner, than meer human lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe inſpiration ſhines:
Theſe, nervous, bold; thoſe, languid and remiſs;
There, cold ſalutes; but here, a lover's kiſs.
Thus have I ſeen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the paſſive Soan divide,
Whoſe lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.
The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too juſt a name,
Belongs to none but an eſtabliſh'd fame,
Which ſcorns to take it———
Abſurd expreſſions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Baſe fugitives to that aſylum fly,
And ſacred laws with inſolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deſerv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I miſtake, or far the greateſt part
Of what ſome call neglect, was ſtudy'd art.
When Virgil ſeems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the ſign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your ſight,
To reach the noble height of ſome unuſual flight.
I loſe my patience, when, with ſaucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverſe of nature! ſhall ſuch copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!

And

And the rude notions of pedantic ſchools
Blaſpheme the ſacred founder of our rules!
The delicacy of the niceſt ear
Finds nothing harſh, or out of order there;
Sublime or low, unbended or intenſe,
The ſound is ſtill a comment to the ſenſe.
A ſkilful ear, in numbers ſhou'd preſide,
And all diſputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome, and elder Athens found,
Before miſtaken ſtops debauch'd the ſound.
When, by impulſe from heav'n, Tyrtæus ſung,
In drooping ſoldiers a new courage ſprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two gen'rals loſt, a poet gain'd.
By ſecret influence of indulgent ſkies,
Empire and poeſy together riſe.
True poets are the guardians of a ſtate,
And when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the veſtal, but the muſe's fire;
Heav'n joins the bleſſings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults, rhyme is, perhaps, the cauſe;
Too ſtrict to rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful laws;
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at laſt obey,
And change their own for their invaders way.
I grant that from ſome moſſy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden ſpoke;
And by ſucceſſion of unlearned times,
As bards began, ſo monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the ſacred nine,
With all their beams on our bleſt iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not we their ancient rites reſtore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

* 'Have

* 'Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous proſe
'Led our exalted ſouls thro' heav'nly camps,
'And mark'd the ground where proud apoſtate thrones
'Defy'd Jehovah! here, 'twixt hoſt and hoſt,
'A narrow, but a dreadful interview,
'Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
'Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
'Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
'There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
'Diſpers'd ætherial forms, and down they fell
'By thouſands, angels on arch-angels roll'd;
'Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
'Which, with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters, woods,
'From their firm ſeats torn by the ſhaggy tops,
'They bore, like ſhields before them thro' the air,
''Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
'All was confuſion, heav'n's foundations ſhook,
'Threat'ning no leſs than univerſal wreck;
'For Michael's arm main promontaries flung,
'And over-preſt whole legions weak with ſin;
'Yet they blaſphem'd, and ſtruggled as they lay,
''Till the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
'And, arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious ſon
'Effulgence of paternal deity,
'Graſping ten thouſand thunders in his hand
'Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
'And ſent them flaming to the vaſt abyſs.'

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud Pæans thro' the crowded way,
When in triumphant ſtate the Britiſh muſe,
True to herſelf, ſhall barbarous aid refuſe,
And in the Roman majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near.

* An Eſſay on Blank Verſe, out of *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book VI.

ON
Mr. DRYDEN's
RELIGIO LAICI.

BE gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin, go,
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know;
Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you, reverend Levi, here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic pow'r aſſume,
And wou'd for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanaticks caſt the pearls of heav'n to ſwine:
What then have honeſt thinking men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th' uſurping two?
Nor can th'Ægyptian patriarch blame my muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface ſure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll ſay;
'Tis true, but ſo ſhe will th'Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.

But

But did that God, ſo little underſtood,
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king;
Yet leave his fav'rite, man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?
O! how much happier, and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they cou'd not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their followers that rebel:
If then, a blind, well-meaning Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulph be ſhew'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.
That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day,
For he declares what he reſolves to ſay,
Will damn the goats, for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep, for actions, not for thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhewn
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

THE DREAM.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns ſo many thouſand helpleſs ſlaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle ſleep compare;
Who, tho' his victories as num'rous are,
Yet from his ſlaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his ſoft charms had eas'd my weary ſight
Of all the baneful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, diveſted of the ſcorn
Which the unequall'd maid ſo long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had love's great god eſſay'd
To tame the ſtubborn heart of that bright maid?
Yet, ſpight of all the pride that ſwells her mind,
The humble god of ſleep can make her kind.
A riſing bluſh increas'd the native ſtore
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more preſent the viſion to my view,
The ſweet illuſion, gentle fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely ſhe, how raviſh'd I!
Shew me, bleſt god of ſleep, and let me die.

The GHOST of the
Old HOUSE OF COMMONS,
TO THE
New One, appointed to meet at OXFORD.

FROM deepeſt dungeons of eternal night,
The ſeats of horror, ſorrow, pains, and ſpite,
I have been ſent to tell you, tender youth,
A ſeaſonable and important truth.
I feel, but, Oh! too late, that no diſeaſe
Is like a ſurfeit of luxurious eaſe:
And, of all other, the moſt tempting things
Are, too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was ſuperlatively ill,
But by degrees, with induſtry and ſkill:
And ſome, whoſe meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow knaves by uſe, and rebels by deſpair.
My time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep the firſt bloſſoms from the blaſt of ſin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preſerve yourſelves, and bring ſerener days.
The buſy, ſubtile ſerpents of the law,
Did firſt my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king preſcribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew ſeditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd,
The robe was ſummon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none ſo deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he ſtood
Stain'd with the, yet unexpiated, blood

Of

Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Pris'ners and witneſſes were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to ſwear, and thoſe to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, ſome for good eſtates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
B—— and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I ſeem'd, and did but ſeem, to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels, and the Wards;
Anti-monarchic heretics of ſtate,
Immoral atheiſts, rich and reprobate;
But above all, I got a little guide,
Who ev'ry foard of villainy had try'd;
None knew ſo well the old pernicious way,
To ruin ſubjects, and make kings obey;
And my ſmall Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving eighty, back to forty eight.
This the king knew, and was reſolv'd to bear,
But I miſtook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy iſland could afford,
Was ſacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In whoſe whole paradiſe, one only tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict decree;
A ſacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conſpir'd to tear;
Beware, my child, divinity is there.
This ſo undid all I had done before,
I cou'd attempt, and he endure no more.
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath
Was ſnatch'd away by the ſwift hand of death;
And I, with all my ſins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkneſs of the lower world:
A dreadful place! which you too ſoon will ſee,
If you believe ſeducers more than me.

ON THE
Death of a LADY's DOG.

THOU, happy creature, art ſecure
From all the torments we endure:
Deſpair, ambition, jealouſy,
Loſt friends, nor love, diſquiet thee;
A ſullen prudence drew thee hence
From noiſe, fraud, and impertinence,
Tho' life eſſay'd the ſureſt wile,
Gilding itſelf with Laura's ſmile.
How didſt thou ſcorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who cou'dſt break from Laura's arms!
Poor cynic! ſtill methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthleſs crowd away.
How fondly human paſſions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

SONG.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
'Till fatal Tempeſts ſwell the ſea,
In vain let ſinking pilots pray,
Beneath thy yoke let nature bend;
Let piercing froſt, and laſting ſnow,
Thro' woods and fields deſtruction ſow!

Yet we, unmov'd, will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer ills create,
Theſe we can bear; but, gentle fate,
And thou bleſt genius of our iſle,
From winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the liſt'ning gods rejoice.

May that cœleſtial ſound each day
With extacy tranſport our ſouls,
Whilſt all our paſſions it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold deſtroy,
All taſte we have of heav'nly joy.

ROSS's GHOST.

SHAME of my life, diſturber of my tomb,
Baſe as thy mother's proſtituted womb,
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to cred'lous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's ſlave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I riſe, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
I ſtrove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy, where the ſpring's impure.
In all your meritorious life, we ſee
Old Taaf's invincible ſobriety.
Places of maſter of the horſe, and ſpy,
You, like Tom Howard, did at once ſupply:
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did ſpring;
You ſhow us all your parents, but the king,
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous arms,
Unhappy he who ſuch a viper warms;
As dutiful a ſubject, as a ſon,
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apoſtate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The firſt and faireſt of the ſons of light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

A

PROLOGUE

Spoken to His Royal Highneſs the DUKE of YORK, at Edinburgh.

FOLLY and vice are eaſy to deſcribe,
The common ſubjects of our ſcribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, ſhine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe ſpeak,
Let France acknowledge that her ſhaken throne
Was once ſupported, ſir, by you alone:
Baniſh'd from thence for an uſurper's ſake,
Yet truſted then with her laſt deſp'rate ſtake:
When wealthy neighbours ſtrove with us for pow'r,
Let the ſea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name ſtruck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he ſaw, he ſeiz'd the ſtruggling prey,
And while the heav'ns were fire, and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
Oh happy iſlands, if you knew your bliſs!
Strong by the ſea's protection, ſafe by his,
Expreſs your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vaſt to pay:
Let fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd ſo well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, ſo ſubmiſſively reſign'd,
Proclaim that ſuch a hero never ſprings
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To ALEXANDER the Great,

When acted at the theatre in Dublin.

YOU've ſeen to-night the glory of the eaſt,
The man, who all the then known world poſſeſt,
That kings in chains did ſon of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treaſon fall.
Him fortune only favour'd for her ſport,
And when his conduct wanted her ſupport,
His empire, courage, and his boaſted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a ſlave's deſign.
Great Charles, whoſe birth has promis'd milder ſway,
Whoſe awful nod all nations muſt obey,
Secur'd by higher pow'rs, exalted ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Thoſe miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heav'n has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depoſe
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And ſtopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a miſt before this radiant day.
So when, in heav'n, the mighty rebels roſe,
Proud, and reſolv'd that empire to depoſe,
Angels fought firſt, but unſucceſsful prov'd,
God kept the conqueſt for his beſt belov'd:
At ſight of ſuch omnipotence they fly
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did aſcend the throne
Labour'd to draw three reſtive nations on;
He boldly drives 'em forward without pain,
They hear his voice, and ſtreight obey the rein.

Such terror ſpeaks him deſtin'd to command;
We worſhip Jove with thunder in his hand;
But when his mercy without pow'r appears,
We ſlight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.
How weak in arms did civil diſcord ſhew!
Like Saul, ſhe ſtruck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offſpring, made the royal hero's ſcorn,
Like ſons of earth, all fell as ſoon as born:
Yet let us boaſt, for ſure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltleſs, and her fields unſtain'd.

PROLOGUE to POMPEY, A TRAGEDY,

Tranſlated by Mrs. K. Philips, from the French of Monſieur Corneille, and acted at the theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whoſe deſtructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæſar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obſequious flatteries of Rome;
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beſide.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had ſtain'd with blood, peace flouriſh'd in this iſle;
And you alone may boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæſar 'till now, and now can give him law.
Great Pompey too comes as a ſuppliant here,
But ſays he cannot now begin to fear:

He

He knows your equal Juſtice, and, to tell
A Roman truth, he knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on Cæſar's ſide,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His fortune, when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cauſe admit,
Since here ſo many Cato's judging ſit?
But you, bright nymphs, give Cæſar leave to woo
The greateſt wonder of the world, but you,
And hear a muſe, who has that hero taught
To ſpeak as gen'rouſly, as e'er he fought;
Whoſe eloquence from ſuch a theme deters
All tongues but Engliſh, and all pens but hers.
By the juſt fates your ſex is doubly bleſt,
You conquer'd Cæſar, and you praiſe him beſt.
And you, * illuſtrious ſir, receive as due,
A preſent deſtiny reſerv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow
Who gave ſo many crowns, beſtow one now.

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

CXLVIIIth PSALM.

O Azure vaults! O cryſtal ſky!
The world's tranſparent canopy,
Break your long ſilence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd

Wing'd ſquadrons of the god of war,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are,
Let ecchoing anthems make his praiſes known
On earth, his foot-ſtool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all, whoſe glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praiſe his name, without whoſe purer light
Thou hadſt been hid in an abyſs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who diſpenſe,
By God's command, your influence;
Reſign to him, as your creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireſt, as well as firſt, of things
From whom all joy, all beauty ſprings,
O praiſe th' almighty ruler of the globe,
Who uſeth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praiſe him, ye loud harmonious ſpheres,
Whoſe ſacred ſtamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whoſe command is th' univerſal law.

Ye wat'ry mountains of the ſky,
And you ſo far above our eye,
Vaſt ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whoſe contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hiſſing into joyful ſong,
And praiſe your maker with your forked tongue.

Praiſe him, ye monſters of the deep
That in the ſeas vaſt boſoms ſleep,
At whoſe command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye miſts and vapours, hail and ſnow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempeſt, praiſe th' almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your maker's view
Seem leſs than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when firſt Jehovah ſpoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in ſmoak.

Praiſe him, ſweet off-ſpring of the ground,
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praiſe,
That in his temple ſacred altars raiſe.

Idle muſicians of the ſpring,
Whoſe only care's to love and ſing,
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praiſe your creator with the ſweeteſt note.

Praiſe him each ſavage, furious beaſt,
That on his ſtores do daily feaſt:
And you tame ſlaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your creator bow.

Majeſtic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whoſe pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts againſt your crowns be vain;
But ſtill remember by whoſe pow'r you reign.

Let the wide world his praiſes ſing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates ſpring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to thoſe
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our lives,
Praiſe him from whom your pow'r derives:
Be true and juſt, like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your ſword.

Praiſe him, old monuments of time;
O praiſe him in your youthful prime;
Praiſe him, fair idols of our greedy ſenſe;
Exalt his name, ſweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name ſhall only laſt,
When heav'n, and earth, and all is paſt:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's ſacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the ſtars your empire raiſe,
And with his glory recompenſe your praiſe.

THE DAY of JUDGMENT.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in aſhes lay,
As David and the Sibyls ſay.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the ſtrict judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find?

III.

The laſt loud trumpet's wond'rous ſound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and death ſhall, with ſurprize,
Behold the pale offender riſe,
And view the judge with conſcious eyes.

V.

V.

Then ſhall, with univerſal dread,
The ſacred myſtic book be read,
To try the living, and the dead.

VI.

The judge aſcends his awful throne,
He makes each ſecret ſin be known,
And all with ſhame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then! what intereſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important ſtake,
When the moſt juſt have cauſe to quake.

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhauſted ſpring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ranſom coſt,
Nor let my dear-bought ſoul be loſt,
In ſtorms of guilty terror toſt.

X.

Thou who for me didſt feel ſuch pain,
Whoſe precious blood the croſs did ſtain,
Let not thoſe agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the ſad accounting day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whoſe load my ſoul with anguiſh bears,
I ſigh, I weep: accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by abſolving of the thief,
Haſt giv'n me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r,
Preſerve me from that dang'rous ſnare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted ſoul a place,
Among thy choſen right-hand race,
The ſons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that inſatiable abyſs,
Where flames devour, and ſerpents hiſs,
Promote me to thy ſeat of bliſs.

XVII.

Proſtrate, my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my father, and my friend;
Do not forſake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curſe their ſecond breath,
Who riſe to a reviving death.
Thou great creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compaſſion find.

Part of the Fifth SCENE of the Second ACT in Guarini's PASTOR FIDO, TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove! dark and ſecure retreat
Of ſacred ſilence, reſt's eternal ſeat;
How well your cool and unfrequented ſhade
Suits with the chaſte retirements of a maid!
Oh! if kind heav'n had been ſo much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I wou'd here confine,
And only this Elyſium ſhou'd be mine.
Fond men, by paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe idols which their fancy made;
Purchaſing riches, with our time and care,
We loſe our freedom in a gilded ſnare;
And having all, all to ourſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is, at beſt, but an inconſtant good,
Vain are the boaſted titles of our blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our youth our ſhort-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increaſe our ſtore,
If our abundance makes us wiſh for more.
How happy is the harmleſs country maid,
Who, rich by nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Whoſe modeſt clothes no wanton eyes invite,
But, like her ſoul, preſerves the native white;
Whoſe little ſtore her well-taught mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe;
Who, free from ſtorms which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all:
No care, but love, can diſcompoſe her breaſt,
Love, of all cares the ſweeteſt, and the beſt.

While on ſweet graſs her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or gods or men impoſe,
But one whom love has for this lover choſe:
Under ſome fav'rite myrtle's ſhady boughs,
They ſpeak their paſſions in repeated vows,
And whilſt a bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful heart makes as ſincere returns:
Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

VIRGIL's Sixth Eclogue,

SILENUS.

TRANSLATED.

With REMARKS.

The ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing transformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This Eclogue was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

My

My aim being only to have Virgil underſtood by ſuch who do not underſtand Latin, and cannot, probably, be acquainted with ſome names and paſſages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by figures to the poſt-ſcript, where they will find the beſt account that I can give, of all that is out of the common road.

I Firſt of Romans, ſtoop'd to rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among (1) Sicilian ſwains.
When my (2) Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuſe,
And with this whiſper check th'aſpiring muſe;
A ſhepherd, Tityrus, his flock ſhould feed,
And chuſe a ſubject ſuited to his reed.
Thus I, while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, (3) Varus, and thy wars,
My paſt'ral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.
But yet, if any, with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a trifle prize,
Thee only, Varus, our glad ſwains ſhall ſing,
And ev'ry grove, and ev'ry eccho ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' fav'rite name,
And none who under that protection came,
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of fame.
Proceed, my muſe.
Young (4) Chromis and Mnaſylus chanc'd to ſtray
Where, ſleeping in a cave, Silenus lay,
Whoſe conſtant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His truſty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and uſe;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they (5) bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his inſtructive ſong:

But while, with conſcious fear, they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle, the faireſt (6) Nais of the flood,
With a (7) vermilion dye his temples ſtain'd;
Waking, he ſmil'd, And muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a god, but 'tis too bold to bind;
The promis'd verſe no longer I'll delay;
She ſhall be ſatisfy'd another way.
With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud;
The knotty oaks their liſt'ning branches bow'd,
And ſavage beaſts, and ſylvan Gods did crowd.
For lo! he ſung the world's ſtupendous birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of ſea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through univerſal night
And empty ſpace, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.
By what degrees this earth's compacted ſphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How ſinking waters, the firm land to drain,
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born ſun ſurpriz'd the dazled ſight;
How vapours, turn'd to clouds, obſcure the ſky,
And clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty ground ſupply;
How the firſt foreſt rais'd its ſhady head,
'Till when, few wand'ring beaſts on unknown mountains fed.
Then Pyrrha's ſtony race roſe from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd, with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus, whoſe untam'd deſire
(8) Rival'd the ſun with his own heav'nly fire,
Now doom'd the Scythian vultures endleſs prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph, for who but gods cou'd tell?
Into whoſe arms the lovely (9) Hylas fell;

Alcides

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
He, with compaſſion, told Paſiphae's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The (10) maids of Argos, who with frantic cries,
And imitated lowings, fill'd the ſkies,
Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit,
Did never burn with ſuch unnat'ral heat.
Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains ſtray,
He on ſoft flow'rs his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, ſhe cries, ſurround the grove;
Perhaps, ſome footſteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wand'ring way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I roam,
My happier rivals have entic'd him home.
He ſung, how Atalanta was betray'd
By thoſe Heſperian baits her lover laid,
And the ſad ſiſters, who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th'ambitious brother burn'd.
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verſe, the poplars ſeem'd to riſe.
He taught which muſe did by Apollo's will
Guide wand'ring (11) Gallus to th' Aonian hill,
Which place the god for ſolemn meetings choſe;
With deep reſpect the learned ſenate roſe,
And (12) Linus thus, deputed by the reſt,
The hero's welcome, and their thanks expreſs'd:
This harp, of old, to Heſiod did belong,
To this, the muſes' gift, join thy harmonious ſong;
Charm'd by theſe ſtrings, trees ſtarting from the ground,
Have follow'd, with delight, the pow'rful ſound.
Thus conſecrated, thy (13) Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.
Why ſhou'd I ſpeak of the (14) Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?

And (15) her, who round with barking monſters arm'd,
The wand'ring Greeks, ah! frighted men, alarm'd;
(16) Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd ſhips depends,
While fierce ſea-dogs devour the mangled friends.
Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to thoſe woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While loth to leave the palace, too well known,
Progne flies, hov'ring round, and thinks it ſtill her own;
Whatever near (17) Eurota's happy ſtream,
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus ſings; the neighb'ring rocks reply,
And ſend his myſtic numbers through the ſky;
'Till night began to ſpread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted ſheep from ev'ry dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing ſhades the murm'ring world reſign'd.

POSTSCRIPT.

(1) SIcilian—Virgil, in his eclogue, imitates Theocritus, a Sicilian poet.

(2) Thalia—The name of the rural muſe.

(3) Varus—A great favourite of Auguſtus, the ſame that was kill in Germany, and loſt the Roman legions.

(4) Chromis and Mnaſylus—Some interpreters think theſe were you ſatyrs, others will have them ſhepherds: I rather take them ſatyrs, becauſe of their names, which are never uſed for ſhepher or any where, that I remember, but here.

(5) They bound—Proteus, Pan, and Silenus, would never tell wh was deſired, till they were bound.

(6) Nais—The Latin word for a water-nymph,

(7) Vermilion dye—The colour that Pan and Silenus loved beſt.

(8) Rival'd the ſun—Minerva, delighted with the art and induſt of Prometheus, who had made an image of clay, ſo perfect, th it wanted nothing but life, carried him up to heaven, where

lighted a wand at the chariot of the ſun, with which fire he animated his image. Ovid. 2 M.

(9) Hylas—Favourite of Hercules, who was drowned in a well, which made the poets ſay, that a nymph had ſtole him away. I uſe the word, reſounds (in the preſent tenſe) becauſe Strabo, who lived at the ſame time as Virgil, ſeems to intimate, that the Pruſians continued then their annual rites to his memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

(10) The maids of Argos—Daughters of Prætis king of Argus, who preſumed ſo much upon their beauty, that they preferred it to Juno's, who, in revenge, ſtruck them with ſuch madneſs, that they thought themſelves cows. They were, at laſt, cured by Melampodes, with helebore; and for that reaſon, black helebore is called Melampodion.

(11) Gallus—An excellent poet, and great friend of Virgil. He was afterwards prætor of Ægypt, and being accuſed of ſome conſpiracy, or rather called upon for ſome monies, of which he could give no good account, he killed himſelf. It is the ſame Gallus you read of in the laſt eclogue: and Suidas ſays, that Virgil means him by Ariſtæus, in the divine concluſion of his georgics.

(12) Linus, ſon of Apollo and Calliope.

(13) The Grynæan grove—Conſecrated to Apollo; by this he means ſome poem writ upon that ſubject by Gallus.

(14) The Megarian maid—Sylla, daughter of Niſus king of Megara, who falling in love with Minos, betrayed her father and country to him; but he, abhorring her treaſon, rejected her.

(15) Her who round—Another Scylla, daughter of Phorcis, whoſe lower parts were turned into dogs by Circe; and ſhe, in deſpair, flung herſelf into the ſea.

(16) Whoſe only hope—Ulyſſes's ſhips were not loſt, though Scylla devoured ſeveral of his men.

(17) Eurotas—A river in Greece, whoſe banks were ſhaded with laurels; Apollo retired thither, to lament the death of his dear Hyacinthus, whom he had accidentally killed.

THE
Twenty Second ODE
OF THE
First Book of *Horace.*

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt guard is innocence:
None knew, 'till guilt created fear,
What darts, or poiſon'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Lybian ſands, or Scythian ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes' wealthy ſide
Pays tribute to the Perſian pride.
For as, by am'rous thoughts betray'd,
Careleſs in Sabin woods I ſtray'd,
A griſly foaming wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling, fled.
No beaſt of more portentous ſize
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never ſpare
One breath of kind and temp'rate air.
Set me where on ſome pathleſs plain
The ſwarthy Africans complain,
To ſee the chariot of the ſun
So near their ſcorching country run.
The burning zone, the frozen iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of Cælia's ſmiles:
All cold, but in her breaſt, I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat, but that of Cælia's eyes.

The

The SAME imitated.

I.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and bows, and poiſon'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honeſt mind ſafely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or thro' the deepeſt Scythian ſnows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes flows.

III.

While rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire,
Our great * Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remoteſt place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome Lybian plain,
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceneſs tame,
But if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in verſe.

* Mrs. *Catherine Philips.*

HORACE

OF THE

ART of POETRY.

IF in a picture, Piſo, you ſhould ſee
A handſome woman, with a fiſh's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horſe's neck,
Or limbs of beaſts of the moſt diff'rent kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all ſorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Truſt me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent ſtile, like ſick men's dreams,
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extreams.
Painters and poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But nature, and the common laws of ſenſe,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a ſnake engender with a dove,
And hungry tygers court the tender lambs;
Some, that at firſt have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themſelves, when a few florid lines
Shine through th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt;
Here they deſcribe a temple, or a wood,
Or ſtreams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine;
But they miſplace them all, and croud them in,
And are as much to ſeek in other things,
As he, that only can deſign a tree,
Would be to draw a ſhipwreck, or a ſtorm.
When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow,
Why is the end ſo little, and ſo low?
Be what you will, ſo you be ſtill the ſame.

Moſt

Moſt poets fall into the groſſeſt faults,
Deluded by a ſeeming excellence:
By ſtriving to be ſhort, they grow obſcure,
And when they would write ſmoothly, they want ſtrength,
Their ſpirits ſink; while others, that affect
A lofty ſtile, ſwell to a tympany:
Some tim'rous wretches ſtart at ev'ry blaſt,
And fearing tempeſts, dare not leave the ſhore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of ſkill,
Is a moſt certain way of erring ſtill.

The meaneſt workman in th'Æmilian ſquare,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finiſh what he hath begun;
What is there more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the reſt are ſcandalouſly ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their ſubject to their ſtrength,
And often try what weight they can ſupport,
And what their ſhoulders are too weak to bear;
After a ſerious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verſe,
Conſiſt in chuſing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a muſe ſhould be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when ſhe ſhould be curb'd.

Words muſt be choſen, and be plac'd with ſkill:
You gain your point, if your induſtrious art
Can make unuſual words eaſy and plain;
But if you write of things abſtruſe, or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be ſeldom, and diſcreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Muſt ſo derive them from the Grecian ſpring,

As

As they may ſeem to flow without conſtraint.
Can an impartial reader diſcommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus, or Cæcilius? Why ſhould I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious ſtile
Have ſo enrich'd, and ſo adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well ſuited to the age.
Words are like leaves, ſome wither ev'ry year,
And ev'ry year a younger race ſucceeds.
Death is a tribute all things owe to fate;
The Lucrine mole, Cæſar's ſtupendous work,
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And, ſince Cethegus drain'd the Pontin lake,
We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tyber, whoſe licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields,
Now runs a ſmooth and inoffenſive courſe,
Confin'd by our great emperor's command;
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot:
Why then ſhould words challenge eternity,
When greateſt men, and greateſt actions die?
Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in vogue;
Uſe is the judge, the law, and rule of ſpeech.
Homer firſt taught the world, in epic verſe,
To write of great commanders, and of kings.
Elegies were at firſt deſign'd for grief,
Though now we uſe them to expreſs our joy:
But to whoſe muſe we owe that ſort of verſe,
Is undecided by the men of ſkill.
Rage with Iambics arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the dramatic muſe;
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whoſe commanding ſound

Awes the tumultuous noiſes of the pit,
And whoſe peculiar province is the ſtage.
Gods, heroes, conquerors, olympic crowns,
Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper ſubjects for the lyric ſong.
Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows, nor would obſerve a rule;
And chuſes to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let ev'ry thing have its due place and time.
A comic ſubject loves an humble verſe,
Thyeſtes ſcorns a low and comic ſtile.
Yet comedy, ſometimes, may raiſe her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their ſtate to grieve;
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.
He that would have ſpectators ſhare his grief,
Muſt write not only well, but movingly,
And raiſe mens paſſions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we ſee others do:
He only makes me ſad who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miſeries my own.
But if you act them ill, I ſleep, or laugh:
Your looks muſt alter, as your ſubject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere:
For nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd ſoul,
And theſe are all interpreted by ſpeech;
But he whoſe words and fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpity'd, grows a public jeſt.
Obſerve the characters of thoſe that ſpeak,

Whether

Whether an honeſt ſervant, or a cheat,
Or one whoſe blood boils in his youthful veins;
Or a grave matron, or a buſy nurſe,
Extorting merchants, careful huſbandmen,
Argives, or Thebans, Aſians or Greeks.
Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Deſcribe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, raſh, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law, but arms;
Medea muſt be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io muſt wander, and Oreſtes mourn.
If your bold muſe dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the ſtage,
Be ſure you keep them up to their firſt height.
New ſubjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chuſe a well-known theme,
Than truſt to an invention of your own;
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,
That, with ſome juſtice, it may paſs for yours;
But then you muſt not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate;
Nor, as ſome ſervile imitators do,
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſy rules,
As they muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.
Begin not, as th' old poetaſter did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I ſing"
In what will all this oſtentation end?
The lab'ring mountain ſcarce brings forth a mouſe:
How far is this from the Meonian ſtile?
'Muſe, ſpeak the man, who ſince the ſiege of Troy,
'So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw.'
One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoak,
The other out of ſmoak brings glorious light,

And,

And, without raiſing expectation high,
Surprizes us with daring miracles,
The bloody Leſtrygons' inhuman feaſts,
With all the monſters of the land and ſea;
How Scylla bark'd, and Polyphemus roar'd:
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Inſenſibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chuſes only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are ſo aptly mix'd,
That all ſeems uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhould ſtay to hear
The epilogue, and ſee the curtain fall,
Mind how our tempers alter with our years,
And by thoſe rules form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves childiſh plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
A youth that firſt caſts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horſes, hounds, and ſports, and exerciſe,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us ſlaves to intereſt and pow'r.
Old men are only walking hoſpitals,
Where all defects and all diſeaſes croud
With reſtleſs pain, and more tormenting fear;
Lazy, moroſe, full of delays and hopes,
Oppreſs'd with riches which they dare not uſe;
Ill-natur'd cenſors of the preſent age,
And fond of all the follies of the paſt.
Thus all the treaſure of our flowing years,

Our

Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves leſs than what we ſee;
Spectators only have their eyes to truſt,
But auditors muſt truſt their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a ſcene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea muſt not draw her murth'ring knife,
And ſpill her children's blood upon the ſtage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feaſt prepare;
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphoſis,
She to a ſwallow turn'd, he to a ſnake,
And whatſoever contradicts my ſenſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.
Five acts are the juſt meaſure of a play.
Never preſume to make a god appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a god;
And in one ſcene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.
A chorus ſhould ſupply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part,
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honeſty,
And ſtrict obſervance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, ſecurity and peace,
And begs the gods to turn blind fortune's wheel,
To raiſe the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing muſt be ſung between the acts,
But what ſome way conduces to the plot.
Firſt the ſhrill ſound of a ſmall rural pipe,
Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now,
Was entertainment for the infant ſtage,
And pleas'd the thin and baſhful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal anceſtors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men, grown wanton by proſperity,

Study'd

Study'd new arts of luxury and eaſe,
The verſe, the muſic, and the ſcene's improv'd;
For how ſhould ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of ſenſe applaud the jeſts of fools?
Then came rich clothes and graceful action in;
Then inſtruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence, with all her pomp and charms,
Foretold us uſeful and ſententious truths,
As thoſe deliver'd by the Delphic god.
The firſt tragedians found that ſerious ſtile
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And ſo brought wild and naked ſatyrs in;
Whoſe motion, words, and ſhape were all a farce,
As oft as decency would give them leave;
Becauſe the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confuſion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd ſuch variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much,
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
Stript of his golden crown, and purple robe,
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect;
Nor, to avoid ſuch meanneſs, ſoaring high
With empty ſound, and airy notions fly;
For, tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would, to dance with girls.
You muſt not think that a ſatyric ſtyle
Allows of ſcandalous and brutiſh words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with truth, then give invention ſcope,
And if your ſtyle be natural and ſmooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And, not without much pains, be undeceiv'd.
So much, good method and connexion may
Improve the common, and the plaineſt things.
A ſatyr, that comes ſtaring from the woods,

Muſt

Muſt not, at firſt, ſpeak like an orator;
But, tho' his language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be obſcene, and impudent;
The better ſort abhors ſcurrility,
And often cenſures what the rabble likes.
Unpoliſh'd verſes paſs with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then, to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is ſuch a raſh, ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
Conſider well the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience, not to call it worſe,
His harſh, unequal verſe, was muſic then,
And rudeneſs had the privilege of wit.
When Theſpis firſt expos'd the tragic muſe,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the ſcene,
Where ghaſtly faces, ſtain'd with lees of wine,
Frighted the children, and amus'd the croud;
This Æſchylus, with indignation, ſaw,
And built a ſtage, found out a decent dreſs,
Brought vizards in, a civiler diſguiſe,
And taught men how to ſpeak, and how to act.
Next comedy appear'd with great applauſe,
'Till her licentious, and abuſive tongue
Waken'd the magiſtrates coercive pow'r,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her inſolence.
Our writers have attempted ev'ry way,
And they deſerve our praiſe, whoſe daring muſe
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit ſubjects for her verſe at home.
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care, that are requir'd

To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright poets from that neceſſary toil.
Democritus was ſo in love with wit,
And ſome mens natural impulſe to write,
That he deſpis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets, 'till their brains were crack'd;
And this hath ſo intoxicated ſome,
That, to appear incorrigibly mad,
They cleanlineſs and company renounce;
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Paſs current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy ſtars! if in the ſpring
Some phyſic had not cur'd me of the ſpleen,
None would have writ with more ſucceſs than I;
But I am ſatisfy'd to keep my ſenſe,
And only ſerve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly reſign my claim.
Yet, without writing, I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd;
What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when philoſophy directs your choice
To proper ſubjects, rightly underſtood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe to country, parents, friends;
How judges, and how ſenators ſhould act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Thoſe are the likeſt copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes, in rough and undigeſted plays,
We meet with ſuch a lucky character,

As, being humour'd right, and well purſu'd,
Succeeds much better than the ſhallow verſe
And chiming trifles of more ſtudious pens.
Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence;
For her ambition, and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is bred another way,
And taught no arts, but thoſe of uſury;
And the glad father glories in his child,
When he can ſubdivide a fraction.
Can ſouls, who by their parents from their birth
Have been devoted thus to ruſt and gain,
Be capable of high and gen'rous thoughts?
Can verſes, writ by ſuch an author, live?
But you, brave youth, wiſe Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is;
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not paſs'd all judges, and all teſts.
A poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both;
Let all your precepts be ſuccinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
For ſuperfluities are ſoon forgot.
Never be ſo conceited of your parts,
To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That canibals have murther'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring youths;
But he that joins inſtructions with delight,
Profit with pleaſure, carries all the votes:
Theſe are the volumes that enrich the ſhops;
Theſe paſs with admiration through the world,
And bring their author an eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly cenſorious,
A ſtring may jar in the beſt maſter's hand,
And the moſt ſkilful archer miſs his aim;

But

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent,
As a muſician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the ſame note:
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd fop,
Among his numerous abſurdities,
Stumbles upon ſome tolerable line,
I fret to ſee them in ſuch company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works ſleep will ſometimes ſurprize;
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.
Poems, like pictures, are of diff'rent ſorts,
Some better at a diſtance, others near;
Some love the dark, ſome chuſe the cleareſt light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing eye;
Some pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe.
But, Piſo, tho' your own experience,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wiſe,
Remember this, as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity;
A counſellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Meſſala's pow'rful eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep Caſſellius;
Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is eſteem'd;
But no authority of gods, nor men,
Allow of any mean in poeſy.
As an ill concert, and a coarſe perfume,
Diſgrace the delicacy of a feaſt,
And might, with more diſcretion, have been ſpar'd;
So poeſy, whoſe end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but muſt be ſtill
Sublimely good, or deſpicably ill.

In other things, men have ſome reaſon left;
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Deſpairing of ſucceſs, forbears to try;
But all, without conſideration, write:
Some thinking, that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they pleaſe.
But, Piſo, you are of too quick a ſight,
Not to diſcern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly ſtruggle with your genius:
Yet, if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions paſs the ſtricteſt hands,
Mine and your father's, and not ſee the light,
'Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line.
What you keep by you, you may change, and mend,
But words once ſpoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inſpir'd by more than human pow'r,
Did not, as poets feign, tame ſavage beaſts,
But men as lawleſs, and as wild as they,
And firſt diſſuaded them from rage and blood.
Thus when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd, the ſtones obey'd his magic lute.
Poets, the firſt inſtructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native uſe:
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And ſome to public, ſome to private ends:
Promiſcuous love by marriage was reſtrain'd;
Cities were built, and uſeful laws were made;
So ancient is the pedigree of verſe,
And ſo divine a poet's function.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial muſe
Waken'd the world, and ſounded loud alarms.
To verſe we owe the ſacred oracles,
And our beſt precepts of morality.
Some have by verſe obtain'd the love of kings,
Who, with the muſes eaſe their weary'd minds:
Then bluſh not, noble Piſo, to protect

What gods inſpire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art;
Others maintain, that nature makes them ſo:
I neither ſee what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they need each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize,
Muſt uſe himſelf to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the ſoft joys of love;
And no muſician dares pretend to ſkill,
Without a great expence of time and pains:
But ev'ry little buſy ſcribler now
Swells with the praiſes which he gives himſelf;
And taking ſanctuary in the croud,
Brags of his impudence, and ſcorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flatt'ring audience, than poor tradeſmen do
To perſuade cuſtomers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great eſtate,
That can diſtinguiſh flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourſelf, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor;
For he'll commend, and feign an extaſy;
Grow pale, or weep; do any thing to pleaſe.
True friends appear leſs mov'd than counterfeit;
As men, that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not ſo loud as thoſe that cry for hire.
Wiſe were the kings, who never choſe a friend,
'Till with full cups they had unmaſk'd his ſoul,
And ſeen the bottom of his deepeſt thoughts:
You cannot arm yourſelf with too much care
Againſt the ſmiles of a deſigning knave.
Quintilius, if his advice were aſk'd,
Would freely tell you what you ſhould correct;
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care ſupply the vacancy:

But if he found you fond, and obſtinate,
And apter to defend than mend your faults,
With ſilence leave you to admire yourſelf,
And, without rival, hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend,
Will give you notice of each idle line;
Shew what ſounds harſh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too laviſhly beſtow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obſcure,
And with a ſtrict enquiry mark your faults;
Nor for theſe trifles fear to loſe your love;
Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of ſerious conſequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A mad dog's foam, th' infection of the plague,
And all the judgments of the angry gods,
We are not all more heedfully to ſhun,
Than poetaſters in their raging fits,
Follow'd, and pointed at by fools and boys,
But dreaded and proſcrib'd by men of ſenſe:
If, in the raving of a frantic muſe,
And minding more his verſes than his way,
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a well,
Tho' he might burſt his lungs to call for help,
No creature would aſſiſt, or pity him,
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd:
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themſelves away;
Why ſhould it be a greater ſin to kill,
Than to keep men alive againſt their will?
Nor was this chance, but a delib'rate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,
And his pretenſions to divinity.

'Tis

'Tis hard to ſay, whether for ſacrilege,
Or inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is ſent into theſe men;
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſs'd,
And like a baited bear, when he breaks looſe,
Without diſtinction, ſeize on all they meet;
None ever ſcap'd, that came within their reach,
Sticking, like leeches, 'till they burſt with blood,
Without remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave, 'till they have read men dead.

REMARKS ON HORACE's Art of POETRY.

IN Aſia, Greece, Macedonia and Egypt, there were, time out of mind, ſelect aſſemblies of perſons to examine the writings of the poets and orators. Auguſtus erected ſuch a ſociety at Rome, and encouraged them by rewards and honours. He aſſigned them the Temple and Library of Apollo to meet at. And to this the aſſemblies of learned men, which we call Academies, owe their origin. Theodorus Marcilus, who however does not tell of his authority, ſays the number of this Roman Academy was twenty, of which five or ſeven can only be termed judges. He goes ſo far as to give us the names of them, and whether he is right or not, he could not have named better men than his ſociety was compoſed of. As Virgil, Varius, Tarpa, Mecænas, Plotius, Valgius, Octavius, Fuſcus, the two Viſcus's, Rollio, the two Meſſala's, the two Bibulus's, Servius, Fulvius, Tibullus, Piſo the father, and Horace. The only foundation I know for this aſſertion of his, is the end of the Xth Satyr of the firſt book. He is not ſatisfied to give us a liſt of this academy; he will have it that it was on account of Horace's being a member of it, that he was put upon writing The Art of Poetry, and collecting all the rules, and all the judgments that were made in the ſociety. I wiſh with all my heart this was ſo, becauſe what Mr. La Bruyere ſays of ſuch aſſemblies would not then be true, that they never produced any work which was entire and perfect in its kind. But whether Horace wrote this piece as a publick matter, or private, his deſign was to give the Romans an Art of Poetry, that ſhould take in all that Ariſtotle, Crito, Zeno, Democritus and Neoptolemus of Paros had written on the ſubject. Nay, ſome will have it, that 'tis almoſt nothing elſe but a compilation of the moſt excellent rules of the latter. For Porphyrius writes, *In quem librum conjecit præcepta Neoptolemi de arte poetica, non quidam omnia, ſed eminentiſſima,* "Horace has in this book ſet down Neoptolemus's rules for the art of poetry, not all indeed, but the moſt excellent of them." As he did not write it regularly, nor obſerve any other order than chance threw in his way; ſo there is no method, and no connection of parts in this treatiſe, which ſeems not to be finiſhed: He having not time to give the laſt hand to it; or what is more likely, not being willing to be at the trouble. Thoſe who believe it would be more perfect if his verſes were tranſpoſed are miſtaken. All we can do in my opinion is to mark the void ſpaces and to divide the heads without changing the form. This was Monſieur Le Fevre's judgment. The want of connection is not without its graces, eſpecially in rules, which ſhould be free, and have nothing in them either looſe or languiſhing. The order Heinſius would put it in, ſeems only to ſhew the beauty of the diſorder in which Horace left it.

Next

Next to Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry, I know of no piece of criticiſm in antiquity, which is more excellent than this. All his deciſions are ſo many truths drawn from the nature of the things he treats of. Julius Scaliger erred very much againſt good ſenſe and reaſon, in what he ſaid of this work. Will you know, ſays he what I think of Horace's Art of Poetry? 'Tis an Art taught without Art. *De arte quæ res quod ſentiam, Quid? Equidem quod de arte ſine arte tradita.* Tho' 'tis only an epiſtle like the preceding ones, yet Horace gives it the title of The Art of Poetry, *De arte Poetica*, to diſtinguiſh it from the others, in which he treated of this art only occaſionally. The antiquity of this title is not to be doubted of, ſince Quintilian quotes it in the IIId chapter of his VIIIth Book, *Id enim tale eſt monſtrum quale Horatius in prima parte libri de arte poetica fingit: humano capiti*, &c.

1. *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.*] *Horace* all at once lays down the moſt general and neceſſary rule, on which all the reſt are founded, which is the ſimplicity and unity of the ſubject, in the diſpoſition, the ornaments, and the ſtile. He could not render the faults committed againſt this unity better than by comparing them to this extravagance in a picture.

3. *Ut turpitur atrum deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.*] As Virgil in his IIId Book repreſents Scylla.

Prima, hominis facies, & pulcro pectore virgo
Pube tenus, poſtrema immani corpore piſtris
Delphinum caudas utero, commiſſa luporum.

Upwards 'tis a beautiful figure, and a very beautiful virgin for half its body; downwards 'tis a horrible whale, ending in a dolphin's tail, joined to a wolf's belly. Ater piſcis for a horrible fiſh, as *Porphiry, atrum piſcem, belluam marinam*, &c.

5. *Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici.*] Taken from the cuſtom of painters, and ſculptors, to expoſe a ſtatue or portrait when finiſhed, and to publiſh that it might be ſeen on ſuch a day. At which time great numbers of ſpectators uſed to come to view it.

6. *Credite Piſones.*] To prevent the *Piſo's* giving into the vulgar error, that the breach of unity is no fault, he ſays, *Credite*, Believe, be convinced. He was afraid theſe young gentlemen ſhould be led away by bad poets, whoſe intereſt it was that this rule ſhould not be eſtabliſhed. Tho' this epiſtle is addreſſed to Piſo and his children, as appears by the 24th verſe, yet 'tis to his children more particularly; and thus the difference Porphyry ſpeaks of is reconciled: *Scribit ad Piſones viros nobiles diſertoſque patrem et filios, vel, ut alii volunt ad Piſones Fratres.* "Horace writes to the young Piſo's, and their father; or as others pretend, only to the children."

Piſones.] There were three or four families of theſe Piſo's in Rome at the ſame time, who were all Calpurnians, and ſaid they deſcended from Calpus, the ſon of Numa. One was that of Cneus Piſo of Plancina, who killed himſelf, being accuſed of poyſoning Germanicus, and left two children Cneus and Marcus. But it could not be theſe Piſo's to whom Horace addreſſes, for theſe children were not born, or were very young, when this epiſtle was written.

ten. There was another branch of the Piſo's called Ceſonins, that deſcended from Lucius Piſo, who had been cenſor, and whoſe daughter Calpurnia, Julius Cæſar marry'd; Piſo, who was conſul with Druſus Libo, in the year of Rome DCCXXXVIII, was his ſon, Horace being one and fifty years old in that conſulate. Auguſtus gave the governments of Rome and Thrace to this Piſo, who was a man of pleaſure, a confident to both Auguſtus and Tiberius, great pontiff at fourſcore years of age, *Rome Urbis* 785. And to this Piſo and his Children it is that Horace writes.

Iſti tabulæ fore librum perſimilem.] He is not ſatisfied with ſaying, that a writing ſo varniſhed, will be like this monſter, he adds *perſimilem*, it will be entirely like.

Librum.] All writings of what nature ſoever, tho' he treats particularly of epic and dramatic poetry.

7. *Velut ægri ſomnia.*] Like the dreams of a ſick-man, always rambling.

Vanæ ſpecies.] Ideas of things that do not ſubſiſt together in nature, and are only to be met with in the empty brains of ſick-men, mad-men or bad poets.

8. *Ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur forma.*] An explication of *venæ ſpecies*, the head and feet of which are of a different kind.

9. *Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibit audendi.*] The anſwer of ill poets, who will not ſubject themſelves to the rules of their art. poets and painters, ſay they, may do what they pleaſe, nothing is too daring for them. They abuſe the privilege of poetry, and thus excuſe their moſt monſtrous fancies, and moſt extravagant dreams. That privilege is of great extent, 'tis true; Ovid talks of the *fæcunda licentia Vatum*; and Lucian aſſerts, that painters and poets are not accountable for their fancies; but Horace is ſhewing us what bounds they ought ſet to this licence.

11. *Scimus.*] Horace's anſwer to the bad poets; after having ſaid, I know the privilege of poetry, he would go on *ſed non*, but he's interrupted by the ſame poets, who procced,

Et hanc veniam petimus damuſque viciſſim.] My opinion of this verſe is diſcovered in the preceding remark. Some will have it, that Horace continues his anſwer without interruption, that as a poet he ſays, *hanc veniam petimus*, I demand this permiſſion; As a critick, he adds, *damuſque viciſſim* I give it in my turn. This agrees with the old commentator, who writes, *petimus quidem ut poetæ, damus autum ut critici.* But how could Horace demand permiſſion to uſe this liberty, when he never looked upon himſelf as a poet? There muſt be a miſtake in this paſſage. After he had ſaid *ſcimus* he is interrupted, as is obſerved before, by the ill poets. *Et hanc veniam petimus damuſque viciſſem.* We claim the privilege, as we give it to others. He cannot mean himſelf, he being no poet, as he declares afterwards, *nihil ſcribens ipſe.* Beſides the dialogue is more agreeable, more lively, and more like Horace's manner.

12. *Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia.*] Horace's anſwer, We give you the privilege you demand, but on condition you do not

abuſe

abuſe it. I, a long time, thought the firſt thirteen verſes of this epiſtle were a ſort of dedication and preface, and that Horace, to excuſe the diſorder in which he left it, wrote to the Piſo's." The book I addreſs to you is like the picture I have been ſpeaking of, in which I was miſtaken. He would then certainly have written it *fore librum hunc ſimilem.* Add to this, that not looking upon himſelf to be a poet, nor on his Art of Poetry as a work of importance, 'tis not likely he ſhould go about to excuſe its want of regularity; it being neither neceſſary nor poſſible to obſerve it in ſuch a treatiſe as this. The diſcovery of the dialogue between the bad poets and Horace confirms me in the opinion that I was miſtaken, and my reaſon has convinced ſeveral good judges of the ſame miſtake.

Ut placidis coeant immitia.] Painters and poets are only imitators, and are to paint only what is or what may be; there being nothing elſe that can be imitated. But they have both often abuſed their art, and forſaken probable idea's for monſtrous imaginations. Vitruvius complains of this fault in painters, in the Vth chapter of the VIIth book: From hence proceed groteſques, which are not to be compared to a regular figure. This rule of Horace is one of the moſt important in the Art of poetry; never to join incompatible ſubjects, nor offend againſt nature, veriſimility and truth.

14. *Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis.*] He comes from the general rule to particulars, and gives an example of the vicious variety which he condemns. He chuſes one that's the leaſt ſhocking, but 'tis by ſo much the more dangerous vice, by how much it ſlides in under an appearance of virtue. He is ſpeaking of deſcriptions, a ſnare which is almoſt inevitable to little geniuſſes. Horace ſhews us how apt poets are to fall into the ridiculous by this means: From grave and ſerious beginnings, which promiſe ſublime and marvellous things, they deſcend into a ſhining deſcription of a wood, an altar of Diana, a river, the Rhine, the rainbow; their deſcriptions are ſtitched together like patch-work. Their patches, indeed, are purple, but are childiſh and extravagant, becauſe ill placed. Writers muſt never abandon themſelves to ſuch digreſſions, let them be of what nature ſoever, when their deſign calls them elſewhere.

16. *Quem lucus & ara Dianæ.*] I believe, with Theodorus Marcilus, he ſpeaks of the wood and altar of Aricia, pretended to have been built by Oreſtes, who there conſecrated the ſtatue of Diana Taurica, which, when he had killed king Thoas, he brought from Scythia. The poets thought this a fine ſubject for deſcriptions. It took in Oreſtes, Diana Taurica, her ſacrifices in Scythia, and at Aricia, with the odd cuſtom in her temple. There could be but one prieſt and he a fugitive. He muſt with his own hand kill the prieſt his predeceſſor, if he would get into his place. For which reaſon the prieſt who held it was always armed to defend himſelf. *Ovid* calls this temple of Aricia, a kingdom acquired by the ſword, and with a criminal hand.

Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.

18. *Aut flumen Rhenum.* Horace had without doubt been often tired with the deſcription of the Rhine, in the poems written on Auguſtus's victories on that ſide. The bad poets never omit plunging into that river, as Alpinus, of whom he ſpeaks in the Xth ſatyr of the 1ſt book.

Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, &c.

Aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.] The rainbow is as likely as any thing to turn a wretched poet's brain. The wonderful mixture of its colours are with them ſo worthy of admiration, that they let no opportunity ſlip to deſcribe it; few imitating in this the diſcretion of Homer and Virgil. Homer ſays not above one word of her, and Virgil but two lines,

Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roſcida pennis, mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores advolat.

A deſcription as rapid as Iris's flight.

19. *Et fortaſſe cupreſſum ſcis ſimulare.*] The young poets and painters began the practice of their arts with deſcriptions and imitations of cypreſs.

20. *Si fractis enatat exſpes navibus.*] What's the painting of cypreſs to that of a wreck? What are deſcriptions in poetry, when illuſtrious actions are the ſubject of the ſong? Horace alludes to thoſe *ex voto* pictures, made by ſuch as had eſcaped ſhipwreck.

21. *Amphora cæpit inſtitui, currente rota cur Urceus exit?*] An image taken from a potter, who commonly began his trade by making little pots called Urceos, and ended with a great pitcher called *Amphora*, which was his maſter-piece. To begin with an *Amphora* and end with an *Urceus*, is like a poet who after a magnificent beginning, falls and is loſt in deſcriptions. Amphora anſwers to *incæptis gravibus*, and Urceus to *purpureus pannus*.

23. *Denique ſit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum.*] The rule that reſults from what he has ſaid, ſimplicity and unity are entirely oppoſite to the fault he has been ſpeaking of. Deſcriptions which have no immediate relation to the ſubject, corrupt and deſtroy them. Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles's deſcriptions are all neceſſary, and well introduced.

25. *Decipimur ſpecie recti.*] This is not a new rule, but the general reaſon of the fault he has been explaining: We are deceived by appearance in the beauties of art, as well as thoſe of nature; a poet thinks to adorn his ſubject by deſcriptions, and he ſpoils it. *Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio,* &c. are examples to confirm his Propoſition.

Brevis eſſe, &c.] Brevity is certainly one of the great beauties of diſcourſe; but ſo near a neighbour to obſcurity, that it is very difficult in following the one, not to fall into the other. Perſpicuity is the principal virtue, *virtus prima perſpicuitas.*

26. *Sectantem lævia nervi deficiunt.*] As by endeavouring to make ſtrong verſes and expreſſions, an author renders them hard and rough, ſo by endeavouring to poliſh, he very often weakens them.

27.

27. *Profeſſus grandia turget.*] They fall into this error, that ſtretch what is grand too far; as Gorgias, in calling Xerxes the Jupiter of the Perſians, and he who called Brutus the Sun of Aſia; they become bombaſt, when they ſtudy to be great.

28. *Serpit humi tutus nimium timiduſque procellæ.*] Poetry is a ſea, and thoſe who ſail on it, if they are wiſe, will never venture too far from the ſhoar, nor come too near it. Horace's expreſſion ſeems rather to be borrowed from birds, who creep on the ground, when the winds and ſtorms make them afraid of riſing into the air.

29. *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unum.*] This verſe proves, that whatever he has already ſaid is only the conſequence of the ſame rule. For he returns to it again, by ſhewing, that thoſe who to arrive at the marvellous, which he here terms prodigious, vary a ſubject, tack to it pompous deſcriptions, form monſters. *Omnia monſtra faciunt*, ſays Catullus. 'Tis as if they ſhould place dolphins in the woods, and boars in the ſea. The word *prodigialiter* is taken here in a good ſenſe, as are often our words Prodigious and Prodigiouſly. For is muſt not be imagined that it refers to *appingit*.

31. *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga.*] The fear of falling into one vice, is frequently the occaſion of falling into a greater than that which we endeavour to avoid. We would ſhun a tedious uniformity, and we are guilty of a monſtrous mixture: The reaſon is, we make this mixture without art, which can only teach us to do it, and not offend uniformity. Our beſt examples are Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil.

32. *Æmilium circa ludum faber imus.*] Horace here means a certain ſtatuary, who lived at the bottom of the Circus, near a place called the hall of Æmilius; becauſe a fencing maſter, named Æmilius Lentulus, kept his gladiators there. This ſtatuary gave a great deal of grace and eaſineſs to hair, and finiſhed the nails admirably; but take his ſtatues all together they were wretched pieces, there being no connection of the parts, nor that agreement which, like the ſoul, adds life and action to the figure, and is the all in all in a ſtatue. 'Tis the ſame with poets, who know not how to make any thing but a deſcription, to expreſs a ſentiment, or make a ſtrong compariſon, with all what they are at the beſt but miſerable poets.

34. *Ponere totum.*] *Ponere*, to put, for to do, to make, as in the Greek τιθεναι: He ſays elſewhere, *ſolers nunc hominem ponere nunc deum*; and *totum* is what we call All together, a term properly uſed in painting and ſculpture. when pictures or other pieces, conſiſting of many figures, are ſo diſpoſed, that the different parts agree to form one ſingle and the ſame whole, and repreſent one ſingle object. 'Tis alſo made uſe of in pieces where there is but one figure, either in ſculpture or painting, the different parts of which ought to have ſo natural a connection with each other, that they may form but one ſingle and the ſame body. 'Tis not enough that the artiſt knows how to make an head, an arm, a foot, he muſt underſtand how to put the whole together, ſo that it may be one ſingle figure, which has

has nothing maimed in it, but is every where equally well deſigned and finiſhed.

36. *Quam pravo vivere naſo.*] If a man has an ugly noſe, he will be ugly, tho' all the other parts of his face are beautiful; and a poet, if all the other parts of his poem are fine, will be an ill poet if he offends againſt ſimplicity and unity.

38. *Sumite materiam, veſtris, qui ſcribitis æquam viribus.*] Every poet who makes choice of a ſubject that is not proportionable to his ſtrength offends againſt the art of poetry, and 'tis impoſſible he ſhould ſucceed. See the Remarks on the 26th chapter of Ariſtotle's art of poetry.

39. *Et verſate diu quid ferre recuſent.*] A man muſt not preſently conclude, that becauſe he has by chance made a good madrigal, epigram, or ſong, he's therefore fit to write an heroick poem; he is to conſider his ſtrength. Tibullus would perhaps have written bad odes, and Horace bad elegies. The Hebrews had a proverb upon this, *pro camelo ſarcina*, ſuit your burden to your camel.

40. *Cui lecta potenter erit res.*] *Potenter*, for according to his ſtrength.

42. *Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor.*] Horace here explains in a few words, the virtue and grace of the order a poet ought to obſerve in the diſpoſition of his ſubject, and adds theſe orders, *aut ago fallor*, it being a new rule of his, made by him, from the practice of the greateſt authors of antiquity.

43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat.*] This *debentia dici* ſerves for two propoſitions, *dicat & differat*. The conſtruction and ſenſe of this paſſage is this; *ut jam nunc dicat debentia dici jam nunc, & pleraque differat jam nunc debentia dici*; "Let him ſay at firſt things that ought to be at firſt ſaid, and reſerve for another time the greateſt part of thoſe that ſhould alſo have been ſaid at firſt." Horace diſcovers here one of the greateſt ſecrets of poetry. In Dramatic poetry, as well as Epic, the great maſters open the ſcene as near as they can to the cataſtrophe, always taking the action at the moment it draws to an end: They artfully bring in afterwards the events preceding, which they ſhould not have told us at firſt, as in a hiſtory. Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, never did otherwiſe. By this keeping off the cataſtrophe, by probable and natural incidents, when we every minute expected it, our curioſity is the more inflamed, and all the paſſions are moved in us one after another, which could not be done in a methodical order; to prove this we need only read Apollonius's Argonauts; Longinus owns there is not a ſingle fault in that piece, and yet 'tis mortally tedious, and the chief reaſon is, 'tis methodical, and proſecuted without interruption from the beginning to the end; the greateſt fault it could have, for there's nothing ſo dull as a poet;

Who when he ſings a Hero's glorious deeds,
Writes a dry hiſt'ry, and by dates proceeds.

45. *Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat.*] Having ſpoken of the order, he comes now to the choice of the incidents, which is not eaſy to be made: What is good for the epic poem, is not for tragedy; neither is it ſufficient

ſufficient to know which to take, and which to refuſe. The poet muſt put thoſe he takes in their proper place, where their effect may be moſt ſurpriſing, and moſt convenient for the poem, ſince the the ſame thing placed in a different manner has a quite different Effect.

Promiſſi carminis.] A poem that has been a long while expected, and raiſed the curioſity of the publick: For every-thing which the world have great expectations of, ſhould be more perfect than what they do not expect. Horace had, perhaps, Virgil's Æneis in view; 'twas ſeveral years after that poem was expected, that it appeared, *neſcio quid majus naſcitur Iliade.*

46. *In verbis etiam tenuis.*] From the diſpoſition of the ſubject, and choice of the incidents, he comes to the queſtion, Whether the poet is allowed to invent new words: He maintains that he is, and lays down the rule for it. *Tenuis, ſubtile,* agreeable, fine.

47. *Notum ſi callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum.*] New words are of two ſorts, ſimple or compound. We ſhall hereafter talk of ſimple. Compound are ſuch as are made of two words, as *Velivolum, ſaxifragum.* This compoſition Horace here terms *junctturam:* There are two other conſtructions of this verſe quite different; ſome pretend Horace is not ſpeaking of words, but expreſſions, when by the help of epithets, adverbs, *&c.* we determine certain known Phraſes from an ordinary uſe to an extraordinary, as Horace has often practiſed with ſo much ſucceſs, that Petronius ſays of him, *Horatii curioſa felicitas,* and Quintilian, *Verbis feliciſſime audax.* This conſtruction is more ingenious than true. *Horace* would never have called it *Junctturam,* which denotes neceſſarily a binding, a connecting, as when out of two things one is made. Further, 'tis neither poſſible nor natural to give rules for ſuch boldneſſes as theſe, which depend on every man's goût, on his genius, and his knowledge of the force and extent of words. In ſhort, this rule would be out of its place here, ſince Horace ſays in the preceding verſe, *in verbis ſerendis,* which cannot admit of ſuch an explanation: The other conſtruction is *ſi callida junctura reddiderit verbum novum, notum:* "If you ſo make uſe of an new word, that the place where you put it may make it be known, and render the true ſignification to be at firſt eaſily comprehended." Which conſtruction ſeems to me to be neither ſo good nor ſo true as the other, nor indeed to be maintained. The queſtion is not concerning the placing of words, but of making, *de verbis ſerendis*; and what Horace adds afterwards of new ſimple words is an undoubted proof that he ſpeaks here of compound.

48. *Si forte neceſſe eſt indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum.*] This relates to ſimple words, which Ariſtotle terms πεποιημενα and *Cicero, Ficta,* Words never heard of before. Horace declares 'tis allowable for a poet to make them, when he is obliged to expreſs things that are unknown, as the Compaſs, Artillery, Powder; he may then invent words, but muſt take care that they expreſs either the nature of the thing, or the effect it produces. For this reaſon Homer is commended, he being the firſt who ſaid, Σιζ. οφθαλμος, and

and λαῖλαπες ; the firſt expreſſes admirably the hiſſing of red-hot iron thrown into water, and the laſt the barking of wolves and dogs. The French word *lapper*, to lick, is of this kind.

49. *Indiciis.*] Words ought to be the ſign and image of the things they expreſs: Wherefore Plato calls them σημεῖα σύμβολα.

50. *Cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis.*] The Cethegi are here repreſented as a maſculine ſort of people, who in their clothes kept to the old faſhions of their fathers, and deſpiſed the tunica, as too cumberſome; wearing only a kind of an apron, which ſerved them inſtead of drawers, from the waſte downwards; upon which they put their *toga*. The pane of it, which they threw over their left ſhoulder, hung down their backs, and left their right arm bare: This dreſs was called *cinctus Gabinus*, and was uſually worn by Conſuls and Pretors, whence we have the Cinctu Gabino, in the VIIth Book of the Æneis, in Silius Italicus, and in Lucan. Cinctutus is an epithet, which not only gives an idea of antiquity, but raiſes alſo veneration.

51. *Dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudentur.*] This liberty muſt be uſed with moderation. Horace confines it to very narrow limits; for he would have the invented words to be derivatives from the Greek.

52. *Habebunt verba fidem.*] They ſhall have authority, and be received.

53. *Si Græco fonte cadant.*] If their original be Greek; as if we ſhould call a man who leads an elephant Elephantiſta; the Latins made alſo new ſimple words of Latin derivation, as of Beatus, Cicero made Beatitas; Maſſala, of Reus, Reatus; Auguſtus, of Munus Munerarius; and Horace, of Inimicus, Inimicare, &c.

Parce detorta.] Theſe new ſimple words ought not only to be derived from the Greek, but their derivation muſt be eaſy and natural, the analogy juſt and entire; they muſt not be bold and far fetched: This is what is meant by *Parce detorta.*

54. *Quid autem Cecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus.*] Why ſhould not Varius and Virgil have the ſame liberty Cecilius and Plautus had, who are both full of new words: When did this privilege ceaſe, ſays Quintilian, *Quid natis poſtea conceſſum eſt, quando deſit licere?*

59. *Signatum præſente nota producere nomen.*] He ſpeaks of words, as of coin, which is not current without the publick ſtamp: *Præſens nota*, the coin the publick authorizes, which only has a currency: So Quintilian, *ut nummo cui publica forma eſt.* He calls form, what Horace terms ſtamp. The invented word ſhould be clear, intelligible, and reſemble thoſe already in uſe in its termination. Horace, in the IId Epiſtle of the IId Book explains it further thus, *Adſciſſet nova quæ genitor produxerit Uſus.*

60. *Ut Sylvæ foliis Diomedes.*] The Grammarian quotes this verſe thus,

Ut folia in Sylvis.

This reading is moſt ſimple, the other moſt figurative; the compariſon is taken from the VIth book of the Ilias, where Homer ſays,

ſays, ὁ οἵπερ φύλλων, *The generation of man is like that of leaves, when the leaves are blown off by the winds, the trees of the foreſt bud and bring forth others which appear in the Spring. 'Tis thus with man, when one generation paſſes away another comes.*

63. *Debemur morti nos noſtraque.*] Since every thing wears away, why ſhould we think words will always have the ſame force and grace? All the noble expreſſions Horace has collected in theſe ſix lines, ſerve to render this fall the more pleaſant, *nedum verborum ſtet honos:* For nothing contributes ſo much to the *Ridiculous* as the *Grand.*

64. *Sivè receptus terra Neptunus claſſe; aquilonibus arcet*] Auguſtus cut that ſpace of land which divided the lake of Lucrinus and the lake Avernus from the ſea, and made a port called Portum Julium, Julius Cæſar having begun to cut it. Virgil mentions it in the IId Georgic.

65. *Regis opus.*] To denote Auguſtus, not the *work of the king*; that would have been invidious in the infancy of the monarchy, but a royal work, the work of a king.

Sterilisve diu palus aptaque remis.] He ſpeaks of the Pontin Marſh. Tho' Horace here commends Auguſtus for draining it, he, in all likelihood, drained only a part of it, or elſe the marſh was apt to overflow again; for the conſul Cethegus drained it in the year of Rome 593, and it was alſo drained again under Theodoric.

67. *Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis.*] Banks raiſed by Auguſtus to hinder the overflowing of the Tiber.

68. *Mortalia facta peribunt.*] Since the moſt ſolid works of mankind periſh, 'tis no wonder words do. The ſame turn is uſed by Severus Sulpitius, in his Letter to Cicero, Book IV. of Cicero's Epiſtles, Epiſt. V.

71. *Si volet uſus, quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi.*] Uſe is the tyrant of languages. Socrates confeſt to Alcibiades, in the firſt Dialogue of that name, that the people is an excellent maſter of languages. We have in our days a good uſe and a bad uſe, the good formed by the polite part of the court, city, and the beſt authors; the bad by the people. The difference between us and the antients, as well Romans as Athenians, ariſes from this, the people were there confounded, great and ſmall together; from whence there was no ſenſible variation in their language: Among us the people have no commerce with the court, and accordingly their language is quite different.

74. *Quo ſcribi poſſent numero monſtravit Homerus.*] He is ſpeaking of the Epic poem, and ſays, Homer has ſhewn in what ſort of verſe it ought to be written, the Heroic, which only agrees with the majeſty of the Epic. Ariſtotle ſays the ſame thing in his Art of Poetry; and adds, *That whoever ſhould undertake to write an Epic poem in any other kind of numbers, he would not ſucceed, for the Heroic verſe is the moſt grave and pompous.* He mentions it again in another place of that Diſcourſe. Moſt people imagine, that by Heroic verſe is meant the Hexameter, which is a miſtake;

All Heroic verſes are indeed Hexameter, but all Hexameters are not Heroic verſes. Six feet placed how you will make an Hexameter, but for an Heroic verſe you muſt keep the laws preſcribed by Homer. The firſt of which is to obſerve the *Ceſure* called *tome penthemimeris*, that is, after the ſecond foot there muſt be a ſyllable which finiſhes the word, and is ſenſe, as,

Dardani---ique ro---gum

The ſecond is to obſerve the *Ceſure* called *tome Heptamimeris*; that is, after the third foot, the ſyllable which follows ought to cloſe the word and ſenſe. As,

Dardani---ique ro---gum capi---tis.

If neither of theſe rules are obſerved, the *Penthemimere Ceſure* muſt end with a *Trochæus*. That is, after the two firſt feet the word ſhould end with one long and one ſhort.

Infan---dum re---gina.

Or the *Heptamimere Ceſure* muſt end alſo with a *Trochæus*: One long and one ſhort after the third foot,

Quæ pax---longa re---miſerat---arma.

which is very rare. Without the obſervation of theſe rules, the verſe will be Hexameter not Heroic; and the critics reject it, like that of Virgil,

Magnanimi Jovis ingratum aſcendere cubile.

which is forgiven him, being the only one among ſo many thouſands wherein theſe rules are not obſerved.

75. *Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum.*] Elegy was at firſt only lamentations for the death of a perſon, according to Ovid on Tibullus's death,

Flebilis indignos Elegeia ſolve capillos
Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

It was in time applied to the joys and griefs of lovers: As Boileau deſcribes it,

La plaintive Elegie, &c.

Mr. Dacier prefers the French deſcription of the Elegy, as to its origin and Improvement, to Ovid's.

76. *Voti ſententia campos.*] Joy for having obtained what they deſired.

77. *Exiguos Elegos.*] The Pentameter verſe is the Elegiac. Horace calls it *exiguum*, becauſe it wants a foot of the Hexameter. For this reaſon he ſays, two verſes higher, *Verſibus impariter junctu.* The moderns want the beauty of this inequality in their Elegiacs. Ovid expreſſes it thus,

Venit odoratos Elegeia nexa capillos,
Et puto pes illi longior alter erat.

Emiſerit autor, grammatici certant.] Horace tells us it is not known who invented the Elegy, nor why it was ſo named. Terentius Maurus ſays the ſame, and that ſome people will have it to be Callinous, others, Theocles, Archilochus, or Terpander.

79. *Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.*] He attributes the invention of Iambics to Archilochus. True, no body wrote them ſo well as he, till his time, but there were Iambic verſes long

long before him; however, for his bringing them to ſuch perfection, they were called the Iambics of Archilochus.

80. *Hunc ſocci cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni.*] *Soccus*, the Sock of comedy, *Cothurnus* the Buſkin of tragedy. Tragedy and comedy uſing Iambics as fitteſt for converſation.

81. *Alternis aptum ſermonibus.*] Horace aſſigns three qualities to Iambic verſe; that 'tis proper for converſation, that it compoſes beſt the tumults of the theatre, and is good to carry on the action: As for the firſt, one can hardly ſpeak in the Greek and Latin tongues without making Iambics; as both Ariſtotle and Cicero have obſerved. See the IVth Chap. of Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry; and Cicero tells us, *Magnam enim partem ex iambis noſtra conſtat oratio.*

82. *Et populares vincentem ſtrepitus.*] Silences the noiſe of the people; for the Iambic verſe not being much different from their ordinary way of ſpeaking, their attention was the more eaſily engaged: It is not ſo with the modern languages.

Et natum rebus agendis.] Horace took this from Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry, where 'tis ſaid Iambic and Tetrameter verſes are proper to give motion. The one is ſuited to dances, the other to action. Quintilian tells us why the Iambic verſe is proper for action, "The movement of it is quicker, *&c.*" *frequentiorem quaſi pulſum habet, ab omnibus partibus inſurgit, & a brevibus in longas nititur & creſcit.*

83. *Muſa dedit fidibus divos pueroſque deorum.*] He is about to enter upon the ſubjects of Lyric poetry; and it being not known who invented it, he aſcribes the invention to the Muſes. Orpheus learnt it of the Muſe Calliope his mother, as in the XIIth Ode of the Iſt Book.

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapſus.

Divos, pueroſque deorum.] There were four ſorts of Lyric poems, Hymns, Panegyrics, Lamentations, and Bacchanalian ſongs: Hymns and Dithyrambics were for Gods; Panegyrics for heroes and victors at Grecian games; Lamentations for lovers; the general name is the Ode. See the XIIth Ode of the Iſt Book, and the IId Ode of the IVth Book.

Et juvenum curas & libera vina referre.] The fourth kind of Lyrics, the ſongs of the Bacchanals, on love, mirth, and wine.

86. *Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores.*] There is ſome difficulty in this verſe, becauſe it is not preſently perceived whether it relates to that which goes before, or that which comes after it. Horace having ſpoken of the different ſubjects and characters of Epic, Elegiac, and Iambic poems, adds, that a poet who does not know how to diſtinguiſh them, does not deſerve the name of one. He who would in the Elegy aſſume the Epic tone, or would mix the ſoftneſs of the Elegy with the roughneſs of the Iambic, would make but a ſorry poem of it. Mr. Dacier's complaint of the French poets touches all the moderns, which is, that in moſt of

'em, their Paſtorals are Elegies; their Elegies, Epics; and their Lyrics, Epigrams.

Vices.] He calls *deſcriptas vices, vices adtributas, aſſignatas*, the different ſubjects, the different characters, of theſe different poems.

Operumque colores.] The different colours, the different ſtile of each, their different ornaments; compared to the colours of painters, which are different according to the different ſubjects, and the different impreſſion they would make.

88. *Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere malo.*] The folly of moſt men, who had rather hide their ignorance, than by confeſſing endeavour to cure it.

89. *Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.*] A verſe may be called Tragic or Comic on two accounts; the firſt for its meaſure and feet; for the tragic and comic verſe may be both Iambics, and both admit of Spondees; yet there is a great deal of difference between them: The Tragic admits of the Spondee only in the firſt, third, and fifth foot, which renders its motion the more noble and pompous: The Comic admits it in all thoſe feet, becauſe its motion is thereby the more natural and unaffected. The ſecond reaſon why a verſe may be called Tragic or Comic, is on account of the meanneſs of its expreſſions and figures. Thus it is certain that Tragic verſe ought not to be uſed in comedy, nor Comic in tragedy. Horace ſpeaking of feet and meaſure, in the 253d verſe; I believe he intends here expreſſions and figures only: Nothing is more vicious than lofty expreſſions and noble figures in comedy, for which the common phraſe is moſt proper; whereas tragedy requires a ſublime and bold ſtile.

91. *Narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.*] He puts Thyeſtes's ſupper for tragedies in general. Thyeſtes eat his own children, whom Atreus cauſed to be ſerved up to him. This ſtory being one of the moſt tragical, is alſo recommended by Ariſtotle as a ſubject for tragedy. He ſays, *Narrari*, it ought to be told, and not repreſented. See the 184th verſe.

92. *Singulæ quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.*] The Tragic and Comic ſtiles muſt not encroach upon one another; as Quintilian in the Xth Book, *Sua cuique propoſita lex, ſuus decor eſt; nec Comœdia in Cothurnos aſſurgit, nec contra Tragœdia Socco ingreditur.*——"Comedy muſt not aſſume the Buſkin, nor Tragedy the "Sock. Nature has made this law, and he who breaks it, errs a-"gainſt decorum.

97. *Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit.*] However, comedy raiſes its voice ſometimes, and tragedy ſometimes makes uſe of the language of converſation. Tragedy and comedy being only imitations of human actions; the ſtile ſhould be proportionable to the ſubject, and the actor; an angry father in comedy ſhould aſſume a lofty tone, and ſpeak with paſſion; and an afflicted man in tragedy wou'd be intolerable, if he ſpoke his affliction in a ſublime and elegant ſtile. See the IVth Satyr of the Iſt Book. *At pater ardens ſævit*, &c.

94. *Iratuſque Chremes.*] *Chremes* aſſumes a tragic tone in the Vth Scene of Terence's Heautontimorumenos. *Non ſi ex capite ſis meo,*

meo, &c. Speaking to his ſon, " no, Clitipho, tho' you iſſued out " of my brain, as 'tis ſaid Minerva did out of Jove's, I would not " ſuffer you to diſhonour me with your infamous debaucheries." So Demeas, in the Vth Act of the Adelphi. *Heu mihi qui faciam? quid agam? quid clamem?* &c. " Hah, what ſhall I do? What " will become of me? How ſhall I exclaim? What complaints ſhall " I make? Oh heaven! O earth! Oh the ſeas of Neptune." 'Tis allowable for comedy to elevate its ſtile, in all violent paſſions, as well as that of choler. In Terence's Eunuch, what Cherea ſays in the tranſport of his joy, would very well become a tragedy. This is not to be done but with great art.

95. *Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.*] Tragedy gives leſs occaſion for encroaching on the Comic ſtile, than comedy does on the Tragic. Horace muſt be taken here as meaning only in the great diſtreſſes of tragedy, where grief ought to be expreſſed in a ſimple and common phraſe. Not all grief however, wherefore Horace ſays, *plerumque* and not *ſemper*. Longinus determines it in general, that the ſublime is not proper to move pity.

96. *Telephus & Peleus quem pauper & exul uterque.*] Peleus and Telephus, two Greek tragedies. Theſe two princes having been driven out of their dominions, came to beg aſſiſtance in Greece, and wen up and down dreſſed like beggars. The two pieces here referr'd to were Euripides's; that poet, in Ariſtophanes's Frogs, talking of them as his own. See Act III. Scene I. For this reaſon Eſchylus calls Euripides a Beggar-maker, and a Patcher of rags. See alſo the IId Scene of the IVth Act. *You dreſs kings in rags to move pity.* Ariſtophanes again makes merry with Euripides's Telephus in his Acharnenſes, Act IV. Scene II. where he introduces Diceopolis coming to borrow of Euripides Telephus's beggars equipage, the ſtaff, the ſcrip, the horn-cup, *&c. Ah, friend*, ſays Euripides, *you will after this rate carry away my whole play*; and again, upon his farther importunities, *Thou wilt ruin me, doeſt not thou ſee thou wilt take away all my tale from me.* What adds to the pleaſantry of this Satyr on the Telephus of Euripides, is, that the whole ſcene is in a manner made up of his own verſes. Theodorus Marcilus is therefore miſtaken, in ſaying the *exul* in Horace alludes to Peleus only, and not to Telephus; for Telephus himſelf ſays, *How am I driven from my houſe in want of every thing neceſſary*, &c. Ennius and Nævius brought Euripides's Telephus on the Roman ſtage. In Ennius this exil'd king ſays, *Regnum reliqui ſeptus mendici ſtola*, " I left my kingdom in a beggar's habit." Ariſtophanes ridicules this play of Euripides for the impoſſibility of a king's being reduced to beggary. Horace is ſatisfied with ſaying *pauper*. Eſchylus alſo writ a Telephus; but one cannot believe he fell into the ſame error of which he accuſes Euripides, and introduces the king in rags.

97. *Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba.*] *Ampullas* for ſwelling thoughts, *ſeſquipedalia verba*, for bombaſt words. *Seſquipedalia*, a foot and half, for their length. The Greeks often made compound words of a prodigious length, which were ſucceſsful in the

ſublime, but ridiculous in the paſſion of grief. See the IIId Epiſtle. *Ampullatur in arte.*

99. *Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto.*] A play ſhould not only be fine, it ſhould be touching. Horace here refers to the ignorance of ſuch as fancy they have made a fine play, when they have been laviſh of the flowers of rhetoric; all which are nothing if it does not move, for that's the principal end of dramatic poetry: 'Tis with this view Plato calls tragedy, *The moſt diverting and moving effect of poetry.* In *dulcia*, ſweet moving, Horace imitates Ariſtotle in the 20th chapter of his Art of Poetry. Heinſius miſtakes the *fine* for *commendable*. Horace would certainly never have called a play *commendable* if it had not been moving. 'Tis thus in a picture; the buſineſs is not to make it glare with fine colours without conduct, but to render the action ſenſible. In order to which, no colour ſhould be uſed but what will agree with it, and make the deſired impreſſion.

100. *Et quocunque velent.*] It ſhould inſpire all the paſſions it pleaſes; hate, fear, terror, pity.

102. *Si vis me flere dolendum eſt primum ipſe tibi.*] Cicero has explained this rule at large in his IId Book *De Oratore*. Poets and orators can never move an auditory, if the ſpeakers do not ſhew that they are themſelves moved with the paſſions they would inſpire. There is a ſtory of an old Greek player named Polus, who in the Electra of Sophocles, uſed to play the part of that princeſs. It happened that a ſon of his, whom he dearly loved, dy'd; and after the firſt tranſports of his grief were over, he took his part again, and pl y'd Electra; in which, inſtead of the urn with the falſe aſhes of Electra, he came in with the urn wherein were the true aſhes of his ſon; which embracing, he pronounced theſe words, *Oh doleful monument of him who was of all mankind moſt dear to me*, with ſo natural a grief, ſuch true and lively tears, that it had a prodigious effect on the audience. This rule of Horace's is taken alſo from Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry; the philoſopher adding to the precept the means to perform it. *The poet*, ſays he, *when he is compoſing, muſt, as far as poſſible, imitate the geſtures and actions of thoſe he introduces on the ſtage. He who is truly moved, will in the ſame manner move thoſe that hear him*, &c.

103. *Tua me infortunia lædent.*] Then wou'd thy misfortunes wound me. *Lædere* for *commovere*, to *wound* for to *touch*. So βλαπτω in Homer.

104. *Male ſi mandata loqueris.*] Horace alludes to the ſpeeches Telephus and Peleus made, to oblige the Greeks to aſſiſt them. Telephus in Euripides begins his diſcourſe to the Athenians thus; *Athenians, who are the flower of Greece, do not take it ill, if in the miſerable condition I now am, I preſume to ſpeak before ſo fair an aſſembly.*

105. *Triſtia mœſtum vultum verba decent.*] The greateſt poets have not always put ſuch words into the mouth of ſorrow, as agree with it. Monſieur Corneille himſelf often fell into this error. When Chimene in the Cid demands juſtice for the murder of her father, and ſpeaks of the ſpilling of his blood, ſhe ſays,

Spilt,

Spilt as it is, the blood ſtill reeks with rage,
To find 'twas loſt in any cauſe but yours.

Is this to talk like a perſon in affliction? *Non projicit ampullas.* Here are the ſwelling thoughts ſtill. What can be more trivial than to make the blood that was ſpilt, think and find, and to explain itſelf by *reeking?* Electra in Sophocles mourns the death of her father after quite another rate.

106. *Iratum plena minarum.*] Horace feigns elſewhere, that when Prometheus formed man, he borrowed each quality from each animal, and when he put choler into his heart, took it from the lion. What can give a juſter idea of the effects of this paſſion? There muſt be nothing mean or affected in it. Seneca's fury is often full of meditation.

107. *Ludentem laſciva.*] A florid, gay ſtile agrees with joy. Achilles in love may be agreeable and delicate. Thoſe who apply theſe words to comedy are in the wrong. Tragedy admits of raptures of joy, which render her cataſtrophe ſometimes the more moving.

Severum ſeria dictu.] A grave perſon muſt ſpeak anſwerably to his character. Euripides is not ſo diſcreet as Sophocles. Seneca the tragic poet never minds this rule. He is ſo fond of ſhining every where, that he becomes ridiculous.

108. *Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem fortunarum habitum.*] In theſe four admirable verſes, Horace gives the reaſon of the precepts contained in the two preceding ones. His reaſon is drawn from our mother Nature, who gave us a heart capable of feeling all the changes of fortune, and a tongue to expreſs it. When our words do not anſwer the condition we are in, the heart ſtrikes one ſtring in the inſtrument of man, inſtead of another, and makes a very diſagreeable diſcord.

109. *Juvat aut impellit.*] Nature helps us to put ourſelves into a Rage. Horace adds *impellit*, to denote the impetuoſity of that paſſion.

110. *Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit.*] Horace's expreſſion agrees very well with the paſſion he ſpeaks of. How natural is his image of the humiliation of an afflicted man? How ridiculous does it render all frothy expreſſions in that condition?

112. *Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta.*] The language muſt always agree with the condition of the perſon ſpeaking; otherwiſe the orator will be laught at. See Antonius ſpeaking for M. Aquilius, in the IId Book of Cicero's Orations. *Non prius ſum conatus miſericordiam aliis commovere quam miſericordia ſum ipſe captus*, &c.

114. *Intereit multum divuſne loquatur an heros.*] A poet muſt alſo ſuit the language of his actors to their age and characters. A God muſt expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than a hero. An old man than a young man. This rule is not much obſerved by the moderns.

Divuſne loquatur an Heros.] Some have read it, *Davuſne loquatur, an Eros.* Eros was the name of an honeſt footman in Menander's Play, as Davus that of a knaviſh one. But Horace is

not here diſcourſing of comedy: Beſides, the difference between footman and footman is not conſiderable enough to be taken notice of by him in a precept. Others have read it *Divuſne loquatur, an Irus.* The ſenſe of this is too mean, and Irus is not a tragic perſon. Others, *Davuſne loquatur, an Heros.* The matter in diſpute, as I have ſaid already, relates only to tragedy, and to the difference there ought to be between the character of a god, and that of a hero, as he ſays afterwards.

Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibetur Heros.

The gods were introduced by the ancients into their plays, as in Æſchylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

115. *Maturuſne ſenex, an adhuc florente juventa fervidus.*] An experienced old man does not talk like a raw youth. Mr. Corneille and Mr. Racine, imitate in this the wonderful conduct of Sophocles.

116. *An matrona potens, nec ſedula nutrix.*] Here Horace had doubtleſs in view the Hypolitus of Euripides, where Phædra and her nurſe ſpeak very differently; and Mr. Racine in his Phædra has obſerved this precept, in varying the two characters.

117. *Mercatorne vagus, an cultor virentis agelli.*] Some have thought Horace is diſcourſing of comedy alſo, on account of the meanneſs of the perſons, whereas he is ſtill diſcourſing of tragedy only, in which it was not uncommon for the antients to introduce tradeſmen, ſhepherds and labourers. You have a merchant in the Philoctetes of Sophocles; and in Euripides, Clytemneſtra gives Electra in marriage to a labourer. He opens the ſcene with it. See the 78th verſe *& ſeq.* The beſt comment on this paſſage of Horace, is what Plutarch writes in his fragment of the compariſon between Ariſtophanes and Menander. *The difference in diction,* ſays he, *is infinite. Ariſtophanes does not know how to make every one ſay what becomes him. A king ſhould talk with dignity, an orator with force, a woman with ſimplicity, a private man after a common manner, a mechanic with rudeneſs. The diction of all Ariſtophanes's perſons is at a venture, and you cannot tell whether 'tis a ſon or a father that ſpeaks, a labourer or a god, an old woman or a hero.*

118. *Colchus an Aſſyrius, Thebis nutritus an Argis.*] The Poet muſt have the country of his actors before his eyes. For, as Ariſtotle ſays, a Macedonian does not talk like a Theſſalian. The manners of different nations are as different as their dreſs.

The manners note, of countries and of times,
For various humours come from various climes.

The people of Colchus were ſavage and cruel; thoſe of Aſſyria falſe and cunning; the Thebans rude and ignorant; the Argives polite and proud. Ariſtophanes's Perſians and Scythians never talk like Athenians.

119. *Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge.*] Horace, having ſpoken of the language, comes to the characters; one of the moſt eſſential parts of Dramatic poetry, as well as of the Epic. The characters are only deſigned by the manners, and the manners form the actions. Poets have but two ſorts of characters to bring

on

on the ſtage, either known or invented. In known characters they muſt alter nothing, but repreſent Achilles, Ulyſſes, Ajax, as Homer repreſented them. As to invented ones, they muſt make them conformable; in the former, they are to endeavour after likeneſs, in the latter after convenience. The former Ariſtotle terms τὸ ὅμοιον, the latter τὰ ἁρμόττοντα.

120. *Scriptor honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem.*] He is explaining the *famam ſequere* of the foregoing verſe, what it is to follow Fame, which is to make the characters, what Fame makes them to be. As Achilles, choleric, violent, furious, implacable, unjuſt. Ulyſſes, valiant, virtuous, cunning. Ajax, intrepid, raſh. *Honoratum*, honoured by the Greeks, an explanation of τετιμένον, an epithet Homer always beſtows on Achilles. *Reponis*, *reponere*, to repreſent after another. Homer, *poſuit Achillem*, whoever comes after him, *reponit*.

121. *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*] Ariſtotle ſays, that to ſucceed in ſuch a character as Achilles's, a Poet ſhould rather imagine what choler ought to do with veriſimility, than what it has done.

122. *Jura negat ſibi nata.*] Achilles pretends to be above the laws, for which reaſon he refuſes to obey Agamemnon, whom he loads with affronts, and inſolently threatens. By the ſame principle he ſacrifices the common cauſe, the honour and lives of ſo many thouſand men, and the glory of his country, to his private intereſt.

Nihil non arroget armis.] He depended on his ſword for juſtice. He draws it half out in Homer againſt Agamemnon. Minerva hinders his drawing it further. He tells that king, if he dares take any thing out of his tent, he ſhould ſoon ſee his blood at his ſpear's end. All the qualities Horace attributes to Achilles are in the Iſt book of the Ilias.

123. *Sit Medea ferox, invictaque.*] The true character of Medea, who is repreſented as cruel and inflexible by Euripides. She kills her two children, and ſends her rival a robe and a crown ſo prepared, that they conſume her as ſoon as ſhe puts them on. Creon falls on her corps. The fatal robe ſticks to his fleſh, and he expires in the ſame torments with his daughter.

Flebilis Ino.] Ino the daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia. She was firſt married to Athamas, who had a ſon by a former wife, and ſhe feign'd an oracle which ordered the ſon to be ſacrificed to Jupiter. But ſhe was ſoon puniſhed for her cheat. Athamas running mad killed Learchus the eldeſt ſon he had by her, and had ſacrificed her other ſon, if ſhe had not flung herſelf into the ſea with that ſon in her arms. Euripides wrote a tragedy on this ſtory. It is eaſy, from the grief of this princeſs, on the loſs of her children, to imagine ſhe might well be called Flebilis.

124. *Perfidus Ixion.*] Ixion was the firſt murderer in Greece: He married the daughter of Dejoneus, and killed his father-in law at ſupper, inſtead of giving him the uſual preſents. This crime was ſo horrible, no body would expiate the murderer, nor have any correſpondence with him. At laſt Jupiter took pity on him, expi-

ated

ated him and received him into heaven, where the traytor falling in love with Juno, would have raviſh'd her; he only embraced a cloud, and Jupiter in a rage hurl'd him headlong to hell, where the poets feign him to be ſtretch'd on a wheel always turning. Eſchylus and Euripides wrote on this ſtory. Plutarch mentioning the Ino and Ixion of Euripides, who being blamed for writing upon it as a ſubject accurſed by the gods, Euripides replies, *I have not left him till I have nailed his feet and his hands to a wheel.* Ariſtotle places theſe two plays of his among the Pathetics. There's nothing extant of them.

Io vaga.] Io, daughter of Inachus, with whom Jupiter was in love, and changed her in into a cow. Juno out of jealouſy made her run mad, and ſent a fly which ſo ſtung her, that ſhe ran from country to country, croſs'd ſeveral ſeas, and arrived at laſt in Egypt, where ſhe recovered her firſt ſhape, and was worſhipped under the name of Iſis. Eſchylus makes her wander ſo in his Prometheus, that ſhe came to the mountain where he was chained, at the farther end of Scythia, and there ſhe learned of that wretch all the future fortune that was to befal her.

Triſtis Oreſtes.] *Triſtis* here ſignifies *curſed, mad, raging*, as well as *ſad*. Thus he elſewhere calls choler, *ſad, triſtes ut Iræ*. Ovid has alſo ſaid *Triſtis Oreſta*. Euripides's repreſentation of Oreſtes in this ſtate, is admirable; he appears in the tragedy which goes by his name, more like a hideous ſpectre than a man.

Men. *Your eyes are ghaſtly, horrible you look.*
Or. *My body's gone, I'm nothing but a name.*

He alludes to the ſignification of the name Oreſtes, which, according to Socrates's opinion in Cratylus, denotes ſomething wild, fierce and brutal.

125. *Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis.*] Having explained the *famam ſequere*, he now does the ſame by the latter part of the verſe, *aut convenientia finge*. Shewing what is to be done with new characters. Their firſt quality is to be conformable and agreeable. A madman muſt act like a madman; a king like a king, and ſo on. A woman muſt not have Achille's valour, nor Neſtor's Prudence. Their ſecond quality is to be one and the ſame from the beginning of the play to the end, which Ariſtotle calls τὸ ὁμαλὸν, *equality*. This is as neceſſary in known characters as in invented. Boileau explains it in his Art of Poetry,

If then you form ſome hero in your mind,
Be ſure your image with itſelf agree,
For what he firſt appears be ſtill muſt be.

Agatho's Flower was an admirable play, tho' it was all Invention. See the IXth Chapter of Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry, on known and invented ſubjects.

228. *Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere.*] Having ſhewn the two qualites that ſhould be given to invented perſons, he adviſes tragic poets not to take too much liberty to invent, it being very difficult to ſucceed in new characters. By common ſubjects, invented ones are underſtood. Subjects that have no foundation in hiſtory, or the fable;

fable; he calls them common, becauſe every body has a right to them, and is free to invent them. 'Tis very difficult to invent a new character that ſhall be juſt and natural; the moderns have ſucceeded much better in their known ſtories than in their invented ones. Let a character be formed ever ſo juſtly, every one will pretend to a right to judge of it, and cenſure it, if it is not conformable to the idea they themſelves have of it; whereas when a poet follows a known one, there's a common rule which he muſt not deviate from, and which is the ſtandard of their judgment as well as his compoſition. Horace cannot by *communia* mean common and ordinary characters, becauſe he immediately adviſes the poets to make uſe of known characters.

129. *Tuque rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus.*] Ariſtotle in his IXth Chapter, determines for invented fables, as well as receiv'd ones; Horace is here for known ſubjects, ſuch as are taken from the Ilias and Odyſſes, for both thoſe poems are compriſed under the words *Iliacum carmen*. This difference ariſes from the different ends the poet and philoſopher propoſed to themſelves. Ariſtotle ſpeaks only of what might pleaſe or diſpleaſe, and invented ſubjects may pleaſe as well as known; Horace talks only of what is eaſy or difficult, and known ſubjects are eaſier than invented: Beſides, Ariſtotle wrote to the Greeks who were ſo far poſſeſt of the ſpirit of tragedy, that nothing was impoſſible for them. Horace wrote to the Romans, who were much inferior to the Greeks, and whom he diſſuaded from undertaking what was moſt difficult for them to ſucceed in. Horace, in adviſing poets to borrow their ſubjects from Homer, is of the ſame opinion with Ariſtotle and Plato, who have both affirmed that Homer is a tragic poet; his Ilias and Odyſſes have the ſame relation to tragedy, as his Margiter has to comedy. Plato, in his Xth Book, calls Homer the father of Tragedy.

130. *Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque prius.*] By *ignota indictaque* he means the ſame thing as by his *communia*, "unknown ſubjects:" He adds *indicta* to *ignota*, ſubjects never treated on before. For a ſtory may be unknown, without being new; 'tis what he ſays in the XXVth Ode of the IIId Book. *Dicam inſigne*, &c. "I will ſpeak of new things which have not yet been "ſpoken of."

131. *Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi*, &c.] Leaſt the advice he has been giving poets might cauſe them to fall into ſervile imitations, by handling known ſubjects, he teaches them how they are to govern themſelves, to make ſuch ſtories proper. *Publica materies*, the Ilias, the Thebaides, the Odyſſes, and all the ſubjects of the ancient tragedies: He oppoſes *publica materies* to *communia*; Chryſippus boaſted he had made Euripides's Medea his own, becauſe he had not followed that poet's diſpoſition of his ſubject.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem.*] Horace adviſes poets to take th ſubjects of their tragedies out of Homer's poems, and he here cautions them againſt the faults they might be guilty of. The firſt and moſt conſiderable, is to amuſe themſelves, *circa orbem vilem & patulum*, "with a vile circuit open to all the "world,"

" world," that is, with bringing into a tragedy all the parts of Homer's Poem, imitating his very connexion and chain: As for inſtance, in opening the ſcene with the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon and cloſing all with Hector's funeral. Heinſius is miſtaken in thinking Horace means a *vain circuit of words, that do not relate to the ſubject.* The circuit he ſpeaks of, is in the fable, and nothing can be more vicious: For what would be but of a juſt extent for an heroic poem, would be monſtrous, confin'd to the narrow limits of a tragedy. *Remember,* ſays Ariſtotle, *not to make a tragedy of an epic plot; I call an Epic plot, a plot conſiſting of ſeveral fables; as if you ſhould bring all the Iliad into one play.* There's another vicious circuit beſides this. See the 147th Verſe.

133. *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.*] Not to tranſlate Homer word for word, the buſineſs of an exact tranſlator, not of a poet. He ſhould imitate the diſcretion of Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all of 'em make bold with Homer's ſentiments, but but do not tranſlate him literally: Horace condemns the ſuperſtitious exactneſs of ſuch tranſlators, as keep cloſe to the letter. Cicero ſays very well, in the treatiſe *de Optim. Gen. Orat.* ſpeaking of the two Orations of Æſchynes and Demoſthenes, which he tranſlated, *Nec converti, ut interpres,* &c. " I have tranſlated them not as an " interpreter, but as an orator, by preſerving the ſentences, and " their different forms, as well as the figures, and explaining the " reſt in terms adapted to our cuſtoms, and according to our man- " ners. I did not think it neceſſary for me to confine my ſelf to " render them word for word, but only to expreſs the force and " propriety of the terms, believing I ought not to give the reader " thoſe terms by tale, but by weight." If a tranſlator ſhould not tranſlate word for word, how much leſs ſhould a poet.

134. *Nec deſilies imitator in arctum unde pedem proferre.*] This in my opinion is one of the moſt difficult places in Horace: The poet does not here ſpeak of thoſe who confine themſelves to a certain meaſure of verſe, in their imitation; nor of thoſe who loſe ſight of their original. He has already given tragic poets two ways of rendering ſubjects that have been handled, which he prefers to invented ones: The firſt is, not to bring the whole matter of an heroic poem into a tragedy; and the ſecond, not to tranſlate it word for word: He here gives them a third, not to keep too cloſe to their author, in imitating one action only, ſo as to perplex themſelves, or break the laws of tragedy, which laws are very different from thoſe of heroic poetry; ſuppoſe, for example, I was to write a tragedy on Achilles's choler, and to follow the two firſt rules of Horace; that is, not to put all the Iliad in my play, nor uſe his expreſſions: I ſhall break the third rule, if I ſervilely repreſent the ſame circumſtances of Achilles's choler, as Homer has repreſented it, for by that means I ſhall entangle my ſelf in a great many difficulties; how ſhall I repreſent Achilles with his ſword half drawn, and Minerva holding him by the arm to hinder his killing Agamemnon; an incident which is marvellous in an Epic poem, and yet would be ridiculous

ridiculous in a tragedy. They who read *referre* here inſtead of *proferre*, did not underſtand the paſſage.

136. *Nec ſic incipies.*] He blames the pompous beginnings of ſome tragedies, when poets, to give the audience a great idea of their performances begin loftily, which is faulty ſeveral ways; the beginning ſhould be ſimple and modeſt. This is a rule in Epic poetry, and much more in tragedy.

Ut ſcriptor Cyclicus olim.] See what is ſaid of theſe Cyclic poets, in the VIIth Ode of the firſt Book. 'Tis not known who was the Cyclic poet, of whom Horace ſpeaks; ſome learned men have thought it was Mævius, who wrote a poem on the Trojan war, in which he compriſed all the hiſtory of Priamus, from his birth to his death: But the word *olim* ſhews he means ſome more antient poet. Staſimus, who wrote the Little Ilias, is thought to be this Cyclic poet, by thoſe who follow the Scholiaſt, on the Knights of Ariſtophanes, who places this poet among the Cyclics: Photius will not have him to be one of them; Caſaubon thinks he was of the number of thoſe poets who joined in that work, mentioned by the ancients under the name of the Cyclic Poem, which took in the hiſtory of the world, from the beginning of it, to the death of Ulyſſes, and was the work of ſeveral poets, as Onomacritus, Leſches, Eumelus, and others, tho' 'tis often quoted as the production of one man, *Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile letum*, the beginning of Mævius's poem. What would Horace have ſaid of Statius, another Cyclic poet, who brings all the ſtory of Achilles into his poem, as Mævius brought that of Priamus into his.

Magnanimum Æacidem formidatamque tonanti
Progeniem, & veritam patrio ſuccedere cælo
Diva refer.

A poet muſt be hard put to it to maintain the idea of a hero, dreaded even by Jove, to the end of the poem. There's nothing more extravagant than theſe bluſtering beginnings, the ſure ſigns of a weak poet; the moderns are very apt to fall into this fault, and imitate the vices of the ancients.

138. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu.*] *Hiare* is to open the mouth very wide, as thoſe are obliged to do, who pronounce big words and ſounding verſes; Perſeus, who alſo laughs at this fooliſh bluſtering at the beginning of Epic and Dramatic poems, makes uſe of this very term in the Vth Satyr.

Fabula ſeu mœſto ponatur hianda tragœdo.

The fifteen firſt verſes of this Satyr, are a comment on this of Horace's.

139. *Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.*] Horace, by ending his verſe with the monoſyllable *mus*, againſt the common rule, expreſſes admirably well, what the bombaſt promiſes of theſe boaſting poets produce. The end of this verſe is an imitation of that in the Iſt Book of the Georgics.

—— *Sæpè exiguus mus.*

Where, according to Quintilian's judgment, *Clauſula ipſa unius ſyllabæ non uſitata addidit gratiam.* The fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouſe is in Æſop. Phædrus applies it to thoſe who promiſe

promiſe much, and perform nothing. It is very old, as appears by the jeſt of the Egyptians, who having a long time expected Ageſilaus to come to their aſſiſtance, and when he came, ſeeing him ſo little, and ſo ugly, ſaid among themſelves, *It was the labour of the mountain which brought forth a rat.* Atheneus quotes the words of it.

140. *Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte.*] To theſe bluſtering beginnings of the boaſting poets, he oppoſes the diſcretion and modeſty of Homer, in that of his Odyſſes; for nothing can be more plain.

Quis nil moliter inepte.] Horace's ſaying that Homer did nothing improperly, ought to reſtrain ſome modern authors, who by endeavouring to find out groſs faults in him, only diſcover their ignorance and ill taſte.

141. *Dic mihi muſa virum.*] Horace includes the three firſt verſes of Homer's Odyſſes in two, contenting himſelf with expreſſing the modeſty and ſimplicity of Homer's beginning, without explaining all the parts of it; for otherwiſe one might find conſiderable faults in his tranſlation. He has forgotten the epithet πολύτροπον, *wiſe*, which marks Ulyſſes's character: He neglects the circumſtance that makes us moſt concerned for his hero, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη, *Who wandered a long time.* He ſays, in a looſe way, *after the taking of Troy*, whereas it is in Homer, *after having ruined Troy*; but, as I have ſaid, his deſign was to ſhew Homer's modeſty, and not to tranſlate him.

143. *Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem.*] Thoſe pompous beginnings that are not carried on, reſemble fuel which eaſily take fire, and after having blazed awhile, goes out and waſtes away in ſmoak: It is a ſtraw fire. Whereas modeſt beginnings encreaſe as they proceed, and are like ſolid fuel, which is hard to kindle, ſmoaks awhile, blazes up, and caſts forth a fire that warms, illuminates, and burns a long time.

Ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat.] Horace here calls Homer's Stories of Antiphates, Scylla, Charybdis, the Cyclops Polyphemus, &c. ſhining wonders. And Longinus makes a very fine compariſon of the Ilias and Odyſſes, with reference to theſe fables. *As the ocean is always great, though ſometimes he leaves his ſhores, and is confined in narrower limits; ſo Homer alſo having left the Ilias, is ſtill great, even in the incredulous and fabulous ſtories of the Odyſſes.* He alludes to the tempeſts, the Cyclops, &c. the ſame place Horace calls wonders. Longinus in the ſame Chapter calls thoſe ſtories the Dreams of Jupiter, dreams worthy of the king of the gods.

145. *Antiphaten.*] Antiphates, king of the Leſtrigons, deſcribed in the Xth Book of the Odyſſes. They were Cannibals, and Homer ſays they carried away Ulyſſes's followers in ſtrings, like ſo many ſtrings of fiſh.

Scyllamque & Charybdim.] Two rocks in the Streight of Sicily, the one called Scylla, from the Punic word *Seol*, which ſignifies *deſtruction* the other Charybdis, from *Chorobdam*, ſignifying an

abyſs

abyſs of perdition. Homer makes two horrible monſters of 'em. See the Deſcription in the XIIth Book of the Odyſſes.

Cum Cyclope.] Polyphemus, king of the Cyclops, who dwelt in Sicily, near the Promontory of Lilybæum: 'Tis one of the moſt agreeable tales in Homer. See the XIth Book of the Odyſſes.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.*] Homer has not written on Diomedes's return: Neither is it what Horace means in this paſſage; the ſenſe of which is, that Homer, in his poem on the return of Ulyſſes, has not done like the poet Antimachus in his return of Diomedes, whoſe adventure he begins with the death of his uncle Meleager, which is abſurd; for by this he gives a beginning to the beginning of the action; before which, as Ariſtotle obſerves, *nothing muſt be ſuppoſed neceſſary.* This matter is treated of in the VIIth Chapter of his Art of Poetry.

147. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*] The Trojan war is not the ſubject of the Ilias, 'tis only the occaſion of it. Homer makes no beginning nor end to the ſiege of Troy; nay, there's hardly a middle that's proper to it; but he forgets none of the parts of his ſubject, which is Achilles's choler. He does not ſo much as relate the circumſtances of the rape of Hellen, the cauſe of the war. Horace laught here at the author of the Little Ilias, who began his poem with the two Eggs: In one of which Helen and Clitemneſtra were encloſed; in the other, Caſtor and Pollux. The unity of the perſon can never excuſe the breaking the unity of the action, which, as Ariſtotle teaches, muſt be always preſerved. He condemns, in his Art of Poetry, the authors of the Heracliade and Theſeiade, for not obſerving that unity, and ſets Homer's conduct as an example. He has not in his Odyſſes heaped together all the events that happened to Ulyſſes; nor in the Ilias does he amuſe himſelf with writing the hiſtory of Achilles: He introduces no adventure that has not relation to his ſubject in either of theſe poems. Statius, after Ariſtotle and Horace had given ſuch good rules, falls into a greater fault than even the author of the Little Ilias; inſtead of beginning his Thebaid with the inceſtuous birth of Eteocles and Polynices, he begins it with the rape of Europa, the occaſion of the founding of Thebes.

148. *Semper ad eventum feſtinat.*] Still going forward to the end of his ſubject, he makes uſe of no Epiſode but what leads to it. The end of the Ilias is Achilles's vengeance. Statius, inſtead of going forward to the end of his action, ſeems afraid of coming to it, and flies back by Epiſodes, independent of his ſubject.

149. *Et in medias res, non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*] A paſſage of great importance, and very difficult: It has been interpreted, as if Horace would ſay, that Homer preſently tranſports his readers to the middle of his ſubject, to hold them always in deſire and hope to the end of it. This, 'tis true, is one of the greateſt beauties of an Epic poem, and Homer has not neglected it, as Macrobius obſerves in the IId Chapter of his XVth Book of his Saturnalia; but Horace having treated of this precept in the 42d and 43d verſes, 'tis not likely he ſhould repeat it here: Beſides,

Horace

Horace does not talk here of what Homer does in the beginning, but what he does in the ſequel, thro' the whole courſe of the poem, as appears plainly by what goes before, *Semper ad eventum feſtinat*, "He always haſten'd to the end of the action." The true ſenſe of this paſſage is, Homer carries his readers ſwiftly over all things that preceded the action, he calls them *medias res*, "middle things," either becauſe he places the recital of 'em in the courſe of the poem, after the beginning, or before the end; or becauſe they are things which the Greeks call properly μεσα, "middling, indifferent." Horace ſays, the poet paſſes ſwiftly over thoſe adventures, as if they were known: And ſuch is Homer's conſtant practice; every thing that precedes the ſiege of Troy, and Achilles's vengeance, is related in the courſe of the poem, as public events known to all the world: This a Tragic poet ought to obſerve, as well as an Epic. Sophocles, in his Oedipus, paſſes ſwiftly over every thing that precedes the action of his tragedy

150. *Et quæ deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe relinquit.*] This is a conſequence of what he ſaid juſt before, that Homer carries his reader ſwiftly over every thing that precedes his action; fearing one might from thence believe he gave the whole hiſtory. Horace ſhews the poet's addreſs, in not mentioning all the incidents of the ſtory, but making a judicious choice of them; leaving thoſe that were not ſuſceptible of ornaments, ſuitable to the grandeur and majeſty of his poem: He does not ſpeak of Leda's eggs, nor the rape of Helen in the Ilias, nor of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, nor of Achilles's diſguiſing himſelf like a girl; and thus a Tragic poet ſhould reject all incidents that do not anſwer the grandeur of his ſubject.

151. *Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet.*] The ſoul of an Epic poem, is the fable, which includes a general truth, made particular by the application of names. Thus the truth contained in the Ilias is, that union and ſubordination preſerve ſtates, and that diſcord and diſobedience deſtroy them: The fiction in which this truth is wrapt up is the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, feigned to be taken from as known a ſtory as the Trojan war, to make it the more probable In Epic poetry the fiction goes always on with truth; but 'tis not only moral truth that Homer teaches in his fictions, ſometimes alſo 'tis phyſical and hiſtorical, which he enfolds in fine fables, to render 'em the more marvellous, and conſequently the more agreeable. None has ſucceeded ſo well as himſelf in theſe fables: Horace begins this precept with them, and continues it with the mixture of the fable and the truth, *ſic veris falſa remiſcet.* Which is a perfect explanation of Homer's conduct, and all the myſtery of an Epic poem, according to Ariſtotle's rules. The poet firſt draws the plan of his fable, which is not leſs a fable than any of Æſop's; *mentitur*, "he feigns." After he has laid down this plan, he muſt make his fable probable, and perſuade that it has been done, to have it believed that 'tis poſſible. To this purpoſe he attributes it to certain known perſons; he names the places that were the ſcene of it, all which he takes from a known ſtory, borrowing ſome true actions and circumſtances, which he accommodates

dates to his deſign. *Sic veris falſa remiſcet*; thoſe poets who have not, like Homer, drawn the plan of their poems, after they had ſought out ſome hero in hiſtory, and choſen a true action done by that hero, have never ſucceeded: As Silius, Statius, Lucan, and among the Greeks the Authors of the Heracliade and Theſiade: Horace preſcribes this rule in the XVIIIth chapter of his Art of Poetry, and it is the foundation of an Epic poem.

152 *Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepit imum*]. He every where mixes the fable with the truth, that the three parts of his ſubject may be connected and equal. The middle, which is the knot, muſt anſwer to the beginning, and the end, which is the unravelling of it, to the beginning and middle. If fiction is uſed in one part, and not in all, the parts will be ſo unequal and disjointed, that they will not compoſe one Whole: Neither will the Marvellous, which is produced more by fiction than truth, reign through the work as it ought to do. This is alſo to be obſerved in tragedy.

153. *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſideret audi.*] He returns to the manners. *Tu*, *thou*, who writeſt Dramatic poems. All poets, and not the Piſo's.

154. *Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis.*] If you would have us ſtay the play out, *aulæa manere*, "Stay till the curtain is raiſed," or, as we ſay now a-days, till the curtain is dropt. See *aulæa premuntur*, in the Iſt Epiſt. of the IId Book.

155. *Donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat.*] *Cantor*, the Chorus, who uſed to ſay *Vos plaudite*. Quintilian, in the Iſt chapter of the VIth book, *Tunc eſt commovendum theatrum, &c.* "You muſt "above all things endeavour to move the audience, when you "come near the *Vos plaudite*, with which all ancient comedies and "tragedies end.

156. *Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores.*] He has already ſaid the manners ought to be like, *famam ſequere*; agreeable, *convenientia finge*; and equal, *Servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto proceſſerit*. There wants ſtill a fourth quality: They ought to be well expreſs'd, well diſtinguiſh'd, *notandi ſunt tibi mores*. So diſtinguiſh'd, that no body may be able to miſtake them, that every one, when he ſees the actions of the perſon you have formed, may ſay, thoſe are the actions of a furious, a paſſionate, an ambitious, an inconſtant or covetous man; and this, with the other three, make the four qualities which Ariſtotle requires for the manners; Horace only inverts his order, by putting that quality laſt, which the philoſopher puts firſt: But this changing the order does not change the rule, and in the main is of no conſequence. Ariſtotle treats of it in the XVIth Chap. of his Art of Poetry.

157. *Mobilibuſque decor naturis dandus & annis.*] A fine verſe, and very expreſſive. Word for word, *give to moveable natures and years their proper beauty*. Moveable nature, that is, Age, which always rolls on like a river, and as it rolls gives different inclinations, which are what he calls *decor*, the beauty proper to age: Each age having its beauties as well as each ſeaſon; to give the

virile age the beauty of youth, is to deck autumn with the beauties of the ſpring.

Et annis.] Horace is not ſatisfied with ſaying, *each age*, he ſays, *each year*; becauſe the inclinations of each age are not the ſame at the beginning and the end: There's an inſenſible change, which a poet ought to know and diſtinguiſh, as a painter ought to know and diſtinguiſh the changes of each ſeaſon, and not make the end of the ſummer like its beginning.

158. *Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer.*] Children learn to ſpeak by imitation: Horace therefore ſays, *reddere voces*, to render words: He is running thro' the four ages of mankind, which Tragic, Comic, and Epic poets ought alike to underſtand how to diſtinguiſh well. Infancy, the firſt, is not ſo neceſſary as the other three, an infant being ſeldom introduced as an actor; for which reaſon Ariſtotle mentions only youth, manhood, and old age. The qualities Homer aſcribes here to infancy remain alſo in youth, where that philoſopher comprized 'em.

160. *Iram colligit ac ponit temerè, ac mutatur in horas.*] Theſe changes proceed only from the ſoftneſs of the brain, where objects are eaſily impreſt and effaced. Wherefore, according as that ſoftneſs is greater or leſs, thoſe changes are alſo the ſlower or ſwifter: Whence it is that he ſays here of an infant, *mutatur in horas*, and afterwards of a young man, *amata relinquere pernix.* Tho' the latter's more ſteady, yet he's ſtill changeable.

Temere.] Without reaſon or reflection.

161. *Imberbis juvenis cuſtode remoto.*] See what Simon ſays in Terence's Andræa, ſpeaking of his ſon, *Quod plerique omnes faciunt adoleſcentuli*, &c. Horace copies Ariſtotle in this picture of the manners, but he paints in little, what Ariſtotle painted in great, in the IId Book of his Rhet. and contents himſelf with giving a ſtroke of ſome of the principal features.

162. *Et aprici gramine campi.*] Youth delights in the exerciſes of the field of Mars, explained in the VIIIth Ode of the Iſt Book.

163. *Cereus in vitium flecti.*] It eaſily receives the impreſſions of vice.

Monitoribus aſper.] It hates reproof.

164. *Utilium tardus proviſor.*] Young people always prefer the honourable to the profitable.

Prodigus æris.] They know not the value of money, and therefore ſquander it away.

165. *Sublimis.*] Preſumptuous, vain.

Cupiduſque, & amata relinquere pernix.] In conſtant wavering. Ariſtotle ſays their dreams are like the hunger and thirſt of the ſick.

166. *Converſis ſtudiis, ætas animuſque virilis.*] The manners of the virile Age, is the middle between the manners of youth and old age.

167. *Quærit opes & amicitias.*] A man in his virile age is for heaping up riches and getting friends.

Inſervit

Inſervit honori.] A man in the virile age endeavours to reconcile honour with intereſt; this Horace means by *inſervit*, a term that denotes mediocrity.

Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.] He corrects the vices of cuſtom by reaſon, and wou'd do nothing he may repent of.

169. *Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda.*] Old men, as Ariſtotle obſerves, are hard to pleaſe, irreſolute, malicious, ſuſpicious, covetous, peeviſh, timorous, *&c.*

170. *Quærit & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti.*] Old men are always ſcraping wealth together, but dare not make uſe of it.

171. *Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque miniſtrat.*] Old age is attended with no greater inconveniency than timidity.

172. *Dilator.*] 'Tis irreſolute.

Spe longus.] Old men do not eaſily hope. Ariſtotle ſays they are difficult to hope. Lambin explains *ſpes longus*, who "carries "far his hopes," which he grounds on what Horace ſays elſewhere, *Spatio brevi ſpem longam reſeces & ſpem inchoare longam.* But there is a great deal of difference between *ſpes longa* and *ſpe longus.* Horace is ſpeaking of what commonly happens to old men, who are longer conceiving hopes than young. The latter are ἀνέλπιδες. They conceive hope on nothing, *ſpe citi, ſpe prompti.* The former δυσέλπιδες, *ſpe longi, ſpe tardi.* Hard to conceive hope. They hope for nothing but what they ſee, or as Ariſtotle has it, *they live more by memory than hope.*

Iners.] Lazy, ſlow. *Aviduſque futuri.* Tender of life, the nearer they draw to its end. *Difficilis*, humourſome, peeviſh. *Querulus*, always complaining. *Laudator temporis acti ſe puero.* They are full of times paſt, when their pleaſures were more lively. This makes them great talkers. The character of Neſtor in the Iſt Book of the Ilias is exactly ſuch a one.

174. *Cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.*] Taken from Ariſtotle's principles, old men are guided by reaſon, not by cuſtom, and think young men fools for following cuſtom more than reaſon. This makes 'em always grumbling and out of humour.

175. *Multi ferunt anni venientes.*] *Anni venientes*, the coming years; the years preceding the virile age. *Anni recedentes*, the returning years; the years going back towards old age and death; the former were always reckoned by the ancients by addition, the latter by ſubtraction. See the Vth Ode of the IId Book. The French have an expreſſion like the *recedentes* of the ancients, for they ſay of a perſon who is declining in years, he is *ſur ſon retour*, "upon his "return."

176. *Ne forte ſeniles mandentur juveni partes.*] The manners and paſſions which attend each age, ſhould be carefully ſtudied, to prevent confounding them.

178. *Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.*] *Adjuncta ævo*, every thing that neceſſarily attends the age. *Apta ævo*, every thing proper to it. The ſame may be applied to ſex, country, quality, and whatever elſe diſtinguiſhes mankind. As in the XVIth Chap. of Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry.

179. *Aut igitur res in ſcenis, aut acta referntur.*] Dramatic poems conſiſt of repreſentation and recital. By repreſentation every thing is brought on the ſtage that ought to be expoſed to the view of the ſpectators; by recital he's informed of every thing he ought not to ſee. 'Tis the ſame with Epic poetry.

180. *Segnius irritant animos.*] What we ſee touches us more than what we hear, and the eyes are more incredulous than the ears. A poet therefore ſhould take care not to keep behind the ſcenes what he ought to expoſe on the ſtage, and not to expoſe what would ſhock the ſpectators.

181. *Oculis fidelibus.*] Faithful eyes. Faithful, which like a looking-glaſs render the object, ſuch as they receive it, whoſe teſtimony is to be credited.

182. *Et quæ ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.*] A happy expreſſion; in repreſentation, the ſpectator learns by himſelf what paſſes. In recital he learns it only from the reciter; in the one he forms what idea of it he pleaſes, in the other, he can form only what idea the reciter pleaſes to give him.

Non tamen intus digna geri.] A poet muſt never expoſe any thing that's incredible and cruel.

184. *Facundia præſens.*] The recital of an actor preſent. *Facundia*, becauſe the recital ought to be pompous and pathetic, as that of the death of Oreſtes in the Electra.

185. *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*] Some have thought Horace does not condemn all murders upon the ſtage, only horrible ones, as that of a mother killing her children; nay, it has been endeavoured to be proved, that murders may be expoſed with ſucceſs from the practice of Æſchylus, Sophocles and Euripides. Æſchylus in his Ceophores, kills Agamemnon, Prometheus and Clytemneſtra, on the ſtage. Sophocles does the ſame in his Electra, where Oreſtes kills his mother; and Euripides in his Alceſte, who kills her on the ſtage. But this does not at all excuſe the defiling it with blood. Neither are theſe allegations of thoſe that defend it true. Agamemnon is not killed in ſight of the audience, for the chorus, who hear his cries in the palace, reſolve to enter to his aſſiſtance; and Prometheus is carried off by a tempeſt, which cloſes the ſcene. Scaliger is ſtrangely miſtaken in this; eſpecially as to Clytemneſtra, for ſhe is ſo far from being kill'd in view of the ſpectators, that *Oreſtes bids her follow him, that he may kill her near the body of Egiſtheus.* In Sophocles, Oreſtes's mother is in the palace when ſhe is kill'd, as appears plainly by what Electra ſays to her deliverers, upon their re-entering the ſtage with their hands bloody. True, Alceſte in Euripides does die on the ſtage. But ſhe pines away; her woman cries out, *ſhe languiſhes, ſhe dies away with her ſickneſs.* She was not wounded behind the ſcenes; She died, but was not killed on the ſtage. In Sophocles, Ajax is ſaid to be killed on the ſtage, which is a miſtake too; for the poet has with very great addreſs placed a wood at the end of it, in which Ajax is murdered, the ſpectators not ſeeing it. Horace here puts Medea and Atreus for all ſorts of Tragic ſtories.

For

For murders cannot be allowed on the ſtage, let 'em be of what nature ſoever. None but bad poets, who had not genius enough to move by the narration, have introduced bloody ſpectacles. Medea is a very fine fable for a tragedy. Horace does not condemn it, but her killing her children in public. Seneca however breaks this rule in his Medea.

186. *Aut humana palam coquat extanefarius Atreus.*] The ſtory is, Atreus, who ſerved up his nephews to his brother Thyeſtes their father, for a ſupper. 'Tis thought Sophocles wrote upon it, as did the Roman poet Accius, who directly avoided what Horace forbids here.

187. *Aut in avem Progne.*] He ſpeaks now of other incidents that ſhould not be expoſed; ſuch as would be as ridiculous to ſee as agreeable to read. Of this kind are all metamorphoſes. For inſtance, Progne into a ſwallow, Philomel into a nightingale, and the like. In Epic poetry, they might be brought in by narration. As the metamorphoſes of Ulyſſes's ſhip into ſtone, and Æneas's into nymphs, in Homer and Virgil.

188. *Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.*] Some things are to be ſhewn in tragedy, ſome to be told; if what ſhould be told is ſhewn, and what ſhould be ſhewn, told, 'twill ſpoil the poem. To ſhew what you ſhould tell is the greateſt fault. Horace explains a hint of Ariſtotle's in his XVIth Book, and gives the reaſon as well as the precept. For prodigies expoſed to ſight are incredible. They are only tolerable in narration.

189. *Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu.*] Aſcanius Pedianus ſays the ſame. This rule is grounded on the conſtant practice of the ancients. Tho' it is not mentioned, it is implied in Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry, where he tells us, *Poets ought to give their ſubjects not an arbitrary, but a certain extent.* As this extent muſt be certain, ſo it muſt be juſt, which is exactly this diviſion into five acts, practiſed in all regular plays, as well ancient as modern. The Greeks had no term that ſignified Act, but they had another diviſion better than the Latins, or ours. For by marking the extent of tragedy in general, it marked alſo the different nature of its parts in particular, which that of the Latins and ours do not do. By dividing tragedy into five acts, the Latin and modern poets divide it into five like parts, which is vicious. This matter is diſcourſed of at large in the notes on the XIIth Chapter of Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry. If plays of five acts are of a juſt extent, thoſe of three are defective. Plays of three acts have the defect which Ariſtotle finds in little objects. The ſight is confounded, and they are either naked of, or loaded with incidents. Plays of ſix or ſeven acts would have the defect of great objects. The ſpectators would loſe the idea of the whole, on account of its exceſſive bigneſs, wherefore the juſt medium lies in the five acts. In which there is room for the variety of incidents neceſſary for the paſſions. Three acts are not to be borne with in any thing but farces, which ſupply the places of the ſatyrs and exodia of the ancients. Five acts are ſo eſſential and neceſſary to a perfect Dramatic poem, that this rule is

not once broken by the Greeks and Latins. Euripides obſerves it even in his Cyclops, a Satyric play, or rather a paſtoral, wherein he might have taken more liberty than a regular tragedy. Yet tho' that piece conſiſts of but 800 verſes, he has very exactly mark'd the diviſion of five acts. Marcus Antoninus had this rule in view, when he compares life to a theatrical piece. He is comforting a young man who was dying, and anſwers him, *I have not yet finiſhed the five acts, I have play'd but three. But in life*, reply'd the Emperor, *three acts are a complete play.* If it is objected that monſieur Racine wrote a play of three acts; tho' we muſt not accuſe him as ignorant of the rules of his art, we may very well conclude he did not intend an entirely regular play. He was not willing to leave his ſtory, which in its ſimplicity could not eaſily furniſh out five acts, and thought much more of preſerving the holineſs and majeſty of the original, than by multiplying incidents to give it a juſt extent.

191. *Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus.*] The Tragic poets were blamed of old for that, when they could not unravel their plots, they had recourſe to a divinity, who came in a machine and did it for them, as is done in the Medea of Euripides. This rule is taken from Ariſtotle, who does not, however, quite exclude machines, but ſuch only as are not born of the ſubject, either neceſſarily or probably; and this is the true ſentiment of Horace, who ſays, machines ſhould never be made uſe of, but when the knot deſerves that a god ſhould come to untie it. We read in Ariſtotle, Chap. XVI. *In the manners, as well as in the diſpoſition of the ſubject, the poet muſt have a regard to what's either neceſſary or probable, ſo that the events may happen either neceſſarily or probably. From whence it is evident, that the unravelling the plot ought to be produced by the plot itſelf, without making uſe of the help of a machine, as in the Medea.* This relates only to Dramatic poetry, for in Epic, machines are abſolutely neceſſary.

Dignus vindice nodus.] A happy expreſſion taken from the Roman law, which calls a man *vindicem*, who ſets a ſlave at liberty. Thus Horace looks on an entangled piece, as a ſlave that ſtands in need of a god to come and ſet him at liberty.

192. *Nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.*] The ancient Tragic poets ſeldom introduced above two perſons ſpeaking in a ſcene. Three were rarely to be met with, and four hardly ever. So Diomedes writes, *in Græco Dramate fere tres perſonæ ſolæ agunt.* But it may happen there may be occaſion for four to ſpeak. Monſieur D' Aubignac pretends Horace does not entirely condemn the introducing a fourth perſon, but that a fourth perſon ſhould not force himſelf to ſpeak. The text will bear ſuch a conſtruction, and our poets have added a fifth to this fourth perſon. Nay, Scaliger in the IIId Book of his Art of Poetry, ſays, *they make no ſcruple of bringing a fourth perſon into a ſcene. As Ariſtophanes's ghoſt in the Frogs, the ſame in his Plutus and in his Birds.* However what Scaliger ſays of Ariſtophanes does not decide the diſpute. For Horace talks of tragedy, and not of comedy, in which no body queſtions a great deal more liberty

liberty may be taken. 'Tis very likely Horace's rule is ſimple, and without reſtriction, drawn from the common practice of the Greeks, and its being the moſt convenient, the moſt natural, and the moſt ſafe way. Ariſtotle informs us, Eſchylus invented a principal perſon, which he joined to him who appeared between the ſongs of the chorus, and that Sophocles added a third. Nevertheleſs there are three actors to be met with in ſome of Eſchylus's plays. See the remarks on the IVth Chapter of that philoſopher's Art of Poetry.

193. *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.*] The chorus were a company of actors, who ſupplied the place of thoſe who ought probably to be preſent at the action repreſented, and were concerned in it. It was the foundation of all the probability of Dramatic poetry, which, ſince it has loſt its chorus, has loſt at leaſt half of its verifimility and greateſt ornament, rendering our modern tragedy no more than the ſhadow of the ancient. The chorus has two functions. For in the courſe of the acts, they were to join in the action, and act a part, the Coriphæus ſpeaking alone in the name of all the reſt, and after each act all the chorus was to note the interval by their ſongs. Horace preſcribes here two rules for theſe two functions of the chorus. The firſt is contained in this verſe,

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile defendat.

The chorus muſt act the part of an actor, and perform the functions of a ſingle perſon. It is a tranſlation or explanation of a paſſage in Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry, wherein it is ſaid, *The chorus muſt act the part of an actor, be one of the perſons of the place, and make a part of the whole.* The ſecond function is contained in the following remarks.

194. *Ne quid medios intercinat actus, quod non propoſito conducat.* What the chorus ſung between the acts to mark the intervals: Which ſong Horace will have to agree with the ſubject, that is, be taken from it, and help to the forwarding it. Ariſtotle ſays, Sophocles and Euripides ſhould be imitated in this; and thoſe who do otherwiſe, *incerta canunt*, "ſing inſerted ſongs," as ſuitable to one tragedy as another. Sophocles is the true model for the conſtitution of chorus's: Euripides was ſometimes deficient in this, tho' Scaliger prefers his conduct to Sophocles's; Ariſtophanes blames Euripides for it, in his Acharnenſes, *And thoſe*, ſays he, *who compoſe his chorus, ſtand there like fools:* Upon which the Scholiaſt makes this judicious remark, *Ariſtophanes in this verſe laughs at Euripides for introducing chorus's that do not ſing things agreeable to the ſubject, but ſtories that are foreign to it*, as in his Phœnicians.

196. *Ille bonis faveatque.*] In theſe ſix verſes Horace tells us what was the buſineſs of the chorus: Scaliger forgets a great deal of it. The chorus always took the part of honeſt men; the theatre was then the ſchool of piety and juſtice, better taught there than in the temples. *Et concilietur amicis.* Some have read, *& conſilietur amicis*, "to give counſel to its friends:" That was indeed one of the duties of the chorus; but I queſtion whether there are

any inſtances of *conſiliari*, to expreſs giving counſel; till I meet with one I will rather chuſe to read *Et concilietur amicis*, that is, "It joined with its friends," and ſupported their intereſts.

197. *Et regat iratos.*] As in Oedipus, the chorus endeavours to moderate that prince's choler againſt Tireſias, and Tireſias's againſt him.

Et amet peccare timentes.] The chorus was ſo religious that it always declared for the innocent againſt the guilty.

198. *Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis.*] The chorus of tragedy may have frequent occaſions to commend ſobriety, one of the principal moral virtues.

199. *Ille ſalubrem, juſtitiam, legeſque.*] The chorus of Oedipus furniſhes us with wonderful examples of what Horace writes on this ſubject.

Et apertis otia portis.] As in that fine chorus of Euripides, when addreſſing to the queen of Peace, it ſays,

Queen of riches, happy Peace,
Fairеſt of the goddeſſes;
With what impatience have I waited,
How long expected you in vain?
I fear old age will now deſtroy me
Before I ſhall behold your beauty,
Before your dances I behold
So full of grace, before I ſee
Your crowns, your feaſts, and hear your ſongs.

200. *Ille tegat commiſſa.*] The moſt eſſential qualities of the chorus, are fidelity and ſecrecy, without which all veriſimility is loſt, and the poem ſpoilt. Theſe qualities depend on the poet's addreſs, who ought ſo to chuſe his chorus, that its own intereſt may engage it to conceal what it is entruſted with, and to take care, that in concealing it, it does nothing againſt its duty. Euripides has committed a fault of this kind, in his Medea, who, though a ſtranger at Corinth, contrives the death of her rival the king of Corinth's daughter, as alſo that of the king, and afterwards to kill her own children, tells the chorus, compoſed of Corinthian women, the king's ſubjects, her deſign, and yet they are ſo faithful to this foreigner, that they do not diſcover it to their natural prince. The chorus, it is true, muſt be faithful, but without violating the laws of nature, or the laws of God: The fidelity of the Corinthian women to Medea is criminal; the Greek ſcholiaſts endeavour to excuſe it, by ſaying, that the Corinthian women being free, declared for juſtice, as chorus's ought to do, which excuſe is ridiculous and impious; and the ſame Euripides, who has made this Corinthian chorus ſo faithful when it ſhould not have been ſo, makes the chorus of Creuſa's waiting women in Ion, fail in their fidelity to Xuthus, and reveal her huſband's ſecret to their miſtreſs, though he had commanded them, on pain of death, not to do it. Horace's rule is, indeed, not ſo general, but it may admit of ſome exception; but I can much leſs forgive Euripides for the treachery committed in Iphigenia in Tauris; the chorus is compoſed of Grecian women, and this

this princeſs begs them to tell no body of her plot to carry off the ſtatue of Diana, promiſing to take them with her. The women are faithful to her, and yet ſhe flies away alone with Oreſtes, and abandons them to the rage of Thoas, who would certainly have ſeverely puniſhed them, had not Minerva come to their deliverance.

201. *Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.*] A neceſſary conſequence of the juſtice and piety of the chorus; the ancients blame Euripides, becauſe his chorus's are not always ſo much concerned as they ought to be, for the unhappy. Sophocles never erred once in this particular.

202. *Tibia non ut nunc, orichalco vincta.*] The eighteen following verſes are obſcure. After having ſpoken of the chorus's in tragedy, he ſpeaks of the changes that had happened in the muſic, and the verſe; and the better to explain it, makes uſe of a very juſt example, ſaying, that as the chorus's of the Roman plays, which were at firſt plain, with one very little flute, and without any ornament, changed the tone when the Roman people began to be more powerful and rich, riches and luxury having introduced the ſame change in verſe and muſic, as in manners; ſo the ſame thing happened to the chorus of the Greek tragedies, the muſic of which was at firſt as plain as the verſe, but by degrees it became more harmonious and ſtrong, and the meaſure of the verſe was accommodated to the muſic; in which meaſure they ſoon imitated the dignity and majeſty of the oracles.

Orichalco vincta.] Ὀρείχαλκον, *Orichalk*, a ſort of mountain copper, what we now-a-days call braſs; the ancients eſteemed it ſo much, that for a long time they preferred it to gold itſelf, as in the IId chapter of the XXXIVth book of Pliny: Virgil puts it with gold, ſpeaking of Turnus's cuiraſs. Thoſe who took it for a natural metal, half gold, and half copper, did not remember Ariſtotle's obſervation, that nature produces no ſuch ſort of metal.

Tubæque æmula.] The flute was brought by degrees to ſuch a pitch, that it equalled the trumpet, and was then uſed in the chorus's of tragedies.

203. *Sed tenuis ſimplexque.*] *Tenuis* oppoſed to *tubæ æmula*; *ſimplex* to *orichalco vincta*.

Foramine pauco adſpirare choris erat utilis.] Having few holes, proper for the chorus's of tragedy, which do not require ſounding muſic. The old commentator, ſays Varro, in the IIId book of the Latin tongue, which is loſt, ſaid he had ſeen one of the ancient flutes with but four holes.

204. *Adſpirare choris erat utilis.*] A little flute is ſufficient for a chorus, firſt, becauſe the muſic ſhould be ſoft, loud muſic not agreeing with the ſentiments the chorus ought to have, as pity, tenderneſs, &c. and ſecondly, becauſe the theatres were then very little, and not mu h frequented.

206. *Quo ſanè populus numerabilis utpote parvus.*] Horace lays down four Reaſons why the Romans were at firſt no fonder of theatrical repreſentations: As, 1. They were but few in number. 2. They were wiſe. 3. They were pious, and, 4. They were moderſt.

deſt. Monſieur le Fevre will have it, that the firſt deſtroys all the reſt. If the play-houſes were empty, becauſe there were few people to fill them, what need we attribute it to their piety or wiſdom. He therefore corrected the text, *parcus* thrifty, for *parvus* ſmall; which reading is not juſt: Horace oppoſes *parvus* to *agros extendere*, and *latior murus*, as he oppoſes the other three epithets, wiſe, pious and modeſt, to *vinoque diurno placari genius*, to the diſſolute manners which reigned ſoon after on feſtival-days; beſides, the word *parcus*, "thrifty," which monſieur le Fevre would read inſtead of *parvus*, "ſmall," cannot come in here on any account, ſince the people did not pay any thing at the theatre, the magiſtrates defraying the charge.

208. *Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor.*] When their victories obliged the Romans to extend the compaſs of their walls, to admit the nations they had ſubdued, then luxury and riches altered the verſe and muſic of the chorus's, from ſimplicity to pomp.

209. *Vinoque diurno placari genius feſtis impunè diebus.*] 'Twas not lawful for the firſt Romans to debauch by day-light, even not on feſtivals; *placari genius*, "ſooth their genius:" A happy expreſſion for the mirth of wine and good company.

211. *Acceſſit numeriſque, modiſque licentia major.*] They gave themſelves full liberty to alter the verſe and muſic, from a ſoft and ſimple, to a lofty and diverſify'd tone.

212. *Indoctus quid enim ſaperet.*] Horace attributes the variety and wantonneſs, which were added to poetry and muſic, to the ignorance, lazineſs, rudeneſs, and vileneſs of the villagers admitted by the Romans into their body. Socrates and Plato are of opinion, that wanton muſic proceeds from the ignorance of the mind, and the corrupton of the heart.

Liberque laborum.] Lazy, and in repoſe after the vintage and harveſt.

213. *Urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?*] The rudeneſs and debauchery of the villagers, prevailed over the gentility and ſeverity of the Romans.

214. *Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti.*] The players on the flute, added movement and wantonneſs to the ancient art, which was before chaſte and ſevere. *Motus* anſwers to *numeris*, in the 211th Verſe, and *luxuria* to *modus*. Pliny ſays, *While they made uſe of ſimple muſic, but after the variety and wantonneſs of ſong were added to it*, which is taken from the IVth Book of Theophraſtus's Hiſtory of plants. Plato tells us, *The variety of muſic produced intemperance.*

215, *Traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem.*] Dreſs, as well as muſic, was corrupted: The muſicians wore their robes with long trains, only uſed by the Greeks; in tragedies they call'd them *Syrma*, as in Julius Pollux. *Vagus* relates to the motion of the chorus, in ſinging the Strophees and Antiſtrophees.

216. *Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris.*] The application of the example. As our muſic and poetry changed as our people aggrandized themſelves; ſo did alſo the Grecian lyre, from a plain, to a lofty

lofty tone: Cicero, in his IId Book *de legibus*, ſpeaks of the "ſeverities of the ancient muſic;" *antiqua muſicæ ſeveritas.*

Fidibus.] Horace aſſures us, the ancient Greek ragedy made uſe of the lyre; and indeed the lyre was uſed a long time. Sophocles play'd on it in his tragedy of Thamyris.

217. *Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps.*] The verſes of the Greek chorus, like thoſe of the Latin, underwent the ſame change as the muſic; inſtead of plainneſs, an extravagance of language was affected, little different from that of the prieſts in pronouncing their oracles. Horace here falls on the Greek Tragic poets, who are very often bombaſt, and affecting the ſublime, ſwell into fuſtian, in imitation of the prieſts. Heinſius is very much miſtaken in this paſſage.

Facundia præceps.] The epithet *præceps*, is enough to ſhew us, that Horace is cenſuring and not commending: *Facundia præceps*, is a bold raſh eloquence, the rhetoricians call it *meteoron*, and Quintilian *præcepita*. Longinus oppoſes it to the ſublime. 'Twas ſaid of Eſchylus, *ſublimis uſque ad vitium.*

218. *Utiliumque ſagax rerum & divina futuri.*] Heinſius is out again here: Horace, as he pretends, is ſhewing how tragedy came to its perfection; whereas he is not talking of tragedy in general, but of the chorus, and ſhews how it came to be corrupted: One of the functions of the chorus was to comfort the afflicted, which ought to be performed with a noble ſimplicity; but from giving advice, the poets, in time, gave entirely into prophecy, as the chorus of Æſchylus: Agamemnon ſays, *I propheſy without miſſion and without wages.* Horace here condemns the bombaſt diction, and the obſcurity of the chorus's.

220. *Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.*] He now ſpeaks of the Satyric poetry of the Greeks; a ſort of poetry between comedy and tragedy: Horace ſeems here to attribute the invention of it to Theſpis: *He who diſputed the prize of tragedy, ſoon produced ſatyrs*; but there are two reaſons againſt this opinion: The firſt is, we read no where of Theſpis's Satyric Pieces, and the ſecond, that the diſputes for the prize of Tragic poetry were not in uſe in Theſpis's time, as Plutarch informs us in the life of Solon. Suidas is poſitive, that Pratinus was the inventor of Satyrs. He lived a few years after the death of Theſpis; 'tis therefore likely Horace means him, and that this po[illegible] after having diſputed the prize of tragedy, in a very little while wrote ſatyrs.

Tragico carmine certavit.] The diſputes of the prize of Tragic poetry were by the poets producing their pieces to be play'd in public: 'Tis plain by this paſſage, that theſe diſputes were more ancient than the invention of ſatyrs.

Ob hircum.] The poet who obtained the prize had a goat for his reward; it being the uſual ſacrifice to Bacchus, who preſided over tragedy; and ſome will have it tragedy takes its name from this very Goat, τραγῳδία, "The ſong of the goat."

221. *Agreſtes ſatyros nudavit.*] Shew'd ſatyrs naked and without diſguiſe, that is, bad Satyric pieces play'd, wherein ſatyrs compoſed the

the chorus, with father Silenus at their head: Demetrius Phalerus ſays, *No body can ever form a tragedy, wherein raillery and laughter may be introduced; for he would then write a ſatyr.* There's but one remaining of all the Satyric pieces of the ancients, which is the Cyclop of Euripides, and that's ſufficient to juſtify what Horace has written of them, he ſays *agreſtes ſatyros*, as Euripides ſaid of the Cyclop, Κύκλωπος ἀγροϐότα.

222. *Et aſper incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit.*] He endeavoured to bring raillery and pleaſantry into Satyric pieces, without offending the gravity of tragedy: The poet muſt always remember he is writing a ſort of tragedy, and have a care of falling into mean raillery, which is only excuſeable in comedy. Tiberius in the Cyclop rallies Ulyſſes, and yet preſerves the gravity of tragedy. *I know this famous prater, this noble ſprig of Siſyphus.* Horace uſes the word *aſper*, "ſharp," to expreſs its raillery.

223. *Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus ſpectator.*] He attributes the origin of ſatyrs to the audience's deſire of novelty: Diomedes, and Marius Victorinus, have ſaid the ſame thing. *Satyros induxerunt ludendi cauſa, jocandique ut ſimul ſpectator inter res tragicas feriaſque, ſatyrorum quoque jocis & luſibus delectaretur.* The poets however had a more uſeful and ſpecious pretence for it: Tragedy was at firſt only a chorus, who ſung the praiſes of Bacchus; actors were afterwards introduced, and ſcenes and acts placed between their ſongs; tragedy became ſo altered at laſt, that the chorus was almoſt loſt in it, inſomuch, that it was a ſaying, *It makes not at all for* Bacchus. The people were not for aboliſhing a good old cuſtom; and the poets, in honour of Bacchus, and to give them ſatisfaction, reſolved to eſtabliſh the ancient chorus, and in ſuch an agreeable manner, that it ſhould be improved by the addition of pleaſantry; this was the origin of ſatires, wherein the chorus mingled the praiſes of Bacchus.

224. *Functuſque ſacris, & potus & exlex.*] The three reaſons for the invention of ſomething to divert the audience. 1. They offered a ſacrifice, in which there was no want of meat and wine. 2. They drank chearfully at that feſtival. 3. They were for any thing frolickſome and extravagant.

225. *Verum ita riſores, ita commendare dicaces.*] Though on thoſe feſtivals the people were diſorderly, their vicious taſtes muſt not be humoured with impudent ſatires; they muſt be half ſerious, to correct thoſe vicious taſtes, and half pleaſant, to be ſuited to the feſtival: It may be objected, how comes it Horace lays down rules for the ſatyric pieces of the Greeks, of what uſe could theſe rules be to the Romans? In anſwer, Horace preſcribed thoſe rules, becauſe the Romans imitated the Satires in their Attellanes, as in Diomedes. *There's a third ſort of Roman plays, called Attellanes, from Attella, a city in Tuſcany, where they began, which in their ſubject and raillery are entirely like the ſatyric pieces of the Greeks*; the only difference being, in the latter, ſatyrs or other ridiculous actors were introduced, as Autolycus, Burris, &c. and in the Attellanes, obſcene actors, as Marcus: If Diomedes is not miſtaken, his perſonæ

ſonæ obſcenæ are the ſame Horace calls ſatyrs; but Voſſius pretends it ſhould be read *perſonæ Oſcæ*, Oſcan or Tuſcan actors; obſcene perſons being rather in the mimes than in the Attellanes: By what Horace ſays, it is unqueſtionable that there were ſatires, and it is doubtleſs out of them Marcus Victorinus took that verſe,

Agite, fugite, quatite ſatyri.

Perhaps, inſtead of Tuſcan actors, the Romans afterwards introduced ſatyrs into theſe Attellanes. This paſſage, to be clear, ſhould run thus: *In our Attellane plays we have imitated the Satyric tragedies of the Greeks; but though the occaſions on which they are played be ſtill the ſame, and the people are not leſs mad, yet we ought not to conform to their vicious appetites; we ſhould give them ſome of thoſe rallying and poignant ſatires, and make them paſs, &c. bring them into vogue,* commendare.

226. *Ita vertere ſeria ludo.*] This paſſage ſignifies turning ſerious things into gay, playing ſatyric ſcenes after tragical, as in Greece; and attellanes after tragedies, as in Rome.

227. *Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros.*] Gods, kings, and heroes were repreſented in the Attellanes, as well as the ſatyric pieces. Diomedes is therefore miſtaken when he ſays, *Satyric poetry is with the Greeks a theatrical performance, in which the Tragic poets have not introduced kings and heroes, but ſatyrs to rally and be merry.* The principal actor in Euripides's Cyclop is Ulyſſes.

228. *Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro.*] The Greek poets, when the prize of tragedy was diſputed, had commonly four tragedies repreſented, the laſt of which was a ſatyric piece. The four were termed Tetralogie, and were written on the ſame ſubject, as Ulyſſes, Achilles, Oreſtes, &c. They had the ſame name, the heroes of the play: The Oreſtiade of Eſchylus, is ſo called, to expreſs the four tragedies written on the adventures of Oreſtes. There were alſo Tetralogies, where the four pieces were written on different ſubjects: We read of a Tetralogie of Euripides, which conſiſted of four plays, on ſo many different fables; as the Medea, the Philoctetes, the Dictys, and the Reapers; but thoſe that were on the adventures of the ſame hero were moſt eſteemed, as being moſt difficult. In the Frogs of Ariſtophanes, Euripides bids Eſchylus, *Rehearſe the firſt prologue of his Oreſtiade.* The Romans had no Tetralogies: They wrote a tragedy, and an Attellane, on the ſame hero; the ſame actor appeared in both; for which reaſon Horace carefully recommends to the poet ſo to order it, that the hero who was ſeen deckt in gold and purple, *nuper*, in the firſt play, the tragedy, might not dwindle, in the ſecond, the Attellane, to a comic character: In a word, the hero in the Attellane ſhould keep the middle, between the ſublime of tragedy and the meanneſs of comedy: The Romans had ſomething like Tetralogies, they had three plays acted, one after another, on the ſame ſubject; the firſt a real tragedy; the ſecond the Attellane; the third a ſatire or exode, a kind of farce of one act; they were all acted in the ſame cloaths, with the

the ſame mask, and by the ſame actors. There were alſo the *Tabernaria*, tavern pieces, more decent than the exodes.

Nuper.] This proves that the ſame actor play'd in the Attellane, as play'd in the tragedy: Plautus tells us as much in the prologue to his Menechmes, *Hæc urbs Epidamnum eſt, &c.* "This city ſhall be Epidamnum, during this piece; when we play "another it ſhall be another city, after the ſame manner as we "change the band of players; for the ſame actor is ſometimes a "ſlave, ſometimes a merchant, ſometimes a young man, ſome-"times an old one, ſometimes a beggar, ſometimes a king, &c. St. Jerome has a fine compariſon on this changing of our parts in the ſcene of life.

227. *Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas.*] The *Tabernaria* were ſo called, becauſe there were taverns on the ſtage: Feſtus ſays of them, *Viris excellentibus humiles permixti, ut ſunt plagiarii ſervi componæ.* People of quality were jumbled in them with the rabble. The dialogue was low. Voſſius pretends Plautus's Amphytrion is one of thoſe pieces in which neither gods nor heroes were ever introduced; for Horace ſays, the hero of the Attellane ought not to imitate the vulgar language of the tavern piece.

231. *Effutire læves indigna tragœdia verſus*] Horace ſpeaks of the Attellane, which was in ſuch eſteem, that thoſe who played in it were not ranked with the comedians; when they played ill they were not obliged to unmask on the ſtage, as the others were: They did not loſe their pay, and were allowed to liſt in the armies; wherefore mean and low verſes were unworthy ſo grave and honourable a poem as the Attellane.

232. *Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus.*] An admirable deſcription of the characters of the ſatires introduced in theſe Attellanes; they ſhould not be ſaucy and impudent like common ſatires, nor ſolemn and reſerved like ſtoics, but gay and pleaſant; in a word, an Attellane ſhould imitate a modeſt woman, who does not make profeſſion of dancing, yet dances on feſtival days, in obedience to religion and cuſtom. Euripides's ſatires, in the Cyclop, are juſt ſuch as Horace deſcribes them, and keep the mean he recommends.

Matrona moveri juſſa.] Young women were commonly choſen for the dances in honour of the gods. Married women danced on the feaſt of the great goddeſs, by order of the pontiffs; wherefore Horace uſes the word *juſſa.*

234. *Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum verbaque.*] A poet who writes Attellanes ſhould not neglect his ſtyle, nor give every thing its name without a turn: *Dominantia verba*, proper names; he calls them reigning, becauſe they are properly maſters of the things they ſignify; the Greeks termed them Κύρια, *maſters.* In Euripides's Cyclop, Silenus ſpeaking to Ulyſſes and his companions, ſays, *Now you have got young Hellen again, have not you all careſt her a little, ſince ſhe loves ſo much to change her huſband?* which is modeſt for a Silenus in his cups: Horace would correct the licentiouſneſs of the ſatyric pieces of his time.

235.

235. *Satyrorum ſcriptor.*] If I were to write ſatires, for ſatyric pieces.

236. *Nec ſic enitar tragico differre colori.*] The Satyric pieces ſhould keep the exact mean between the Tragic and the Comic ſtyle; but the poet ſhould not always be ſo afraid of the Tragic, as to make Silenus in an Attellane, talk like a footman in a comedy; Silenus is a perſon who may ſpeak nobly, as he does in Euripides's Cyclop.

Tragico colori.] He takes the metaphor from painting, and calls the different ſtyles, colours; the colouring of tragedy muſt be preſerved in the Attellanes.

237. *Davuſne loquatur an audax Pythias.*] Davus was a footman in Menander's and Terence's Comedies. Pythias a ſervant-maid in a comedy of Lucilius's, who cheated old Simon of his money. Horace ſpeaking of the Comic ſtile, uſes a Comic term, *emuncto Simone*; *emungere* is in the low ſtile, *emunxi argento ſenex.*

239. *An cuſtos famuluſque dei Silenus.*] All the ancients repreſent Silenus as a wrinkled old man, bald and flat-noſed, with a long beard; they made him governor and foſter-father of Bacchus. Orpheus begins his hymns to him thus, *Hear me, thou venerable foſter-father of Bacchus.*

340. *Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar.*] The Attellane poets, as well as the Comic, invented their ſubject as they pleaſed. Horace condemns this practice, and ſays, he would take the ſubject of his Attellane, as well as his tragedy, from ſome known ſtory, as there ought to be no difference in this between a tragedy and an Attellane. Euripides took the ſtory of his Cyclop from the Odyſſes.

241. *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem, ſudet multum fruſtraque laboret.*] 'Tis difficult to obſerve nature and veriſimility in invented ſtories; *difficile eſt propriè communia dicere.* The ſubject taken from a known ſtory appears ſo natural, that every one believes he could do as much himſelf.

242. *Tantum ſeries juncturaque pollet.*] Horace is talking of the diſpoſition of the ſubject, and affirms, that when a ſubject taken from a known ſtory, ſuch as Ulyſſes, Oreſtes, &c. is well concerted, and well adjuſted, it deceives all the world, who think nothing ſo eaſy; whereas in truth, as Quintilian ſays of eloquence, nothing is harder, than what every one imagines he could have done himſelf; the poet invents incidents, but applies them to a known ſtory, of which he makes one probable whole, by that ingenious connexion Horace calls *junctura.*

243. *Tantum de medio ſumptis accedit honoris.*] So many charms are there in known ſubjects. *De medio ſumpta*, ſubjects that are in every ones hands, ſuch as the adventures of Ulyſſes, of one of which Euripides formed the ſtory of his Cyclop.

244. *Sylvis deducti caveant me judice fauni.*] The poets of his time were apt to forget, that the ſatyrs and fauns were the inhabitants of the woods.

245.

245. *Nec velut innati triviis ac penè forenſes, aut nimium.*] The two extremeties he recommends to them to avoid, not to make their ſatyrs too polite, nor too rude; politeneſs and brutality reign in cities, in the country ſimplicity, which is the mean between brutality and politeneſs.

246. *Nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus.*] Horace has coined the word *juvenari*, to expreſs the Greek word νεανιεύεσθαι, *juveneſcere*, "to grow young." Satyrs ſhould not ſay things too ſoft and tender; ſuch as young men ſay in cities, when they make love, this would be too polite for them: Euripides has fallen into this fault in his Cyclop, where the chorus ſays between the third and fourth acts,

Happy the man who gives a looſe to joy,
Near the pure ſpring where grows the lovely vine,
And in his boſom hugs a beauteous nymph.
Happy the man with eſſences perfum'd,
That in his arms a charming maid enfolds,
As ſoft and wanton as ſhe's fair.

All Euripides's care to mix ſome ſavage words here and there, as ὑπαγχαλίζων, "to hug under his armpits," does not take ſo much off of its politeneſs, but that it is ſtill too affected for a ſatyr.

247. *Aut immunda crepent.*] They muſt not talk obſcenely, like town rakes: Euripides's ſatyrs are very modeſt. Virgil has alſo obſerved this precept, in his VIth Eclogue, where he makes Silenus ſay,

Carmina qui vultis cognoſcite: carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

"Hear the verſe you aſk of me, the verſes are for you and for "her;" the nymph Ægle, "ſhe ſhall have another reward." A wanton thing cannot be ſaid with more modeſty. Where there is not this decency, the pieces are mimes, and not Attelanes. Cicero writes to Papyrius, who had rally'd him a little too cynically, *I now come to your raillery, wherein after the poet Aecius's Oenomaus, you have play'd not the true Attelane, as was heretofore the cuſtom, but the true mime, as is the cuſtom now-a days.* This paſſage in the IXth Book, Epiſtle the XVIth, has been ill interpreted. Cicero complains that the poets of his time, in their Attellane pieces, fell into the obſcenity of the Mimes. The civil war had introduced this abuſe, which Horace would have reformed.

Ignominioſaque dicta.] I have rendered it "rude affronts." Satyrs ſhould not be guilty of the foul language which is in towns. Euripides's ſatyrs ſay nothing rude to Ulyſſes.

248. *Quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res.*] *Quibus eſt equus*, "Thoſe who have a horſe kept at the public expence". The knights. *Quibus eſt pater*, "Thoſe who have fathers." The nobles, the patricians. *Quibus eſt res*, "Thoſe that have wealth," and are neither knights nor nobles.

249. *Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat aut nucis emptor.*] He who buys fry'd peaſe, or fry'd nuts; meaning the populace, who uſed to buy them at Rome.

251.

251. *Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta.*] He comes now to ſpeak of the verſe of tragedy. He had given a hint of it in the 80th verſe.

252. *Pes citus.*] The Iambic is one ſhort, and one long; the ſhort foot being firſt occaſions its ſwiftneſs. Terentianus has thus explain'd it in Iambic verſe,

Adeſto iambe præpes & tui tenax
Vigoris, adde concitum celer pedem.

Unde etiam trimetris accreſcere juſſit nomen iambeis quum ſenos.] Tho' the Iambic verſe conſiſts of ſix feet, yet 'tis called *trimetre*, on account of its ſwiftneſs; two feet being joined together in ſcanning it. The ſhort feet make it ſo eaſy. Thus inſtead of meaſuring this verſe into ſix feet,

Adeſ | t'iam | be præ | pes & | tui | tenax.

'Tis meaſur'd into three,

Adeſt' iam | be præpes & | tui tenax.

jugatis per dipodiam binis pædibus ter feritur. Victorinus.

Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi.] The firſt Iambic was equal and alike from one End to the other; that is, 'twas all compoſed of Iambics, without the mixture of any other foot.

255. *Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures.*] The poets mingled ſpondees to correct the ſwiftneſs of Iambics, as more agreeable to the gravity and majeſty of tragedy.

256. *Spondeos ſtabiles.*] He calls them ſtable, as conſiſting of two long feet, a ſupport to one another, whereas the Iambic limps.

257. *Non ut de ſede ſecunda cederet aut quarta ſocialiter.*] The Iambic only yields to the Spondee the odd places in trajedy, as the firſt, third and fifth foot. Terentianus has very well explained this in his little treatiſe.

At qui cothurnis regios actus levant, &c.

"But thoſe who take the buſkins to repreſent the adventures of "kings, that their ſtyle may the better anſwer their royal pomp, "make uſe of majeſtic ſounds, but keep however this law inviola-"ble; let the ſecond, fourth and laſt foot be Iambic." This mixture renders the verſe more noble. 'Tis ſtill the *trimetre* meaſure, the ſecond foot being an Iambic. The Comic poets, to diſguiſe their verſe and bring it near to common diſcourſe, inverted the Tragic Order, and put Spondees in the even places, where the Tragic poets admitted of the Iambic only; were there no other Difference but this of Number, it would give the ancients a great advantage over us, who have but one ſort of verſe for comedy and tragedy. Tho' the words are different, the numbers are the ſame. Mr. Dacier is ſpeaking of his countrymen the French; the Engliſh have never, or very ſeldom, obſerved meaſure in their comedies, which are written in proſe, their tragedies in verſe; and in this difference the ancients have not the ſame advantage over the Engliſh poets, as they have over the French.

258. *Socialiter.*] As aſſociates, to whom every thing is in common,

Hic & in Acci nobilibus trimetris, apparet rarus, & Enni.] 'Tis ridiculous to think *hic* here means the pure Iambic, and that Horace would praiſe Accius and Ennius for making uſe of it; the pure Iambic being condemned in tragedy. He blames Ennius and Accius for neglecting the mixture of Spondees and Iambics, and making hard and heavy verſes, by ill placing the Spondees, or putting in too many of them. *Nobilibus trimetris*, is an irony in my opinion. Voſſius is miſtaken in conſtruing *hic* here to be *hic loci*.

260. *In ſcenam miſſos magno cum pondere verſus.*] Heinſius did not underſtand the meaning of this paſſage. Inſtead of *miſſos*, we muſt read *miſſus*, according to Theodorus Marcilus's correction. Horace continues to cenſure Ennius and Accius, and ſays, that their verſes *puſh'd upon the ſtage with great weight*. Their verſes were full of Spondees, which made them ſo heavy that they could not walk of themſelves, and were puſh'd on.

262. *Premit artis crimine turpi.*] Servius on the Vth Book of the Æneis, quotes this verſe out of Horace,

Nec tanta in metris venia conceditur uti.

"It is not permitted to take ſo much liberty in verſes." If Servius is not miſtaken, this verſe may follow immediately after *aut ignoratas*, &c. and we may thence infer, that this piece of the Art of Poetry is not entire, but that ſeveral verſes are loſt. I do not, however, think this verſe is Horace's.

263. *Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex.*] Every one does not underſtand the number and cadence of verſe, and the poets therefore meet with a fooliſh indulgence. He means Accius, Ennius and others, acquired their reputation at a cheap rate, the world being more kind than juſt to them.

265. *Idcirco ne vager, ſcribamque licenter?*] Indulgence makes poets negligent; *vagari*, to write at a venture, to put a Spondee in the ſecond foot as well as the firſt.

266. *Tutus, & intra ſpem veniæ cautus?*] It ſignifies, word for word, "By ſecuring myſelf and taking precautions, without "expecting a pardon;" the word *intra* always denotes, that we remain on this ſide. Florus ſays, that the action of Horatius, who kill'd his ſiſter, *intra gloriam fuit*, was without glory.

267. *Vitavi denique culpam, non laudem merui.*] He who writes regularly avoids blame, but does not deſerve praiſe. A man muſt do more than not be guilty of faults to merit applauſe.

268. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna verſate manu.*] Horace does not propoſe the reading the ancients to ſuch as are contented with avoiding faults only, but to thoſe who aim at perfection, which is no where to be found, except in the Greek Authors. Thus Terentianus,

Maurus item quantos potui cognoſcere Graiios? &c.

"How much might I, who am an African, have learned of the "Greeks?" In the ſtudy of whom conſiſts particularly the art of poetry. Horace recommends the Greek originals. Homer and

Plato

Plato for the Characters and the paſſions; Sophocles, Euripides, &c. for tragedy; and Ariſtophanes for comedy.

270. *At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros laudavere ſales.*] Some pretend that Horace being the ſon of a freed man, could not ſay, *noſtri proavi*, "our forefathers," and that it ſhould be *veſtri proavi*, "your forefathers;" others alledge, that ſpeaking of the Romans in general, he might ſay *our*; whereas, in truth, Horace is not ſpeaking himſelf, but the Piſo's or the Romans, who upon his ſaying, *vos exemplaria Græca*, anſwer him, "why do you turn "us over to the Greeks, have not our anceſtors recommended "Plautus to us for his verſe and pleaſantry?"

271. *Nimis patienter utrumque ne dicam ſtulte, mirati.*] Horace's reply to the Piſo's; "Yes, your anceſtors did admire the "pleaſantry and verſe of Plautus, but they were too good-natur'd "in it, not to ſay too fooliſh." 'Tis certain, Plautus is by no means nice in his verſe, which are for that reaſon called *numeros innumeros*, "numbers without numbers," in the epitaph he made on himſelf. 'Tis certain alſo, that his pleaſantry is often too flat, mean and extravagant, as it is ſometimes too delicate and fine. Cicero propoſes him as a pattern for raillery. Horace does not here oppoſe Cicero's judgment in this particular, but condemns the ignorance of thoſe who thought Plautus excelled alike in every thing. Mrs. Dacier has handled this matter in her Preface to three of Plautus's comedies.

274. *Legitimumque ſonum.*] He calls a regular meaſure and harmony, a lawful ſound. He has ſaid elſewhere, *legitimum poema*.

Digitis callemus, & aure.] Thoſe who have a nice and delicate ear, when they hear good verſe beat time with their fingers or feet, like muſicians. Terentianus, *quam pollicis ſemare*, &c. "The "maſters of the art are wont to mark the cadence by ſtriking with "the foot or finger." The beating time with the foot is moſt ancient, that with the hand was not known in Juvenal's time. For, ſays his Commentator on that verſe of his, *audiat ille teſtarum trepitus*, "they beat time with ſhells, like our caſtanets, when the "pantomimes danced; the maſters of the chorus not beating then with their hands."

275. *Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe camœnæ dicitur.*] Having treated fully of tragedy, he comes in the next place to comedy, which was a long time comprized under the general name of tragedy. There were ſeveral Tragic and Comic poets before Theſpis, but becauſe he was the firſt that made alterations of the drama, and reduced it to form, he is looked upon as the inventor of Dramatic poetry; tragedy before Theſpis's time was only a parcel of tales in a Comic ſtyle, mingled with the ſongs of a chorus in the praiſe of Bacchus. Plato writes in his Minos, *tragedy is very ancient, it was not begun by Theſpis and Phrynicus*, &c.

276. *Et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis, quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora.*] Some learned men have imagined Ho-

race is ſpeaking only of the alterations Theſpis made in the ancient tragedy. The firſt is his carrying his actors about in a cart, whereas they before this ſung any where and any how, as it happened. The other is his ſmearing of them with lees of wine, whereas before they play'd without doing any thing to their faces. The chief alteration of all is omitted by theſe commentators, which is Theſpis's throwing in an actor among the chorus, to eaſe them, and give them a breathing time; which actor rehearſed an adventure of ſome illuſtrious perſon, which rehearſal and adventure gave riſe to the fable and perſons of the drama; wherefore he ſays, *quæ canerent agerentque*. They ſung and acted; they ſung the chorus, they acted the actor. This addition of one actor was doubtleſs very entertaining to the people, who before had been only uſed to hear the chorus. See the IVth Chapter of Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry. Theſe actors playing in a cart a ſort of droll pieces, full of ſcandal, gave occaſion to a Greek proverb, *he talks in a cart*; for, he *rails*, he *affronts*.

278. *Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ Æſchylus.*] Theſpis's alterations put Æſchylus upon making more conſiderable ones. He brought out his actors with vizards; for *perſonæ* here is a vizard, and not a perſon. He dreſs'd them in robes with trains; he put the buſkin on them, and inſtead of a cart built a ſtage for them, changing the ſtyle from burleſque to grave and ſerious. I wonder Horace makes no mention of farther alterations of his of greater conſequence; for Ariſtotle tells us he added another actor to Theſpis's, that he leſſened the ſongs of the chorus, and invented a principal part. 'Tis ſtrange that Horace ſhou'd not mention that improvement, and as ſtrange that Ariſtotle does not mention theſe alterations of Horace, in Æſchylus's pieces, from thoſe of Theſpis. The poet is leſs excuſable than the philoſopher, for that the latter ſpeaks of the moſt important.

Pallæque.] What Laertius calls στολὴν a robe with a train.

279. *Inſtravit pulpita tignis.*] *Pulpitum*, the ſtage.

281. *Succeſſit vetus his comœdia.*] Heinſius pretends theſe four verſes ſhould come after the 250th, where Horace ſpeaks of ſatires, to which he affirms the old comedy ſucceeded. But this is their true place. When Horace ſays, the old comedy ſucceeded Theſpis and Æſchilus's plays, he does not mean that there were no tragic poets after them, nor would he have it underſtood that the old comedy owed its origin to tragedy. His deſign is to ſhew us that comedy was cultivated, after tragedy had arrived to a degree of perfection, which is alſo Ariſtotle's opinion. *Comedy* ſays he, *was not cultivated from the beginning, as tragedy was, &c.* After the grave and ſerious part of the firſt tragedies was ſeparated from the comic, the poets ſtuck to the former, and neglected the latter. After tragedy was arrived at perfection, the poets began to cultivate comedy, even in Æſchylus's time, as did Chionides, Magnes, and Phormus, with ſucceſs. And ſoon after Æſchylus's death, comedy alſo arrived to perfection in the works of Cratinus, Plato, Epicharmes, Crates,

Crates, Eupolis, Ariſtophanes, who were contemporaries. Wherefore Horace had reaſon to ſay *Succeſſit vetus his comœdia.* Marcus Antoninus tells us in the XIth book, *After tragedy the old comedy appeared.* Does Marcus Antoninus mean the ſatyric tragedy? It would be ridiculous to ſuppoſe it. For it is eaſy to prove, that the old comedy came before the ſatyric pieces. Monſ. Boileau in his Poetry ſpeaks of this matter,

To the ſucceſs of the firſt tragic ſhow,
Th' old comedy in Greece its birth did owe.

He means, as Horace does, Comedy was cultivated after tragedy was perfect.

282. *Sed in vitium libertas excidit.*] The old comedy was of two ſorts; that which was properly ſo called, in which was no fable, the poets reproved vice openly, and ſpared neither citizens nor magiſtrates, whoſe names, and even the likeneſs of their faces, they brought on the ſtage. But when Lyſander had made himſelf maſter of Athens, and changed the government from a democracy into an ariſtocracy, putting it into the hands of the thirty tyrants, ſuch a liberty which was not compatible with tyranny, diſpleaſed, and the poets were forbidden to name thoſe whoſe actions they repreſented. Fictitious names were then uſed, but the characters ſo well painted, that the perſons could not be miſtaken. This was called the middle comedy, which laſted till Alexander's time, who having made himſelf maſter of Greece, reſtrained the licentiouſneſs it had, by degrees, come to. This gave riſe to the new comedy, being an Imitation of common life, with feigned ſtories and ſuppoſititious names. Horace ſpeaks of the laſt change.

Et vim.] *Vis*, the force, for the ſharpneſs, the ſcandal.

284. *Choruſque turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure docendi.*] He does not ſpeak of the reformation made in the old comedy, for there was a chorus in the middle; but of the law againſt the poets of the latter, who being forbidden to fall on the vices of their fellow-citizens, and expoſing them perſonally on the ſtage, ſuppreſſed the chorus, which was applied particularly to that uſe, as appears in the Parabaſus of Ariſtophanes's Choruſſes, where the poet digreſſes to talk of himſelf, or the public; which not being allow'd afterwards in the new comedy, there was no chorus in it, as may be ſeen in Menander's plays. As there is no chorus in Terence's and Plautus's of the ſame kind with the new comedy, they are purely moral; every thing is feigned, both ſubjects and names, the flutes filled up the intervals between the acts.

Turpitur obticuit.] Shamefully ſilent, to avoid the puniſhment inflicted by the new law. Horace looks on this reſtraint as a ſort of diſgrace, for *turpiter* does not relate to *docendi*.

285. *Nil intentatum noſtri liquêre poetæ.*] Horace having ſpoke of the changes that happened in the three kinds of Greek comedy, adds, the Latin poets try'd all three, that is, they take in the gall of the old comedy, and the pleaſantry of the middle, in their imitations of the new. The Atellanes had Choruſſes like Ariſtophanes's comedies.

286. *Veſtigia Græca auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta.*] The Latin poets at firſt tranſlated Greek plays called *Palliatæ* from thence, the ſubject of the ſtory being Greek; they afterwards invented ſtories of their own, which Horace terms *Domeſtica facta*, "domeſtic adventures."

288. *Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.*] One of the moſt difficult paſſages in Horace, and the main difficulty conſiſts in knowing whether Horace does not mean *tragedy* by *prætextas*, and *comedy* by *togatas*, or whether he ſpeaks only of the different kinds of comedy, which laſt is the only true interpretation. Feſtus writes, *Togatarum duplex eſt genus prætextarum hominum faſtigi quæ ſic appellantur quod togis prætextis rempublicam adminiſtrarent, taberniarum, quia hominibus excellentibus etiam humiles permixti.* *Togata* is the genius which comprehends the two kinds of Roman comedies; *prætexta* is one of the ſpecies comprehended under the genius, wherefore they are here *togatæ*, and conſequently comedies and not tragedies; ſince tragedies were never called *togatæ*. As the comedies whoſe ſtories were taken from the Greek were called *palliatæ*: So the comedies whoſe ſtories were Roman were called *togatæ*: A general name given thoſe Roman plays, becauſe the *toga* was the habit of the Romans, as the *pallium* was that of the Greeks. There were two kinds of this *togatæ*, and theſe two kinds ſubdivided into two other, each of which had a name given it according to its ſubject and actors. Thoſe comedies whoſe ſubjects were grave, and their actors repreſented the chief perſon in the ſtate, were called *prætextæ*, from the habit *prætexta* wore by the magiſtrates, the robe edg'd with purple; thoſe that were leſs grave, and repreſented inferior perſons, were termed *togatæ*. Meliſſus invented a third ſort, *trabeates*, from their repreſenting ſoldiers and knights, whoſe habit was called *trabe*. The comedies below theſe, repreſenting the actions of the meaner people, were termed *tabernaria*. There are none of theſe plays extant, neither the *prætextæ* nor *togatæ*. There were poets for each kind, as Afranius Titinius and Quintius Atta, who wrote *togatas*; and Pacuvius and Accius, who wrote the *prætextæ*. The former were reckoned true Comic poets, as Horace ſays in the Iſt Epiſtle of the IId Book,

Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro.

He afterwards places Atta among the Comic poets. Pacuvius and Accius wrote the plays called *prætextæ*, comedies of a more ſerious caſt. The two latter have been ſtyled Tragic poets, *Tragœdiæ ſcriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clariſſimi*; and conſequently theſe *prætextæ* have been thought to be tragedies; but they were not called Tragic poets for their *prætextæ*, but for tragedies written by them. Pacuvius wrote Anchyſes, Antiope, *&c.* Accius, Achilles, Ægiſtheus, Alceſte, *&c.* which were real tragedies. The *prætextæ* pieces of Pacuvius were Paulus, Tunicularia; and Accius's Brutus, and Decius. Their names ſhew they were ſerious pieces that came very near tragedy; tho' they were in effect true comedy:

dy: They treated of true facts, mixing the gay and the ſerious together. In a Letter of Pollio's to Cicero, Book X. we learn, that the queſtor Balbus, a very inſolent man, had cauſed a *prætexta* play to be repreſented at Cadix, the ſtory of which was his journey to Lentulus, to perſuade him to embrace Cæſar's party; and when he ſaw it play'd he wept, being touch'd at the remembrance of his great actions, *Ludis prætextam de ſuo itinere at Lentulum proconſulem ſollicitandum poſuit & quidem cum ageretur flevit memoria rerum geſtarum commotus.* Theſe *prætextæ* pieces had neither the majeſty nor dignity of the tragedy.

Docuere.] They teach; a term affected by the poets, who wrote for the ſtage, and were called teachers, Διδάσκαλοι, which ſhews plainly their end was not ſo much to divert as to inſtruct.

290. *Quam lingua.*] By his tongue, that is, by his writings. He ſpeaks particularly of theatrical pieces, and grants, that thro' the haſte and negligence of the Comic poets, comedy had never arrived to its perfection. Quintilian ſays to the ſame purpoſe: *In comœdia maximè claudicamus,* "We are very weak in co-"medy."

291. *Limæ labor & mora.*] The trouble of correcting, *limæ labor*, anſwers to *multa litura* in the ſecond verſe after this, and the patience to keep a work a long time by one, without publiſhing it, *mora* to *multa dies.*

293. *Carmen reprehendite quod non multa dies & multa litura.*] Horace here paſſes ſentence on an infinite number of writings; for every thing that is not well corrected is condemned as imperfect. Horace was continually correcting his verſes, *Scriptorum quæque retexens*, Sat. III. Book II.

294. *Præfectum decies non caſtigavit ad unguem.*] A metaphor taken from thoſe that work in marble, in wood, &c. who run their nail over their works, to ſee whether it is ſmooth or not; the Greeks call it ἐξονυχίζειν; upon which there's a fine ſaying of Polycrates, Χαλεπώτατόν ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον ὅταν ἐν ὄνυχι ὀπυλὸς γένηται. "The difficulteſt part of the work is, when there's nothing to "be done but to run the nail over it." The Greeks had a proverb, ἐξονύχος, to expreſs a thing being perfect, "It has paſt the nail."

295. *Ingenium miſera, quia fortunatius arte.*] Democritus maintained that art was uſeleſs in poetry, and that it ſhould come all from fury and enthuſiaſm. Cicero in the 1ſt Book *de Divinatione, negat enim ſine furore Democritus quemquam poëtam magnum eſſe poſſe.* Socrates is of the ſame opinion in Ion. This being miſtaken, abundance of people in Horace's time affected a ſlovenly air and retirement, to be thought poets

Miſera arte.] A miſerable art, in Democritus's ſenſe.

299. *Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenque poëtæ.*] Horace ſays it with indignation, in as much as ill poets ran away with the reputation and reward, only due to the great ones.

300. *Si tribus Anticyris.*] Strabo mentions but two Anticyres, where hellebore grew. Horace makes three, to give the greater

idea of the madneſs he ſpeaks of, not to be cured by the hellebore of three Anticyres, if there had been ſo many.

301. *Tonſori Licino.*] Licinus, a famous barber, whom Auguſtus made a ſenator, for his hatred to Pompey. This epitaph was made on him,

Marmoreo Tumuli Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet eſſ. Deus?

"Licinus has a ſtately marble tomb, Cato none, Pompey but a "little one. Who can after this believe there are gods?"

302. *O ego lævus qui purgor bilem verni ſub temporis horam.*] Horace ſays, ſince madneſs makes a poet, who would be ſuch a fool as to get cured of his choler in ſpring-time, when 'tis like to work moſt upon him, and make the better poet of him. *Purgor bilem* is the true reading, it is an atticiſm; it muſt not be *purgo bilem.*

303. *Non alius faceret meliora pœmata.*] No man was more choleric than he.

Verum nil tanti eſt.] 'Tis not worth while, I will not be mad, to be a poet.

304. *Ego fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valet.*] Plutarch quotes a ſaying of Iſocrates, who being aſked, how without eloquence he could make others eloquent, reply'd, *Whetſtones do not cut themſelves, but they make iron cut.* Horace means, he wrote neither Dramatic nor Epic poetry, and therefore did not look upon himſelf as a poet. See the 11th Verſe.

306. *Nil ſcribens ipſe.*] He wrote nothing in the great poetry.

307. *Opes.*] The riches of poetry.

Quid alat formetque poëtam.] That which forms and feeds a poet. Horace here joins nature with art: Form pre-ſuppoſes nature; feed, art.

309. *Scribendi ſapere eſt & principium & fons.*] He upbraids the fools who take madneſs for poetry, ſaying, good ſenſe makes a poet, and no man can write without it.

310. *Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ.*] Having ſaid, that good ſenſe is neceſſary, he now tells them where it is to be found: In Socrates's philoſophy, the Academic philoſopher, who alone enlightens the mind, and teaches Ethics better than all the reſt of the philoſophers. Piſo, on the Vth Book *de finibus*, makes a very fine encomium on the ancient Academic philoſophy, which comprehended Ariſtotle, and the Peripatetics. *Ad eos igitur*, &c. "I pray you therefore give yourſelf to them, for all fine "learning, all hiſtory, all polite language, are to be taken out of "their writings; in which there is ſo great a variety of arts, that "without their help 'tis difficult to ſucceed well in any thing con"ſiderable. By theſe are orators, generals and magiſtrates "formed; and out of this ſchool came mathematicians, poets, "muſicians and phyſicians." Horace confines himſelf particularly to Ethics, which Socrates handled better than any other philoſopher;

pher; and nothing is more neceſſary to a poet than moral philoſophy in forming his characters: *Socraticæ chartæ*, Socrates's papers. In the XXIſt Ode of the IIId Book, *Socratici ſermones*, Socrates's treatiſes.

311. *Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequuntur.*] When a poet has a good conception of things, he will not want expreſſion; as Cicero, in the IIId Book *de finibus*, *Things drag words after them.*

312. *Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat & quid amicis.*] Ethics take in all the duties of mankind; of which he who is ignorant can form no juſt characters in poetry.

314. *Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium.*] The ſenators were called Conſcript fathers: *Conſcripti* of a ſenator, *judicis* of a judge; whether a pretor, or arbitrator confirmed by the pretor.

316. *Reddite perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.*] Each actor muſt have manners agreeable to the character, τὰ ἁρμοττοντα ἤθη; a general muſt not talk like a centinel, a god like a citizen, a ſenator like a country juſtice.

317. *Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo doctum imitatorem.*] By this model of life and manners Horace deſigns nature, the only original of all the different manners we ſee on the ſtage of the world; wherefore a ſkilful imitator, a good poet, when he introduces a miſer or cheat, and the like, does not mind what ſuch a one, and ſuch a one do, of whom he has an idea; but what they ought to do, what nature would have them to do: He paints after nature, and not after a particular perſon, who is often but an imperfect and confus'd copy.

Doctum imitatorem.] Imitator, for poet; poetry being an imitation only, as Ariſtotle has ſhewn in his Art of Poetry.

318. *Et veras hinc ducere voces.*] Both poetry and painting are pure imitations. A painter who draws a beautiful woman, after the moſt beautiful life, cannot pretend to draw a true picture of beauty, for his piece is only a copy of another piece, an imitation of an image, and not of the truth, as Plato ſays, his ſtrokes are not *veræ lineæ*, but *lineæ ſimulatæ*, *adumbratæ*: He has not conſulted the true original. 'Tis the ſame in poetry; if a poet would repreſent a miſer, and paints only the avarice of ſuch or ſuch a particular perſon, he will take the ſhadow for the ſubſtance, the image for the truth; he muſt caſt his eyes upon nature, and comtemplate her idea of avarice, which is the true original. Horace therefore ſays, *veras hinc ducere voces*, "To draw from thence true expreſſions." If the whole beauty of this paſſage had been well underſtood, *veras*, "true" would not have been changed into *vivas*, "living." Horace explains Ariſtotle's Rule in the XVth Chap. of his Art of Poetry, rather to form characters after nature than after particulars: In the latter we may find what choler has done, in nature what choler ought and might probably do, which embelliſhes the character, and preſerves the likeneſs.

319. *Interdum ſpecioſa locis moretaque recte fabula.*] A ſubject where the ſentiments are fine, and the manners well diſtinguiſhed,

tho'

tho' the conduct be otherwiſe bad, and it has neither grace nor art, will always ſucceed better than a ſubject where the verſe is fine, if the ſentiments and manners are not good. Horace is ſpeaking of comedy; in tragedy it is not the ſame; the manners and ſentiments are not ſo neceſſary there as the diſpoſition of the ſubject, tragedy may ſubſiſt without the manners, but not without the action.

Specioſa locis.] And not *ſpecioſa jocis*; for comedy cannot be *ſpecioſa*, fine, for its jeſts, *jocis* which renders it *jucundum*, pleaſant; but 'tis *ſpecioſa locis* a term uſed by philoſophers and rhetoricians, inſtead of that we call the common places of philoſophy; the places from whence every thing is taken that may be ſaid on a ſubject. Cicero calls them *argumentorum ſedes*. How could Horace write *ſpecioſa jocis*, when he adds *nullius veneris*, "without any grace?"

320. *Nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte.*] *Nullius veneris*, "without the graces," which ought to be the companion of comedy: *ſine pondere*, "without the verſe;" *ſine arte*, "without "art," without conduct, without the diſpoſition of the ſubject. Horace uſes the word art for the manners and characters, in the Ift epiſtle of the IId book.

321. *Moratur.*] Stops, amuſes, detains, hinders his going out at the firſt act.

322. *Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*] He calls ſuch poor verſe harmonious trifles, for having neither manners, nor ſentiments; they amuſe the ear, but ſpeak not to the heart.

323. *Graiis ingenium*] Horace always refers the poets to the Greeks.

Ore rotundo.] A way of ſpeaking in Greek, to expreſs a fluency of ſpeech, a round mouth, as Demetrius Phalereus has it; the Athenians were maſters of the freedom and grace of expreſſion, which this phraſe denotes.

324. *Præter laudem nullius avaris.*] He means the Greeks were greedy of praiſe, and to their love of praiſe he attributes their ſuperiority in the arts over the Romans, who loved money better.

326. *Aſſem diſcunt in partes centum diducere.*] They learn to ſubdivide a penny, the Roman As, into an hundred parts, not to loſe a day's intereſt of a penny.

327. *Filius Albini.*] Albinus a man of quality, and a noted uſurer; all the education he gave his ſon, was to caſt accounts well: Horace takes him to taſk and examines him, as if he had been his Arithmetic maſter.

328. *Poteras dixiſſe.*] The phraſe of a maſter angry, that his ſcholar is ſo long anſwering his queſtion.

Triens.] The ſcholar anſwers, take away one ounce out of five there remains the third part of a pound, or as we ſay four ounces.

331. *Speramus carmina fingi poſſe linenda cedro.*] The booksellers, to preſerve their good books, rubbed them with cedar-juice, called Cedrium. Vetruvius, in the XIth Chap. of the IId Book, *From cedar is taken an eſſence called Cedrium, which has a preſerving*

ſerving quality; and books that are rubb'd with it are not apt to grow mouldy or worm-eaten. Pliny tells us, that the rubbing Numa's books with it kept them undamnify'd 500 years under ground. Dioſcorides ſays, there's a virtue in cedar that will preſerve dead bodies.

332. *Et levi ſervanda cupreſſo.*] They did not only rub books with cedar-oil, but they kept them in cypreſs caſes, which have the ſame virtue as cedar.

333. *Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ.*] Horace does not ſpeak here of the different works of poets, but of the different qualities of the ſame work, and the different views of the poets, who would either inſtruct or pleaſe, or do both. Horace declares very juſtly for the latter; he is talking ſtill of comedy.

335. *Quidquid præcipies, eſto brevis.*] Thoſe who would inſtruct ſhould be ſhort, that their inſtruction may be eaſily comprehended and retained.

337. *Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*] A metaphor taken from a veſſel that is full, and can receive no more, all that is poured there afterwards is ſpilt. 'Tis thus in inſtructive diſcourſes, all that is over and above runs off and makes no impreſſion.

338. *Ficta voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris.*] A rule for thoſe that would pleaſe, never to err againſt probability: Recourſe may ſometimes be had to the gods, to whom all things are poſſible, in inſtructive things; but in thoſe that are intended to divert, nothing muſt look miraculous or incredible. 'Tis obſervable how Horace expreſſes himſelf, ſpeaking of the ſubjects of comedy: He ſays, *ficta*, becauſe the ſubjects of new comedy are always feigned whereas thoſe of tragedy are taken from ſome known ſtory. *A poet*, ſays Plautus, *renders that probable which is only a dream.*

339. *Nec quodcumque volet poſcat ſibi fabula credi.*] A poet ſhould not only avoid what is monſtrous and extravagant, but ſhould offer nothing but what is credible. I am ſatisfy'd this verſe ought to be rendered word for word, *That a Comic ſubject does not require we ſhould truſt it with what it pleaſes.* A poet muſt not hazard all ſorts of adventures in comedy, no more than in tragedy, he muſt neither in the repreſentation nor the recital venture any thing againſt the rules of probability. The example that follows will make this clear.

340. *Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*] A poet muſt not expoſe a *Lamiæ*, a monſtrous woman who had ſwallowed a child, which was taken alive out of her belly. Horace, no doubt, alludes to ſome poet, who had brought this fabulous incident into his play.

341. *Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis.*] He ſays old men deſpiſed ſuch fictions, as containing nothing inſtructive. *Centuriæ ſeniorum*, "The centuries of old men," the bands of old men: For Servius Tullius divided the Roman people into ſix claſſes, each claſs compoſed of men of the ſame age, or the ſame rank,

rank, or the ſame eſtate, and this was done for the eaſe of the people's aſſemblies in the *comitium*. By *Centuriæ ſenicrum* may be alſo underſtood the ſenators, and I rather think it ſo on account of what follows.

342. *Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.*] As the ſenators deſpiſed uſeleſs fictions, ſo the *Equites* rejected ſuch as were not pleaſant, and to get the applauſe of both, the pleaſant and uſeful ſhould be joined together. *Celſi Rhamnes*, the *Equites*. Nothing is more ridiculous than to imagine *celſi* is here for *high*, ſuch as are of great courage, *excelſo animo Rhamnes*, that is, *Romani*, from the name of one of the three ancient tribes, into which the people were diſtributed: The Rhamnenſes, the Tatiens, and the Luceres.

Auſtera poëmata.] Dry poems, where the *dulce* is not joined with the *utile*, the pleaſant with the profitable.

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the manner of voting in the *Comitium* by points.

344. *Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*] Both the pleaſant and profitable muſt go together, and never be aſunder, wherefore he ſays, *pariter*.

345. *Hic meret æra liber Soſiis.*] The Soſius's, famous book-ſellers of that time, mention'd in the laſt Epiſtle of the Iſt Book.

347. *Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.*] Tho' a Comic poet ought to inſtruct and divert every where, ſome faults will be forgiven him, if he does not.

348. *Nam neque chorda ſonum.*] A compariſon that ſhews very well of what nature faults muſt be that are pardonable, they ought to be like thoſe falſe tones, which a falſe ſtring, or a ſtring ill ſtruck, ſometimes gives; it makes a diſſonance, but ſuch a one as is not perceptible, the other ſtrings that perfectly accord and give a right tone drowning it.

350. *Nec ſemper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.*] As the beſt marksman in the world does not always hit the white, ſo the beſt poet does not always ſucceed.

351. *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine.*] As no writings can be pretended to be perfect, ſo the beſt are thoſe where the good not only ſurpaſs the bad, but where the bad is very trivial.

352. *Paucis offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humano.*] The faults of poets ought to be either little negligences, or mere marks of human frailty; mankind not being able to take equal care of every thing. Longinus has explained this paſſage in his XXXth Chap

353. *Quid ergo.*] Upon Horace's ſaying, we ſhould pardon ſuch little negligences: This objection is made to him, or he makes it himſelf. *Quid ergo?* What muſt we blame them? Since one may make any thing paſs for a negligence.

354. *Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem Librarius.*] *Scriptor Librarius*, a bookſeller who writes books with his own hand. The faults which ought not to be pardoned are thoſe that are too common, and always the ſame. As we do not pardon a tranſcriber who always errs in the ſame word.

357. *Sic mihi qui multum ceſſat.*] He who often falls into thoſe negligences. The Greek proverb ſays, *It is a ſign of a fool to be twice guilty of the ſame fault.*

Fit Chœrilus.] The ſame Chœrilus ſpoken of in the IIi epiſtle of the IId book.

358. *Quem bis terque bonum cum riſu miror & idem.*] Horace twice or thrice admires this Chœrilus; he admires him ſo, that he laughs at him again and again. Two or three fine places in a play do not hinder its being a bad one, if there's nothing elſe anſwerable.

359. *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*] When I wonder how Chœrilus could come off ſo well twice or thrice, ſays Horace, I am in a downright Rage with Homer for ſleeping ſometimes as he does. Faults are as rare in Homer as beauties in middling authors. How juſt, how polite is this thought, and how glad am I that Horace could not without Indignation ſee the faults that eſcaped Homer, whoſe faults are ſo few, that there are a thouſand good things for every one of them; none of which are groſs and fundamental.

Quandoque for *quandocumque quoties indignor.*] *Quoties*, Horace ſays, I ſtill laugh at Chœrilus in admiring him as I have done, twice or thrice; whereas I always admire Homer, and feel a ſecret indignation when he happens to ſleep. Which ſhews how much thoſe are miſtaken, who would turn this *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*, into a ſort of proverb.

360. *Verum opere in longo.*] He excuſes thoſe faults of Homer, by ſaying, that in a work of length a man may be allowed to ſleep ſometimes. See the Iſt chapter of the Xth book of Quintilian.

361. *Ut pictura, poeſis erit.*] Poetry and painting, are in ſome meaſure like one another, being both imitations, but are different in as much as they imitate differently. Horace would only ſhew us that poetry is in ſome reſpects like painting. Ariſtotle alſo compares poetry to painting. Here Horace touches upon one of the Things that are common to both imitations; which is, that poetry as well as painting has its light and point of Sight, in which its effect is to be judged of, and if diſplaced, an ill judgment will be made. Horace might as well have ſaid, poetry is like ſculpture, for ſtatuaries proportion their figures to the places for which they are deſigned, as well as painters.

Quæ, ſi propriùs ſtes.] Horace ſays, it is in poetry like painting, and as there are pictures which ſhould be ſeen at a diſtance, and others near to them, ſo there are ſome pieces in poetry which ſhould be looked upon by different lights, and have different points of ſight, out of which they loſe their grace and regularity. This matter is fully explained by Boſſu in the VIIIth chapter of the laſt book of his treatiſe on Epic poetry.

362. *Et quædam, ſi longius abſtes.*] The bits and ſcraps taken out of Homer and Virgil to be ridiculed, are moſt commonly thoſe that ſhould be ſeen at a diſtance, and in a cloſe place, for which they were made. They appear irregular, becauſe miſplaced.

364.

364. *Hæc amat obſcurum.*] A painter muſt not place in a full light what was made for a ſmall one; neither muſt any part of a poem, which was made for obſcurity, be examined by a full light.

365. *Hæc placuit ſemel.*] As there are ſome things in painting, deſigned only to pleaſe for a moment, ſo there ſome in poetry intended only to pleaſe, *en paſſant*. The former made for the eye while it paſſes to the more laboured part, and the latter for the mind.

371. *Diſerti Meſſalæ.*] The ſame Meſſala Corvinus, the famous orator, whom he ſpeaks of in the XXIſt ode of the IIId book.

Caſellius Aulus.] A Roman knight, one of the moſt eminent lawyers of that time. A man of great learning, eloquence, and wit. There are ſeveral jeſts of his ſtill remembered in the ancient authors. But, *What*, ſays Monſ. Dacier, *adds more to his honour than all his wit and learning, is, his having the courage to preſerve his liberty, when every one was running into ſlavery.* The triumvirs, Lepidus, Anthony and Auguſtus, could never oblige him to draw up the edict for their proſcriptions; and it is remarkable, that the French commentator ſhould cloſe his reflections with this obſervation. *It is glorious to Auguſtus, that a man ſo free might be mentioned with applauſe by a poet of his court.*

372. *Mediocribus eſſe poetis.*] Mediocrity is not to be endured in poetry; if it is not excellent, it is wretched.

373. *Non homines, non Dî, non conceſſere columnæ.*] Every thing is againſt this mediocrity; men, gods, and the poſts of the bookſellers ſhops. Men reject it. The gods, Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muſes, diſown it. The poſts of the ſhops, on which they were fixed, bare them with regret. He calls that *columna* here, which he terms *pila*, in the IVth ſatire. The old commentator ſays, they were poſts where the poets put up bills of the time and place, where and when they would publickly read their works. But theſe poſts are more likely to be thoſe of the bookſellers ſhops, where their books were fixed for ſale. All new books being ſo fixed, I believe advertiſements of things loſt were alſo fixed to them. For Propertius having loſt his pocket-book, ſays to his foot-boy, *I puer, &c.* "Go preſently and fix it on ſome poſt, that I'd give "ſo much to have my pocket-book again, and advertiſe that thy "maſter lives at the Exquiliad, whither it muſt be brought." Book the IVth. Eleg. XX.

374. *Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors.*] Muſic, eſſences, &c. are the joy of a feaſt, when they are excellent, but when they are bad they ſpoil it. It is the ſame in poetry, made for the pleaſure and eaſe of the mind. When it is indifferent, it has a quite contrary effect, being as deteſtable as diſcord in muſic, or bad eſſences.

375. *Craſſum unguentum.*] Thick eſſences of an ill ſmell.

Et ſardo cum melle papaver.] White poppey-ſeed, roaſted, was mingled with honey, as Nannius has very well obſerved. Pliny in the VIIth chapter of the XXXth book, *Papaveris, &c.* "There

"are

" are three ſorts of home poppy, the white, the ſeed of which " roaſted the ancients uſed to ſerve at the ſecond table, mixed with " honey." There was nothing worſe than this ſeed mixed with Sardinian honey, which was very bitter, becauſe of the abundance of bitter herbs in that iſle. Virgil in the VIIIth eclogue, *Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amariar herbis*, " Let me appear more " bitter than Sardinian herbs."

376. *Poterat duci quia cæna ſine iſtis.*] As a feaſt may be good without muſic and eſſences, ſo a man may be worthy and agreeable without making verſes.

377. *Juvandis.*] To pleaſe the mind. To inſtruct and inform. *Juvandis* comprehends both, like the Greek word ὠφελεῖν.

379. *Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis.*] *Ludere* to do his exerciſes well, to ride, wreſtle, ſwim, throw the javelin, handle a pike and ſword, play at tennis, quoits, &c. which he calls *arma campeſtra*, the arms of the field of Mars.

380. *Trochive.*] In the XXIVth Ode of the IIId Book. *Seu Græco jubeat Trocho.*

383. *Liber & ingenuus.*] As if people of quality could know every thing without learning. A falſe prejudice in their favour, which has prevailed a long time. *Ingenuus*, a man born of a free father. See the VIth Saytr of the Iſt Book.

Cenſus equeſtrem ſummam nummorum.] He who is put in the regiſter of the Cenſus, as rich enough to be a knight, about 10,000 crowns.

384. *Vitioque remotus ab omni.*] As if being well-bred and honeſt, qualified a man to make verſes. Horace doubtleſs had his eyes to ſome *Equites* who thought ſo.

385. *Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesque Minervâ.*] He ſoftens the precepts he has been giving.

386. *Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens.*] *Judicium*, the opinion that cauſes a reſolution. *Mens*, what executes it. Horace ſpeaks to the elder Piſo, as wanting no inſtruction.

387. *Scripſeris.*] The old commentator ſays Piſo the elder wrote tragedies.

In Metii deſcendat judices aures.] Speaking of Spurius Metius Tarpa, a great critic, and one of the judges appointed to examine writings. He mentions him in the Xth Satyr of the Iſt Book. Theſe judges or Academicians, founded by Auguſtus, laſted a long while. Onuphrius Panurius mentions an inſcription, by which it appear, that in the reign of Domitian one L. Valerius Pudens, a native of Tarentum, at about thirteen years of age, obtained the prize of poetry, and was crowned by the judgment of the judges. CORONATUS EST INTER POETAS LATINOS OMNIBUS SENTENTIIS JUDICUM. 'Tis true, this youth was crowned in the Quinqennial games, inſtituted by Domitian in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus, and Mr. Maſſon has oppoſed a paſſage of Suetonius about thoſe games in oppoſition to Mr. Dacier's remark,

on the duration of theſe judges eſtabliſhed by Auguſtus. But, ſays the latter, " Do theſe Quinquennial judges inſtituted by Domitian, " prove, there were none appointed before by Auguſtus? Might " they not continue till Domitian's time? And be named by that " emperor to preſide at thoſe games. Mr. Maſſon's ill reaſoning " is a conſequence of the error he fell into about this verſe of the " Xth Satyr.

——— *Hæc ego Ludo,*
Quæ nec in Æde ſonent certantia judice Tarpa.

" where he interprets *Æde* to be a private houſe, whereas it muſt " be underſtood of the temple of Apollo Palatinus "

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*] As Helvius Cinna did. He was a good poet, and an intimate friend of Catullus's. He was nine years reviſing a poem of his called Smyrna.

Smyrna mei Cynna nonam poſt denique meſſem.
Scripta fuit nonamque edita poſt Hyemem.

Iſocrates was ten years reviſing his Panegyric. Horace does not however limit the time to nine years; he puts a definite for an indefinite, which depends on the labour and judgment of each author, who may weaken his work by too much correcting it. *Correction*, ſays Quintilian, *ought alſo to have its bounds.*

391. *Silveſtres homines ſacer interpreſque deorum.*] I think Heinſius as unhappy here as in other emendations of the text. What is ſaid in the ſequel, is not indeed connected with what goes before; however it is well purſued. Horace fearing he might diſcourage Piſo by what he has been ſaying of the difficulties in poetry, now ſpeaks of the rewards to thoſe that ſurmount them, and the honours paid to the firſt poets, as Orpheus, Amphion, *&c.*

Sacer interpreſque deorum.] He calls Orpheus ſo, becauſe he was a divine, and inſtituted the Orgia. Virgil ſtiles him Threicius Sacerdos. The hymns that go under his name, were not made by the ancient Orpheus, who liv'd in Moſes's time, but by one Onomachus, who lived in the time of Piſiſtratus.

392. *Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit.*] Horace ſpeaks of an Orpheus, who was more ancient than the expedition of the Argonauts. Palephatus, a very ancient author, aſſures us, that the fable of Orpheus, who by his harmony drew tygers and lions after him, was invented on his ſoftening the minds of the Bacchanalian nymphs, and making them quit the mountains, whither they fled, and where they had ſpent ſeveral days in tearing ſheep to pieces.

394. *Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis.*] Cadmus built Thebes about 1400 years before the birth of our Saviour, and 25 years after it was built Amphion encompaſſed it with walls, and built a citadel; and for that, by his harmony, or according to others, by his eloquence, he perſuaded the citizens and peaſants, to ſet their hands to the work, 'twas fabled, he raiſed the citadel and walls with the ſound of his lyre, and that the ſtones leaped of themſelves into their proper places.

396.

396. *Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam publica privatis ſecernere.*] The firſt poets were properly philoſophers, who made uſe of poetry the better to inſinuate themſelves into mens minds, and ſhew them how to diſtinguiſh publick and private good, to govern their paſſions, and manage themſelves diſcreetly in their own affairs, to mind œconomy, to build cities, and obey the laws.

398. *Maritis.*] As we ſay married people, huſbands and wives.

399. *Leges, incidere ligno.*] The firſt laws were written in verſe, and in verſe Solon begins his laws.

Ligno.] On wooden tables. The *Romans* engraved theirs on copper-plates.

400. *Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus.*] Thus poetry and poets acquired ſo much honour by doing good to mankind, and by correcting their errors.

401. *Poſt hos inſignis Homerus.*] Poetry in the ſecond age took another courſe, to elevate mens courage, and qualify them to ſerve their country, it ſung the deeds of heroes. *Homer* and *Tyrtæus* began the ſecond age.

402. *Tyrtæuſque.*] He was a ſchool-maſter, little, ugly, limping, and one eyed; the Athenians gave him by way of deriſion to the Spartans, who by order of Pythian Apollo demanded a general of them, to lead them againſt the Meſſenians, which he did, and was beaten by the Meſſenians in three ſeveral battles. This ſo reduced the Spartans, that they were forced to liſt their ſlaves, and promiſe them the wives of the ſlain. The kings of Sparta, diſcouraged by ſo many loſſes, would have returned home, but Tyrtæus repeating ſome verſes of his at the head of his army, ſo animated the ſoldiers, that they fell on the enemy and routed them. Some of theſe verſes are ſtill extant. This was about 680 years before Chriſt,

403. *Dicta per carmina ſortes.*] Horace places the oracles in the ſecond age of poetry. Ariſtophanes, with more reaſon, puts them in the firſt; Oracles being more ancient than Homer. Perhaps he means, that the firſt oracles were delivered in proſe, and afterwards in verſe only, which is true.

404. *Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt.*] This has reference unto phyſics, and not ethics. Poetry in the ſecond age began to explain in verſe the ſecrets of nature. *Vitæ* for *naturæ*. Nature that gives life to all things.

Et gratia regium Pieriis tentata modis.] Poetry then courted the great.

405. *Ludiſque repertus, & longorum operum finis.*] He alludes to the tragedies and comedies, played on ſolemn feſtivals.

Ne forte pudore.] Which proves Horace wrote this encomium on poetry, to hinder Piſo's being ſhocked at the difficulty of it.

407. *Muſa lyræ ſolers.*] Lyræ ſolers is remarkable; for I think I have always met with *ſoleris* either alone, or with a verb.

408. *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte queſitum eſt.*] He does not forget the grand Queſtion, whether poetry comes from nature or art. Horace, to hinder the Piſo's truſting wholly to their genius, determines it, that nature and art ſhould always go together. Nature, 'tis true, is the baſis of all, as Horace owns in the third and ſixth odes of the IVth book. Nature alone is preferable to art alone, but joined together it makes perfection. Nature gives a facility; art, method and ſafety, *ars certior quam natura*, ſays, Cicero; and Longinus obſerves, that as free as nature appears, ſhe does nothing good at a venture, and is no enemy to rules. Nature without art is blind, and raſh; art without nature, rude, barren and dry. Quintilian has it, "We believe there's nothing perfect, but what is produced by nature, aſſiſted by art." Art is never ſo perfect as when it imitates nature: Nature never ſucceeds ſo well, as when it conceals art.

410. *Nec rude quid proſit ingenium.*] *Rude ingenium.* A genius, which tho' happy of it ſelf, is always rude when not poliſhed by art.

412. *Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam.*] He proves by examples, that there is nothing where nature alone ſuffices, and where there's no occaſion of art. The prize-fighters not only laboured hard to ſucceed; they lived in a general abſtinence of every thing called pleaſure: Are the poets exempted from this law of labour? No man will ever make a good poet without it.

413. *Puer.*] They began theſe exerciſes very young.

414. *Qui Pythia cantat tibicen.*] Horace does not mean the Pythic games, they were then out of uſe, but the players on the flute in the ancient chorus's of comedies. When all the chorus ſung, one of them played to accompany the ſong, who was thence called Choraule. And after their ſongs were done, there was another player on the flute, who played ſingly to what was ſung ſingly, and this laſt was termed *Pythaule*, a player for Pythian ſongs; which were like poems or hymns to Apollo, ſung in the city of Pytho. Diomedes ſays, "When the chorus ſung, the players on the flute accompaniedthem with the flute called the chorus flute, and anſwered with the Pythic to the ſingle ſongs." Theſe Pythaules and Choraules, who were of old part of the band of muſicians in the dramatic repreſentations, ſeparated afterwards and played by themſelves. There were ſome of theſe maſters very famous, and of theſe Horace ſpeaks.

415. *Didicit prius, extimuitque magiſtrum.*] There never was an eminent player on the flute, who had not ſerved an apprenticeſhip; wherefore ſince nature is not ſufficient for little things, how ſhould ſhe ſuffice for great?

416. *Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, ego mira poemata pango.*] This language is but too common now-a-days, and people too apt to think they have no need of reading the ancients, ſince they in their own opinion think they write ſo well without it.

417.

417. *Occupet extremum ſcabies.*] An expreſſion uſed by children, who at certain plays cried out, "The mange will take the hindmoſt."

Mihi turpe relinqui eſt.] While I am ſtudying the ancients others will get before me, and write comedies and tragedies. If I write without ſtudy, let who will learn the rules, I will ſay I know them.

419. *Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.*] Art and nature are not always enough to make a good poet; there muſt be alſo faithful friends to tell an author of his faults, which are hard to be found by ſuch great men as the Piſo's. Horace compares rich poets to publick cryers, as the latter invited people to come and buy their ware, the former invited flatterers. He who praiſes is the purchaſer.

Cogit.] *Convocat*, ſummons people and flatterers together.

421. *Dives agris.*] This verſe is repeated in the ſecond ſatyr of the firſt book.

422. *Si vero eſt unctum qui recte ponere poſſit.*] If the rich poet will treat and lend a poor brother poet, 'twill be a wonder if he knows how to diſcern the friend from the flatterer. Horace makes here *en paſſant*, a nice encomium on the Piſo's.

Unctum ponere.] To treat high. *Opſonium* is underſtood. Martial ſaid to Pomponius,

Quod tamen grande ſophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu Pomponi, cenæ diſerta tua eſt.

'Tis not thee, Pomponius, 'tis thy ſupper, that is ſo eloquent. Pliny calls ſuch parafites Laudicænas.

423. *Levi pro paupere.*] *Levis*, inconſtant, light, perfidious.

424. *Beatus.*] Happy; he who diſtinguiſhes the flatterer from the friend.

426. *Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare voles cui.*] He adviſes the elder Piſo never to read his verſes to a man to whom he has lately given, or promiſed a preſent. A ſelf-intereſted friend will never make a good critic.

427. *Plenum lætitiæ.*] Full of joy for what was given or preſented him.

429. *Palleſcat ſuper his.*] *Super his*, over and above.

431. *Ut qui conducti plorant in funere.*] Horace ſays there is as much difference between a flatterer and a ſincere friend, as between thoſe who are paid for weeping at a funeral, and thoſe true friends who weep unfeignedly. The flatterer praiſes much more than the friend, as the hired mourners weep more than thoſe whoſe grief is ſincere.

Deriſor.] The banterer for the flatterer.

433. *Vero laudatore.*] An honeſt man who praiſes what he thinks deſerves it, and ſpeaks from his conſcience.

434. *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis.*] A poet ſhould do like great lords, who drink a man up to a pitch, to ſee if he betrays a

ſecret in his cups, before they truſt him with one; otherwiſe he will be apt to miſtake flatterers for true friends. Tiberius put his confidents to this drunken trial.

437. *Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes.*] Horace alludes to the fable of the fox and the raven, quoted by Nannius in his commentaries. Monſieur de la Fontaine has taken care not to forget it, and has ſurpaſt the ancients, in its ſimplicity and gaiety.

438. *Quintilio ſi quis recitares.*] The poet Quintilius Varius, a relation and intimate friend of Virgil and Horace's. The latter addreſſes the VIIIth ode of the firſt book to him, and mourns his death in the XXIVth ode. He had been dead ſome time when this epiſtle to the Piſo's was written, for which reaſon he ſays, *recitares, jubebat, ſumebat*, terms never uſed but of a perſon that is dead.

440. *Delere jubebat.*] When an author has tried and cannot correct a place, he thinks he may let it go; but Quintilius was in ſuch a caſe for blotting it out; a piece of cruelty the moderns are ſeldom guilty of.

441. *Et male tornatos incudi reddere verſus.*] Horace is blamed for making uſe of two figures in the ſame verſe; but it happens that he uſes one only, for tho' he mentions the anvil, the figure is one, and that is the working of the iron. Propertius in the laſt elegy of the IId book, ſays the ſame.

Incipe jam auguſto verſus componere torno,
Inque tuos ignes, dure poeta, veni.

442 *Si defendere delictum quam vertere malles.*] Authors very often are fond of theſe places which are moſt liable to exception. They are their favourites, and if you will take their words, the beſt of their works.

443. *Quin ſine rivali.*] And they admire them as often without rivals.

445. *Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes.*] Theſe five verſes are admirable, and include almoſt all that the rhetoricians have ſaid of criticiſm, which conſiſt of three things, adding, retrenching and altering.

445. *Verſus reprehendet inertes.*] There are few pieces to be met with now-a-days, without all the faults Horace collects in theſe five verſes; but the faults of the greateſt writers are only worth taking notice of, becauſe their very faults may be imitated as well as their beauties: Suppoſe Monſieur Corneille had given his fine tragedy of Pompey to Quintilius to examine; may we not conclude, that in the IIId ſcene of the IId act, when Cleopatra ſays,

Je connois me portée, & ne prens point le change.

He would have thought this verſe *iners*, poor, weak, and mean, as well as thoſe that follow in the IIId ſcene of the IIId act.

Cæſ. *Comme a-t-elle reçû les offres de ma flamme?*
Ant. *Comme n'oſant la croire, & la croyant dans l' ame.*
Par un refus modeſte & fait pour inviter,
Elle s'en dit indigne, & la croit meriter.

"As one that durſt not believe what ſhe did believe in her ſoul. By a modeſt refuſal, ſhe ſaid ſhe was unworthy of a paſſion, which ſhe thought ſhe deſerved." Theſe verſes are flat and affected; very far from the character of Mark Antony, and tragedy. The language is mean, and only fit for a life-guard-man.

446. *Culpabit duros.*] Verſes may be hard either for the words, or the things; the laſt is the greateſt fault. Monſieur Corneille has been guilty of it in theſe:

Les princes ont cela de leur haute naiſſance,
Leur ame dans leur ſang prend des impreſſions,
Qui deſſous leur vertu rangent leurs paſſions.

'Tis hard and ſhocking to ſay, The ſoul takes impreſſions of virtue in the blood, which is as contrary to ethics as the theology of the Pagans: Of the ſame kind is, what Cæſar ſays in the IId ſcene of the IIId act.

Et qui verſe en nos cœurs, avec l'ame & le ſang,
Et la haine du nom, & le mépris du rang.

Rome did not inſtill into a Roman the ſoul and blood.

Incomtis allinet atrum.] Quintilius would have ſet this mark as without grace and ornament, on what Achoree ſays in the IId ſcene of the IId act, ſpeaking to Pompey who was juſt expired:

Et tient la trahiſon, que le roy leur preſcrit,
Trop au deſſous de luy pour y preſter l'eſprit.
Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainſi ſon luſtre.
Et ſon dernier ſoûpir eſt un ſoûpir illuſtre.

'Tis ſubtil, affected, without grace, and is faulty in the turn and expreſſion.

447. *Tranſverſo calamo ſignum.*] He would draw a line quite croſs it, which the Latins and Greeks call, *obelum*; he would ſtrike it out.

Ambitioſa recidet ornamenta.] Such emphatical ornaments are cenſured, and what *Achoree* ſays on Pompey's head, would, I doubt not, have been condemned by Quintilius. 'Tis in the IIId ſcene in the IIId act.

A ces mots Achillas découvre cette teſte;
Il ſemble qu' à parler encore elle s'appreſte,
Qu' à ce nouvel affront, non reſte de chaleur
En ſanglots mal formés exhale ſa chaleur.
Sa bouche encore ouverte, & ſa vûe égarée
Rappellent ſa grande ame à peine ſeparée, &c.

Does not Monſieur Corneille amuſe himſelf a little unſeaſonably, in painting the grimaces of this head: The ornament, to uſe Horace's term, is ambitious; the image has nothing in it noble or natural.

448. *Parum claris lucem addere coget.*] Obſcurity is the greateſt vice in a diſcourſe. Photius talks very obſcurely, when he ſays to Ptolomy, in the firſt ſcene of Monſieur Corneille's Pompey:

Le choix des actions ou mauvaiſes, ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu'aneantir la force des couronnes.

He means, that the virtue which inclines kings to do good actions, rather than bad, weakens their power; but ſays only, That the choice of actions, either good or bad, weakens the power of kings, which is very dark.

449. *Arguit ambiguè dictum.*] Ambiguity, ſays Quintilian, muſt above all things be avoided.

Mutanda notabit.] He will at laſt mark exactly whatever is to be altered. Quintilian declares, That adding and retrenching are eaſieſt in correction, altering very difficult. *Sed facilius in his ſimpliciuſque judicium quæ replenda vel dejicienda ſunt*, &c. 'Tis eaſieſt and ſooneſt done, when we have only to add or to retrench; but when we muſt bring down what is too lofty, and reduce what is too abounding, place aright what is out of its order, gather together what is diſperſt, and abridge what is too long; this is a double trouble, for we muſt condemn what has pleaſed, and find out what has eſcaped us." *Mutanda* does not here ſignify to change the place only, but alſo the alterations Quintilian ſpeaks of: Perhaps what Cæſar ſays in the IIId ſcene of the IVth Act, would have been altered by Quintilius:

M'ont rendu le premier & le Maiſtre du monde.
C'eſt ce glorieux titre à preſent effectif
Que je viens ennoblir par celuy de captif;
Heureux ſi mon eſprit gagne tant ſur le voſtre,
Qu'il en eſtime l'un, & me permette l'autre.

Cæſar would hardly have ſaid, "He hadmade the glorious title he had acquired of maſter of the world, more noble by that of ſlave." His courtſhip would have certainly been more worthy of ſo glorious a title; and I can ſcarce think Quintilius would have ſuffered what he adds afterwards;

Mais las! contre mon feu mon feu me ſollicite.
Si je veux eſtre à vous, if faut que je vous quitte.

Or what Cleopatra ſays in the Iſt ſcene of the IId act.

Et ſi jamais le ciel favoriſoit ma couche
De quelque rejeton de cette illuſtre ſouche,
Cette heureuſe union de mon ſang & du ſien.
Uniroit a jamais ſon deſtin & le mien.

Which

Which offends modeſty, and is very far from the diſcretion of Virgil, who does not make Dido ſpeak ſo freely 'till after conſummation, and when there was no need of ceremony.

450. *Fiet Ariſtarchus.*] Ariſtarchus was a very great critic, who lived in the reign of Ptolomy Philadelphus, and was contemporary with Callimachus; he wrote about fourſcore volumes of commentaries on Homer, Ariſtophanes, and all the other Greek poets: He reviſed and corrected Homer, which work is loſt, with the reſt of his criticiſms, which were ſo nice and penetrating, that he was commonly called the Diviner, on account of his great ſagacity.

Cur ego amicum offendam in nugis.] The uſual language of flatterers: Why ſhall I offend my friend for triſles: by telling him his verſes are not good?

451. *Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent in mala.*] *Horace* replies very well, What you call triſles will be fatal to the poet, whom you abuſe by concealing your true ſentiments from him.

452. *Deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſter.*] This verſe will bear a double ſignification. As when the world, or as when you ſhall once make a fool of him: The firſt conſtruction ſeems to me to be wrong. Horace is not here talking of the evils which will happen to this ill poet, after the public has made a fool of him; but of thoſe that ſhall happen to him, after his flattering friend has made a fool of him, by deceiving him with falſe praiſe; he would prove that it is the cauſe of all his misfortunes, becauſe if he talked ſincerely to him at firſt, he might have cured him of his itch of poetry.

453. *Ut mala quem ſcabies.*] He terms the poetical itch, *mala ſcabies*, which Celſus calls *fera ſcabies*, the moſt dangerous leproſy.

Morbus regius.] *Morbus arquatus*, the Jaundice. Lucretius:

Lurida præterea fiet quæcumque tuentur arquati.

Every thing looks yellow to thoſe that have the jaundice: 'Twas called the royal diſeaſe, becauſe it was ſaid there was no remedy for it, but to live the life of a king.

454 *Aut fanaticus error.*] The Fanatics, that is, the Demoniacs. *Aut iracunda Diana.* Thoſe ſtricken by Diana, that is, lunatics. The ancients believed all diſeaſes infectious.

456. *Incautique ſequuntur.* *Incauti*, the imprudent, who don't ſee to what danger they expoſe themſelves, in following a madman.

457. *Hinc dum ſublimes verſus ructatur.*] *Sublimes*, thoſe he thinks the moſt ſublime; or *ſublimis*, which he makes looking up to heaven, as if he would from thence fetch his enthuſiaſm: Wherefore it has alſo been read *ſublimis*, with reference to the poet. *Sublimis*, ὑψιπόρος, Who goes looking up to heaven; but *ſublimes verſus* ſeems to me to be better. Horace diverts himſelf with deſcribing the phrenzy of a poet, whom flatterers have made mad.

458. *Ructatur.*] He vomits them; the ſophiſt Ariſtides ſaid to

an emperor, "We are not ſome of thoſe who vomit up their writings, but thoſe who make them."

459. *Succurrite, longum clamat.*] By this *longum clamat*, Horace ſhews the cuſtom of thoſe cripples that begged on the high-way, pronouncing the word *ſecuritate*, but drawling it out ſo, that they made it laſt half-an-hour: Our beggars underſtand this way perfectly well. *Longum* has been interpreted from a-far, very loud; but I take it to be a long while.

460. *Qui ſcis an prudens huc ſe dejecerit.*] There's no folly of which an ill poet is not capable.

461. *Siculique Poetæ narrabo interitum.*] The death of Empedocles, at Agrigentum, *Gergenti*, a Town in Sicily.

462. *Dum cupit Empedocles ardentem frigidus Ætnam inſiluit.*] Empedocles, a great philoſophical poet, who wrote three books of the nature of things quoted by Ariſtotle: He alſo wrote on Xerxes's expedition; but his daughter or ſiſter burnt that piece: He flouriſhed about 450 years before Chriſt. Lucretius has a fine encomium on him, in his Iſt book.

Nil tamen hoc habuiſſe viro præclarius in ſe
Nec ſanctum magis, &c.

The ſtory of his flinging himſelf into mount Ætna, is only grounded on one of Empedocles's ſhoes, found near a gap of that mountain; and 'twas ſaid the fiery vortexes whirled him into it. Timæus aſſures us Empedocles died in Peloponneſus; and Neanthes of Cyzycum reports, that falling out of a coach he broke his leg and died.

463. *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam.*] The word *frigidus* has been variouſly expounded; ſome pretend Horace means mad by it, and others cold. The firſt expoſition is the worſt, the ſecond bad enough; there being little cold blood in ſo deſperate an action. By *frigidus*, Horace would deſcribe all the extravagances of a madman, who to get the name of a god, ſeeks a death which he's afraid to find: He would be a God, and he dies with fear.

467. *Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.*] There's no likelihood Horace ſhould ſay this in general: The maxim would be too extravagant; he doubtleſs ſpeaks only of the poets, *invitum poëtam*. Others that fall into melancholy may be cured; 'tis to be hoped they will grow wiſer, as it happened to Damaſippus, whom Stertinius hindered from flinging himſelf into the Tiber, as Horace himſelf writes in the IIId ſatyr of the IId book.

Solutus juſſit ſapientem, &c.

But as for poets there's no hope of them, their madneſs is deſperate, they are incurable, and to be given over.

469. *Et ponet famoſæ mortis amorem.* Tho' the poet may be hindered from deſtroying himſelf once, it would ſtill run in his head, and he would attempt it again. *Famoſa mors*, a death that will make the world talk of him.

470.

470 *Nec ſatis apparet cur verſus faciſtet.*] What crime muſt that man be guilty of, who has ſo drawn down the vengeance of the gods, as to be poſſeſt with the fury of making verſes. Horace talks of bad poets as people generally do of the wretched, he muſt have done ſome horrid thing, &c.

471. *Minxerit in patrios cineres.*] 'Twas very profane among the ancients to piſs in a holy-place. Perſius in his Iſt ſatyr:

Pinge duos angues; pueri, ſacer eſt locus, extra
Meiite---------

Paint two ſnakes on the wall, the place, children, is ſacred, go piſs without; but 'twas a double profanation to piſs on a lamb, and a horrible ſacrilege to piſs on the tomb of ones father, or anceſtors.

An triſte bidental moverit inceſtus.] When a place was ſtricken with thunder or lightning, 'twas thought to be devoted to conſecration, and the diviners went immediately and ſacrificed a young ſheep there; then they encloſed it with ſtakes, a line, or a wall, and from that moment 'twas ſacred: 'Twas called Bidental, from Bidente, the name of the ſheep there ſacrificed: 'Twas ſacrilege to remove its bounds, *movere bidental.* If a dead man was ſtricken with thunder or lightning, he was not to be burnt by Numa's law, he was to be buried in the ſame place. Perſius calls even the man that's thunder-ſtruck Bidental.

An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennaque jubente
Triſte jaces lucis evitandumque bidental.

472. *Inceſtus.*] As the ancients were wont to ſay chaſte for pious, ſo they alſo ſaid inceſtus for impious.

THE WORKS OF THE EARL of DORSET.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

EARL of DORSET.

TO

Mr. EDWARD HOWARD,

On his incomparable incomprehenſible

P O E M,

CALLED THE

BRITISH PRINCES.

COME on, you critics, find one fault who dare;
For, read it backward, like a witch's prayer,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jeſts
On ſolid nonſenſe that abides all teſts.
Wit like tierce-claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no uſe at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou haſt a brain, ſuch as it is indeed;
On what elſe ſhould thy worm of fancy feed?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots ſurvive, when all the kernel's gone.
This ſimile ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
'Gainſt ſuch dull rogues as now and then write ſenſe.
Thy ſtile's the ſame, whatever be thy theme,
As ſome digeſtions turn all meat to phlegm.

He

He lyes, dear Ned, who ſays thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like vermin breed in carrion.
Thy ſtumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegaſus can fly.
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the ſwift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As ſkilful divers to the bottom fall,
Sooner than thoſe that cannot ſwim at all,
So in the way of writing, without thinking,
Thou haſt a ſtrange * alacrity in ſinking.
Thou writ'ſt below ev'n thy own nat'ral parts,
And with acquired dullneſs, and new arts
Of ſtudy'd nonſenſe, tak'ſt kind readers hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainſt critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller:
Thou ſett'ſt thy name to what thy ſelf doſt write;
Did ever libel yet ſo ſharply bite?

* *Alluding to an expreſſion of Sir* John Falſtaff's *in* Shakeſpear's HENRY IV.

To the ſame on his Plays.

THOU damn'd antipodes to common ſenſe,
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty ſtock of dullneſs ſpring?
Is it thy own, or haſt it from Snow-hill,
Aſſiſted by ſome ballad-making quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are ſuch
I'd ſwear they were tranſlated out of Dutch.
Fain wou'd I know what diet thou doſt keep,
If thou doſt always, or doſt never ſleep?
Sure haſty-pudding is thy chiefeſt diſh,
With bullock's liver, or ſome ſtinking fiſh:

Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripes, do feaſt thy brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With daizy roots thy dwarfiſh muſe is fed,
A giant's body with a pigmy's head.
Can'ſt thou not find among thy num'rous race
Of kindred, one to tell thee, that thy plays
Are laught at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, ſtage?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
No other uſe of paper thou ſhould'ſt make,
Than carrying loads and reams about upon thy back.
Carry vaſt burthens 'till thy ſhoulders ſhrink,
But curſt be he that gives thee pen and ink:
Such dangerous weapons ſhou'd be kept from fools,
As nurſes from their children keep edged-tools:
For thy dull fancy a munkinder is fit
To wipe the ſlabberings of thy ſnotty wit:
And though tis late, if juſtice could be found,
Thy plays like blind-born puppies ſhou'd be drown'd
For were it not that we reſpect afford
Unto the ſon of a heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-ſtool ſhou'd take her ſeat,
Dreſt like her ſelf in a great chair of ſtate;
Where, like a muſe of quality ſhe'd die,
And thou thy ſelf ſhalt make her elegy,
In the ſame ſtrain thou writ'ſt thy comedy.

To Sir THOMAS St. SERFE, on the printing his PLAY, called TARUGO's WILES. Acted 1668.

TARUGO gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light:
But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
T'oblige and ſerve his friends a nobler way:

Make

Make all our old men wits, ſtateſmen the young;
And teach ev'n Engliſhmen the Engliſh tongue.
James, on whoſe reign all peaceful ſtars did ſmile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our iſle.
What kings and nature, only could deſign,
Shall be accompliſh'd by this work of thine.
For, who is ſuch a cockneigh in his heart,
Proud of the plenty of the ſouthern part,
To ſcorn that union by which we may
Boaſt 'twas his country-man that writ this play?
Phœbus himſelf, indulgent to thy muſe,
Has to the country ſent this kind excuſe;
Fair northern laſs, it is not thro' neglect
I court thee at a diſtance, but reſpect:
I cannot act my paſſion is ſo great,
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat;
On thee I will beſtow my longeſt days,
And crown thy ſons with everlaſting bays:
My beams that reach thee ſhall employ their pow'rs
To ripen ſouls of men, not fruits or flow'rs.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boaſt,
Poets and ſtars ſhine brighteſt in the froſt.

EPILOGUE

To MOLIERE's TARTUFFE, tranſlated by Mr. MEDBURNE, ſpoken by TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain attempts of wit,
Againſt the ſtill-prevailing hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquiſh'd Buſy in a puppet-play;

And

And Buſy rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Poſſeſs'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the ſtage.
To laugh at Engliſh knaves, is dang'rous then,
While Engliſh fools will think 'em honeſt men:
But ſure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monſieur Ananias:
A man may ſay, without being call'd an atheiſt,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papiſt,
That fix ſalvation to ſhort band and hair,
That belch and ſnuffle to prolong a pray'r;
That uſe, enjoy the creature, to expreſs
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenneſs;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you;
Whoſe fleſhly failings are but fornication,
We godly phraſe it goſpel-propagation,
Juſt as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zeal ſtands but centry at the gate of ſin,
Whilſt all that have the word paſs freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of ſpies,
We march, and take damnation by ſurprize.
There's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go ſo far tow'rds hell for half-a-crown,
As I for ſix-pence, for I know the way;
For want of guides, men are too apt to ſtray:
Therefore give ear to what I ſhall adviſe,
Let ev'ry marry'd Man that's grave and wiſe,
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increaſe his family;
Who ſhall ſo ſettle laſting reformation,
Firſt get his ſon, then give him education.

Make all our old men wits, ſtateſmen the young;
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EPILOGUE

On the Revival of BEN JOHNSON's Play, called, Every Man in his Humour.

INTREATY ſhall not ſerve, nor violence,
To make me ſpeak in ſuch a play's defence;
A play, where wit and honour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of comedy.
The ſcene, what more abſurd! in England lies,
No gods deſcend, nor dancing devils riſe;
No captive prince from unknown country brought,
No battle, nay, there's ſcarce a duel fought:
And ſomething yet more ſharply might be ſaid,
But I conſider the poor author's dead:
Let that be his excuſe———now for our own,
Why,——Faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well, but ſome will ſay,
Pox on 'em, rogues, what made 'em chuſe this play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice, but meer neceſſity:
To all our writing friends, in town, we ſent,
But not a wit durſt venture out in lent:
Have patience but 'till Eaſter term, and then
You ſhall have jigg and hobby-horſe again.
Here's Mr. Matthew, our domeſtic wit*,
Does promiſe one o'th'ten plays he has writ:
But ſince great bribes weigh nothing with the juſt,
Know, we have merits, and to them we truſt.
When any faſts, or holidays, defer
The public labours of the theatre,

* *Mr.* MATTHEW MEDBOURN, *an eminent actor, belonging to the duke of* YORK's *theatre.*

We

We ride not forth, altho' the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the ſuburb air;
But with our authors meet, and ſpend that time
To make up quarrels between ſenſe and rhime.
Wedneſdays and Fridays conſtantly we ſate,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverſe weighty reaſons 'twas thought fit,
Unruly ſenſe ſhould ſtill to rhime ſubmit:
This, the moſt wholſome law we ever made,
So ſtrictly in this epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break.

[Enter Johnſon's Ghoſt.]

Hold, and give way, for I myſelf will ſpeak;
Can you encourage ſo much inſolence,
And add new faults ſtill to the great offence
Your anceſtors ſo raſhly did commit,
Againſt the mighty pow'rs of art and wit?
When they condemn'd thoſe noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my beſt lov'd Cataline:
Repent, or on your guilty heads ſhall fall
The curſe of many a rhiming paſtoral.
The three bold Beauchamps * ſhall revive again,
And with the London-prentice † conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age,
Shall find applauſe on this corrupted ſtage.
But if you pay the great arrears of praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much-injured plays,
From all paſt crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to write like me.

* *Alluding to the* Three Parts *of* Henry VI. *by* Shakeſpear.

† *The* London PRODIGAL. *A* Comedy, *by* Shakeſpear.

SONG;

SONG;

Written at SEA, in the firſt DUTCH WAR, 1665, the Night before an Engagement.

I.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at ſea indite;
But firſt wou'd have you underſtand
How hard it is to write;
The Muſes now, and Neptune too,
We muſt implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For tho' the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ſhips at ſea,
With a fa, &c,

III.

Then, if we write not by each poſt,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ſhips are loſt
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring 'em twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

IV.

The king with wonder, and ſurprize,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold;
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall ſtairs.
With a fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory;
The Dutch wou'd ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

VII.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or elſe at ſerious ombre play;
But, why ſhould we in vain
Each others ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our woe,
Sit careleſs at a play:
Perhaps permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note;
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd,
With a fa, &c.

X.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe,
To think of our diſtreſs;
When we for hopes of honour loſe
Our certain happineſs;
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

On the Counteſs of DORCHESTER, Miſtreſs to King JAMES the Second. Written in 1680.

I.

TELL me, Dorinda, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
Can any dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

II.

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canſt thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I ſeen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
As wiſe philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

On the Same.

PROUD with the ſpoils of royal cully,
With falſe pretence to wit and parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Tho' ſhe appear as glitt'ring fine,
As gems, and jeſts, and paint can make her;
She ne'er can win a breaſt like mine;
The devil and Sir David * take her.

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

KNOTTING.

AT noon, in a ſunſhiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a ſhade:

Each ſlender finger play'd its part,
With ſuch activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her fav'rite ſwain, by chance, came by
He ſaw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the baſhful boy drew nigh,
She would have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted ball;
But ſtraight gave Strephon ſuch a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much truth and modeſty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy ſmooth cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a nap;
  Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er.
She ſigh'd, and could endure no more,
  But ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid,

Such virtue ſhall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll truſt you with my flocks, not me,
  Purſue thy grazing trade;

Go milk thy goats, and ſhear thy ſheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
  By me miſtaken maid.

SONG

To CHLORIS, from the Blind ARCHER.

I.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to diſarm your bright Eyes,
  And lay by thoſe terrible glances;
We live in an age that's more civil and wiſe,
  Than to follow the rules of romances.

II.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

SONG.

I.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled too long,
With Phillis and Chloris in every ſong;
By fools, who at once can both love and deſpair,
And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair;
Which juſtly provokes me in rhime to expreſs
The truth that I know of bonny black Beſs.

II.

This Beſs of my heart, this Beſs of my ſoul,
Has a ſkin white as milk, and hair black as a coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan her round waiſt,
But her round ſwelling thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt;
But I know what I think, when I drink to the beſt.

III.

The plowman and 'ſquire, the arranter clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her paragon-gown;
But now ſhe adorns both the boxes and pit,
And the proudeſt town-gallants are forc'd to ſubmit;
All hearts fall a leaping wherever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my lord Craven's Drums.

IV.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For ſhe'd out-ſhine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all:
If a lord ſhou'd but whiſper his love in a crowd,
She'd ſell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the queen over-hearing what Betty did ſay,
Would ſend Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to thoſe that have had my dear Beſs in their arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to ſoften her charms;
And to every beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to liſp, and to trip in her pace;
And with head on one ſide, and a languiſhing eye,
To kill us by looking as if ſhe would die.

SONG.

I.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Succeſs in crouds and noiſe,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys.

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And the world think 'em wiſe;
While I lie dying at her feet,
And all the world deſpiſe.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raiſe,
And melt in court delights:
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

LA jeune Iris aux cheveux gris
Diſoit à Theodate,
Retournons, mon cher, à Paris,
Avant que l'on combatte;

Vous me donnés trop de ſouci,
Car Guillaume ne raille.
Helas! que feriez-vous icy
Le jour d'une bataille?

Il eſt vray que vous partirés
Sans Lauriers & ſans Gloire,
Et que vous embarraſſerés
Ceux qui font vôtre hiſtoire.

Mais vous devés laiſſer ces ſoins,
A D'Eſpreaux & Corneille;
Vous ne les payerié pas moins,
Quand vous feriés merveille.

Vous punirez une autre fois
Ces gens qui m'ont pillée.
Qu'elle honte qu'à Charleroy
Ils m'euſſent amenée!

Quoy que je ſois aimé de vous,
Et que je ſois bien ſage,
J'aurois paſſé parmy ces fous
Pour un rebut de page.

A Paraphraſe on the FRENCH.

IN grey-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, If I have any charms,
My deareſt, let's away.

For you, my love, is all my fear;
Hark! how the drums do rattle!
Alas, ſir! what ſhou'd you do here
In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange ſtay and fight,
For danger's his diverſion;
The wiſe will think you in the right,
Not to expoſe your perſon:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory:
You ought to leave ſo mean a care
To thoſe who pen your ſtory.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When foes too ſaucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly:
Put ſix good horſes to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Bouflers, to ſecure your fame,
Go take ſome town, or buy it;
Whilſt you, great ſir, at Noſtredame,
Te Deum ſing in quiet.

SONG.

SONG.

PHILLIS, the faireſt of love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd beaus,
What has ſhe now to brag on?
So long ſhe kept her legs ſo cloſe,
'Till they had ſcarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, this wretched maid
Did ſad complaints begin;
Which ſurly Strephon hearing, ſaid,
It was both ſhame and ſin,
To pity ſuch a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor ſpin.

SONG.

DORINDA's ſparkling wit, and eyes,
United, caſt too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the ſight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and ſoft his pace;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handſome face.

Then where's the pleaſure, where's the good,
Of ſpending time and coſt?
For if your wit ben't underſtood,
Your keeper's bliſs is loſt.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
Earl of HALLIFAX.

ON THE

DEATH of His Moſt Sacred Majeſty King CHARLES II.

FArewel, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom nature, as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit;
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
Which mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious king above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.
With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for val'rous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men, that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe Sauls, whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;

Wait-

Waiting 'till heav'n's election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own.
And own he did—his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſt, cou'd find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair bending head.
In conqueſts mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.
A mighty ſeries of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, bus'neſs fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſport:
Then learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did ſpring,
And the glad muſes prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying tow'rs improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvaſs wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy;
To ev'ry coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the miſchiefs of their ſoil.
Here in cool ſhades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat, which does their luſtre give.

In

In Perſian ſilks, eat eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture;
Under our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
We ſee all Europe toſt, hear tempeſts roar;
Rapine, ſword, wars, and famine rage abroad,
While Charles their hoſt, like Jove from Ida, aw'd;
Us from our foes, and from ourſelves did ſhield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold factions goodneſs could diſdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein:
In the ſtill gentle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.
Yet tho' they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undiſturb'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus Jove in love did Semele conſume.
As the ſtout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in ſoft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noiſy forces to the war;
But though ſo gentle ſeems his outward form,
His hidden ſtrength out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the field,
Showing ſtout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good man made the crowd preſume,
He ſhow'd himſelf, and did the king aſſume:
For goodneſs in exceſs may be a ſin,
Juſtice muſt tame, whom mercy cannot win.
Thus winter fixes the unſtable ſea,
And teaches reſtleſs water conſtancy,
Which under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blaſt obeys.
To bridle factions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
By eaſy methods, vanquiſh without force,

Relieve the good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.
Such is thy glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;
More noble than the ſpoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make wars ceaſe,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace:
For proudeſt triumphs from contempt ariſe;
The vanquiſh'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
Won enſigns are the gaudy marks of ſcorn,
They brave the victor firſt, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods; while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
Tygers, and bears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
May boldneſs, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet paſſions of a generous mind,
Are the prerogative of human kind;
The god-like image, on our clay impreſt,
The darling attribute which heaven loves beſt:
In Charles, ſo good a man and king, we ſee
A double image of the deity.
Oh! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our bleſſing frame!
In Thames, the ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleaſing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames the ſupport, and glory of our iſle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile;
Though no rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;

Leſs

Leſs wealth his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
For he exhauſts himſelf, t'enrich the ſhores.
Mild and ſerene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging ſurges knows;
No dreadful wreck upon his banks appears,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tears,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The plowman's hopes, and life into the deep;
The even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
Forever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, tho' late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Sein,
But lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things, but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

O D E

On the marriage of the princeſs ANNE and prince GEORGE of Denmark.

I.

WHILST black deſigns, that direful work of fate,
Diſtract the lab'ring ſtate;
Whilſt, like the ſea, around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhoar;
And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by infidels on either hand;

What means this peaceful train, this pompous fight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths, and virgins heav'nly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight?
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts, and beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain?
Ne'er in their chearful garb t'have ſeen the fair,
While all with melting eyes, and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain.
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright,
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits chears; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare,
And their black force aſſociate in the air;
Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous light,
Who with kind warmth, and pow'rful rays,
Them to that envy'd height,
From their mean native earth did raiſe.
A thoughtful ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the heav'nly bow
Deck'd like a gawdy bride appears,
And all her various robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conq'ring ſun's triumphant rays,

It

It mortals drooping ſpirits chears;
Freſh joy, new light, each viſage wears:
Again the ſeaman truſts the main,
The jocund ſwains their coverts leave again:
Again, in pleaſant warbl'ing notes,
The chearful poets of the wood extend their tuneful throats.

IV.

Then, then, my muſe, raiſe with the lyre thy voice,
And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice:
For lo! the heav'nly pledge appears,
And in bright characters the promiſe bears:
The factious deluge ſhall prevail no more,
In vain they foam, in vain they rage;
Buffet in vain the unmov'd ſhore,
Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury ſhall aſſwage.
See! ſee! how decently the baſhful bride
Does bear her conqueſts, with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the north with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire ſhake;
Before whoſe arms, when great Guſtavus led,
The frighted Roman eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his deſire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himſelf for pity prays,
His love in tim'rous ſighs he breaths,
While all his ſpoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquiſh'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that ſubmiſſion you'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunſden's famous plain;

Where, when your brother, fired with ſucceſs,
Too daringly upon the foe did preſs,
And was a captive made; then you alone
Did with your ſingle arm ſupport the throne.
Your gen'rous breaſt, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning thro' their ſcatter'd troops you flew,
And from th'amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your anceſtors in this one act out-done,
Tho' their ſucceſsful arms did this whole iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd lady, came;
You, to enjoy one ſpotleſs as your fame.
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curſes as they flew:
On the bleak ſhore, expecting you, they ſtand,
And with glad ſhouts conduct to land:
Thro' gaping crowds you're forc'd to preſs your way,
While virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout, and old ones pray.
And with this beauteous lady you may gain
This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did ſo ſhort a while maintain.

THE MAN of HONOUR;

Occaſioned by a Poſtſcript to PENN's Letter.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind
Of him, who to ſtrict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On publick places, and affairs of ſtate,
Shou'd fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Tho' all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells adviſe,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in honours, fall.
For this, brave Shrewsbury and Lumly's name
Shall ſtand the formeſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke;
'Great ſir, renown'd for conſtancy, how juſt
'Have we obey'd the crown, and ſerv'd our truſt,
'Eſpous'd your cauſe and intereſt in diſtreſs,
'Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our foes confeſs!
'Permit us then ill fortune to accuſe,
'That you at laſt unhappy councils uſe,
'And aſk the only thing we muſt refuſe.

' Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
' Honour alone, we cannot, muſt not loſe;
' Honour, that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
' That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
' Enobles the rude paſſions of our frame,
' With thirſt of glory, and deſire of fame;
' The richeſt treaſure of a generous breaſt,
' That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
' Wit, ſtrength, and courage, are wild dangerous force,
' Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
' And would you rob us of the nobleſt part?
' Accept a ſacrifice without a heart?
' 'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a throne,
' To take the caſket when the jewel's gone;
' Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
' And teach the nobles to be falſe and baſe;
' What confidence can you in them repoſe,
' Who e're they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
' Who once enſlave their conſcience to their luſt,
' Have loſt their reins, and can no more be juſt,
' Of honour, men at firſt like Women nice,
' Raiſe maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd vice;
' Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
' And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
' But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
' That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
' They ſtopt not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
' Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
' True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
' And only bound by appetite their will:
' Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
' But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
' Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your pow'r,
' They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
' And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.

On

'On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
'Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:
'When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
'With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
'When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
'And ſhook with gath'ring multitudes the throne,
'Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
'Cou'd they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
'Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
'Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
'But when your orders to mean ends decline,
'With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign,'
Thus ſpake the youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the phoſph'rous to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid hoſt,
Than any age, or any realm can boaſt:
So great their fame, ſo numerous their train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But Herbert, and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and ſurpaſſing fame:
Riſe, glorious church, erect thy radiant head,
The ſtorm is paſt, th' impending tempeſt fled;
Had fate decreed thy ruin or diſgrace,
It had not giv'n ſuch ſons ſo brave a race;
When for deſtruction heav'n a realm deſigns,
Thy ſymptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh minds
Theſe men would prop a ſinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverſe ev'n fate.
Let other nations boaſt their fruitful ſoil,
Their fragrant ſpices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint
Let them excel; their maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the mind, to arm the ſoul
With virtue, which no dangers can controul;

Exalt the thought, a ſpeedy courage lend,
That horror cannot ſhake, or pleaſure bend;
Theſe are the Engliſh arts, theſe we profeſs,
To be the ſame in mis'ry and ſucceſs;
To teach oppreſſors law, aſſiſt the good,
Relieve the wretched, and ſubdue the proud.
Such are our ſouls: But what doth worth avail,
When kings commit to hungry prieſts the ſcale?
All merit's light when they diſpoſe the weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the ſtate;
Defame thoſe heroes who their yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that honeſty they cannot uſe;
The ſtrength and ſafety of the crown deſtroy,
And the king's pow'r againſt himſelf employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their ſlave.
Men, like our money, come the moſt in play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe allay.
The richeſt medals, and the pureſt gold,
Of native value, and exacteſt mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious, and too fine;
Whilſt tin and copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the bus'neſs of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn,
So ſhining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty actions fly the ſearching light;
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whoſe raſh misjudging ſenſe
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe dangers which the others ſhun:
Who ſlow to act, each bus'neſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with freedom, and with care obey;

With wiſdom fatal to their intereſt, ſtrive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive:
Such have no place where prieſts and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looſer rein.

An Epiſtle to CHARLES earl of Dorſet, occaſioned by His Majeſty's victory in Ireland.

WHAT! ſhall the king the nation's genius raiſe,
And make us rival our great Edward's Day's;
Yet not one muſe, worthy a conq'ror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorſet! you alone this fault can mend,
The muſes, darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler wit;
Oblig'd to quit you eaſe, and draw again,
To paint the greateſt heroe, the beſt pen.
A Heroe, who thus early doth out-ſhine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to renown,
The mem'ry of their pious triumphs drown;
Whoſe actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When fate ſome mighty genius has deſign'd,
For the relief, and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to anſwer the intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep aſcent:
She toils, and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the ſteps of fate;
'Till all the ſeeds of providence unite,
To ſet the heroe in a happy light;

Then,

Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her pow'r.
In Naſſau's race ſhe made this long eſſay;
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A publick ſp'rit diſtinguiſh'd all the line,
Succeſſive virtues in each branch did ſhine,
Till this laſt glory roſe, and crown'd the great deſign.
Bleſt be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durſt his native ſoil, loſt Holland, ſave!
But Willam's genius takes a wider ſcope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to ſubdue inſulting tyrant's rage,
The ornament, and terror, of the age;
The refuge where afflicted nations find
Relief from thoſe oppreſſors of mankind,
Whom laws reſtrain not, and no oaths can bind.
Him, their deliv'rer Europe does confeſs,
All tongues extol, and all religions bleſs;
The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
United in his praiſe, their wonder join;
While, in the publick cauſe, he takes the field,
And ſhelter'd nations fight behind his ſhield.
His foes themſelves dare not applauſe refuſe:
And ſhall ſuch actions want a faithful muſe?
Poets have this to boaſt; without their aid,
The freſheſt lawrels nipp'd by malice, fade,
And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt honours have a narrow date,
Unleſs they vindicate their names from fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the part!
D———n has numbers, but he wants a heart;
Enjoyn'd a penance, which is too ſevere
For playing once the fool, to perſevere.
Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.

How

How, Sir, can you, or any Engliſh muſe,
Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuſe?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but ſkill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot ſing of conqueſts, as I ought,
And my breath fails to ſwell a lofty note.
I know my compaſs, and my muſe's ſize,
She loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe;
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In eaſy numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual friendſhip wou'd at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another tone and voice,
When victory's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Aſks force, and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raiſe,
When cover'd o'er with comely duſt and ſmoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickeſt ſquadrons broke?
His bleeding arm, ſtill painful with the ſore,
Which, in his peoples cauſe, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France, and hell cou'd ſtay.
Oh, Dorſet! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my ſtrength could anſwer my deſire,
In ſpeaking paint this figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
And gods deſcending ſhould adorn the ſcene
See, ſee! upon the banks of Boyne he ſtands,
By his own view adjuſting his commands;
Calm and ſerene the armed coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the diff'rent chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Reſolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the ſquadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their ranks to meet their king's command;

The

The drums and trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly noiſe
Of neighing ſteeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suſpended in attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile ſounds, and huſh the din of war:
The ſilent troops ſtretch forth an eager look,
Liſt'ning with joy, while thus their gen'ral ſpoke.
'Come, fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
'And fix the fate of Europe on that ſhore;
'Your courage only waits from me the word,
'But England's happineſs commands my ſword:
'In her defence I ev'ry part will bear,
'The ſoldier's danger, and the prince's care,
'And envy any arm an equal ſhare.
'Set all that's dear to men before your ſight;
'For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
'To ſave your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
'Redeem your country ſold, and vindicate her name:
'At whoſe requeſt and timely call I roſe,
'To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expoſe;
'Struggled with adverſe ſtorms, and winter ſeas,
'That in my labours you might find your eaſe.
'Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
'And write the empty triumphs of the war;
'In lazy palaces ſupinely ruſt;
'My ſword ſhall juſtify my peoples truſt,
'For which——But I your victory delay;
'Come on; I, and my genius lead the way.'
He ſaid, new life and joy ran through the hoſt,
And ſenſe of danger in their wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men withſtood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king——and carries millions in the name.
As when the ſwelling ocean burſts his bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighbou'ring grounds,

The

The roaring deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its courſe, and bears whole foreſts down;
So on the foe the firm batallions preſt,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot thro' ev'ry place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.
Stop! ſtop! brave prince! allay that gen'rous flame,
Enough is giv'n to England, and to fame.
Remember, ſir, you in the center ſtand,
Europe's divided int'reſts you command,
All their deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne deſcends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal ſtroke,
The ſcheme of all our happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Diſdaining bounds, and breaking on the ſhore,
Which you, ordain'd to crub their wild-deſtructive pow'r,
That ſtrength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waſte, nor law, nor limits know.
Stop! ſtop! brave prince!——What, does your muſe, Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his conqueſts——faith, I can't:
My ſpirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Tranſported and amaz'd————————
That rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic ſtrain,
But fall back to my nat'ral pace again;

In

In humble verſe provoking you to rhime;
I wiſh there were more Dorſets at this time.
Oh! if in France this heroe had been born,
What glittering tinſel wou'd his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To ſteal a country, and to buy a town:
Their triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms ſold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage cou'd, like courts, be kept in pay,
What ſums wou'd Lewis give, that France might ſay
That vict'ry follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conqueſts wou'd for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to ſpread his real fame,
Wou'd paſs between Verſailles and Noſtredame?
Their plays, their ſongs, wou'd dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other ſound;
Boyne wou'd, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gob'lin's labour, and the poet's dream;
The wounded arm wou'd furniſh all their rooms,
And bleed for ever ſcarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this wou'd plume his artful pen:
And can your muſe be ſilent? Think again.
Spare your advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own deſign; the work is done.
Done! nothing's done: not the dead colours laid,
And the moſt glorious ſcenes ſtand undiſplay'd;
A thouſand gen'rous actions cloſe the rear;
A thouſand virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.
The queen herſelf, the charming queen ſhou'd grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place,
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.
Who can omit the queen's auſpicious ſmile,
The pride of the fair ſex, the goddeſs of our iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the ſtate?

Diſſembling

Diſguiſing cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleaſure in her face.
As danger did approach, her ſpirits roſe,
And, putting on the king, diſmay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, ſhe gilds the chearful court;
In ev'ry glance deſcending angels ſport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining maids, and form the dance;
The ſtately goddeſs, with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majeſtic, does the figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy meaſures round;
The ſilver arrows on her ſhoulder ſound;
She walks above them all. Such is the ſcene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter queen.
  Theſe ſubjects do, my lord, your ſkill command,
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the ſtrokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd encomiums muſt be hid in wit,
Which modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other ſteps to ſuch a throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive, the crown.

Written at Althrop, in a blank leaf of WALLER's poems, upon ſeeing Vandyke's picture of the old lady Sunderland.

VAndyke had colours, ſoftneſs, fire, and art,
  When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sachariſſa was his fond deſire.
Why then at Althrop ſeems her charms to faint,
In theſe ſweet numbers, and that glowing paint?

This happy ſeat a fairer miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brighteſt Sachariſſa join'd.
As high as nature reach'd, their art could ſoar;
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd piece before.

VERSES written for the TOASTING-GLASSES of the KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Dutcheſs of St. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conqu'ring eyes have made their race compleat;
They roſe in valour, and in beauty ſet.

Dutcheſs of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful ſire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire:
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace:
You with double charms ſurprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous race,
Bleſt with your parents wit, and her firſt blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrain.

Dutcheſs of RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighter toaſt;

Th'

Th' adorers offerings prove who's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

All nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their force, to men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany. ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The ſtubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toaſts enroll your name.

THE
WORKS
OF
Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

THE

DISPENSARY.

TO

Anthony Henley, Eſq;

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he wou'd encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcover'd, when it labours moſt to be conceal'd.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, ſhou'd be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo, ſhou'd be an offence: Thus rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But tho' I ſhould perſuade my ſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which, 'till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their ge-

nerous reſtorers; Inſomuch, that ſculpture now breaths, painting ſpeaks, muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much, as what you write your ſelf: But you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembring you are a friend. To ſay more, wou'd be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs would be unjuſt in

Your humble Servant.

THE

PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I cou'd not be ſurpriz'd to find it uncorrect: tho' I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publiſher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution, generally produces a leiſure in reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he'd need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but tho' I had the au-

thority of ſome Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeem'd inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a fury as well as envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her receſs; and to be revenged on the exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they've all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of monſieur Boileau. I muſt own I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, canto II. and in one in his firſt canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the animoſities among the members

bers of the college of phyſicians encreaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy preſident to the contrary) I was perſwaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to raily ſome of our diſaffected members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the college, to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, tho' none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cur'd without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, tho' it did not break out to fury and exceſs, 'till the time of erecting the Diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince with an integrity and diſintereſt, ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully inform'd about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to a treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the preſident and cenſors, in the year 97. 'Tis called, *A ſhort account of the proceedings of the college of phyſicians*, London, *in relation to the ſick poor*. The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt ancient members of the ſociety, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatyr may appear directed at any particular perſon,

'tis at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give no body offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Diſpenſary, betwixt a member of the college with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, tho' the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the author too undecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: 'tis a reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion, either upon the reader, or the perſon 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

The

The Copy of an Inſtrument ſubſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Phyſicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHereas the ſeveral orders of the college of phyſicians, London, *for preſcribing medicines* gratis *to the poor ſick of the cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter, *and parts adjacent, as alſo propoſals made by the ſaid college to to the lord mayor, court of aldermen and common council of* London, *in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been effectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reaſonable rates; we therefore whoſe names are under-written, fellows and members of the ſaid college, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a charity, by the counſel and good liking of the preſident and college declaring in their* Comitia, *hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourſelves to pay to Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *fellow and elect of the ſaid college, the ſum of ten pounds a-piece of lawful money of* England, *by ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times, as to the major part of ſubſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: Which money when received by the ſaid Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *is to be by them expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinſic value, in ſuch manner, and at ſuch times, and by ſuch orders and directions, as by the major part of the ſubſcribers hereto ſhall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe. In witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our hands and ſeals this twenty ſecond day of* December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Preſes.* Tho. Burwell, *Elect. and Cenſor.*

Sam.

Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torleſs, *Elect. and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Samſon.
Thomas Gibſon,
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, jun.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
——— Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvy.

The deſign of printing the ſubſcribers names, is to ſhew, that the late undertaking has the ſanction of a College act; and that 'tis not a project carried on by five or ſix members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

CANTO

CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great one's may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtick to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſu'd.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveil's her dark diſguiſe
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations though the eyes;

How

* Old Baily. † College of phyſicians.

How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a fev'riſh heat with ambient ſhow'rs;
Whence, their mechanick pow'rs, the ſpirits claim,
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain.
Why bileous juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T'extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan diguiſe,
And why gay mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, fire,
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive deſire.
Whence Milo's vigour at Olympick's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane (*a*);
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind:
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire:
Why our complexions oft our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the features are:
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen:

How

(*a*) *Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,*
Why Morton muddy, Montague why clear.

How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at ev'ry ſummons of the will.
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
But now no grand enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns, where knowledge ſhou'd preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.
Thus ſynods oft, concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhow a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pœan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, thro' midnight-watching, drown'd:
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of ſloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſp'ring trees;
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang ling'ring o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay
Batt'ning in eaſe, and ſlumb'ring life away:
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and encreaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * flint engage,
'Till urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve.

* The Building of the Diſpenſary.

Here

Here phyals in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallypots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtroaks, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumb'ring god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs.
How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the duſty field?
How have I kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas?
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wond'rous clemency I've ſhown,
Some rev'rend worthies of the gown can own.
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!

Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay.
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of pray'r.

Urim was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence;
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox;
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of pray'r,
In madrigals, and phillifing the fair;
Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And ſoon as the deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence.
And fancy'd for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
In convocation-language cou'd excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded, but by providence:
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribler, of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bow'rs,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their quietus where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:

Or

* See Boil. lut.

Or if ſome cloyſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore:
The peals of * Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves controul,
Th' Œquator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire o' the ſkies.
But as the ſlothful god to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on(b).
'Twas in this rev'rend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that Aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.
But now ſome buſy, enterprizing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.

* See Boil. Lut.

(b) *Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,*
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep:
Or if ſome cloyſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I ſought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquility reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

With that, the god his darling Phantom calls,
And from his falt'ring lips this meſſage falls:
Since mortals will diſpute my power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd fiend.
Or where dull critics authors fate foretell;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign,
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean beds;
Whilſt ſick'ning flow'rs drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaus, for ſome aſſembly, dreſs anew;
The city ſaints to pray'rs and play-houſe haſte;
The rich to dinner and the poor to reſt:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft the hollow of ſome blaſted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweets of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grott the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpightful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhows.
The cheerful blood her meager cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſat brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plums of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
Whilſt ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Diſcontent, thro' ignorance miſled,
And clam'rous Faction at her party's head:
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer *.
Glouting with ſullen ſpight the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look,
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls,
And as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;

* See Dryd. Fab.

How Cocles did their Tyber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And falt'ring accents flutter'd on his tongue;
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
That bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So light'ning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm(c).

Thus

(c) *Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I*
Aim'd at thoſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good Tillotſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee.
Somers does ſick'ning equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and peace clapp'd her triumphant wings:
Great Ormand ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inſpires the gen'rous breaſt of Delamere.
And Mulgrave ever active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic Hemiſphere,
Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

Thus ſhe——mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The lover's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows;
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſcepter bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heav'n with pray'r.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhow'r,
And only to preſerve, exert her pow'r.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear*.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtrait ſhrill Colon's perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
Black-fryars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of apothecaries-hall.
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives cholics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies,
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.

* In Ætna were forged the thunder-bolts which Jove employed againſt the ambition of the giants.

Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words,
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murthers with jargon where his med'cine fails.
The fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoſcope invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell.
How gold makes a Patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove.
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there, the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge Shark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread.
Aloft in rows large poppy heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly alligator hung.
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd,
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An

An inner room receives the num'rous ſhoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lye,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees.
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhams reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels,
One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Enquire when courteous fates will ſtrike 'em off.
Some by what means they may redreſs the wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon.
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philters chuſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the croud.
Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;

And

And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhou'dſt fear to know, or I tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Our ſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care,
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
Now call to mind thy gen'rous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhou'dſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attemps aloud.
If they would once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye,
And none, in complaiſance to us, wou'd die.
What if we claim their right t' aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtrait?
Prevent it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the deſtinies command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie:
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;
Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valu'd, coſts not much;

Whilſt

Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtrait
In ſilence tumbl'd from his chair of ſtate,
The crowd in great confuſion fought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor.
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore altho' the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious Squirt in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of ſuccinum's prevailing pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay
An image of ſcarce animated clay;
'Till fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal;
The wight no ſooner did the ſteam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel,
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides, Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th'azure goddeſs own'd.

CANTO III.

ALL night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.

Cowſlips

Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Sloane's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiats ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the ſage expreſt.
Oft has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies, I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain,
For the dull world moſt honour pay to thoſe
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He loaths the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazling dye
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſart rocks, and fleeting air.
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New paſſions, new opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe,
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And tho' they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.

So

So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip; and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite:
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe,
Be aw'd, if puny emmets wou'd oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign,
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,
That project, the * Diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots thro' the chryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies;
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads reel home.
Drums, trumpets, hautboys wake the ſlumbring pair;
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair.
Light's chearful ſmiles o'er th'azure waſte are ſpread,
And miſs from inns o' court bolts out unpaid.
The ſage tranſported at th'approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold:
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phyal ſteams of harts-horn riſe.

* Medicines made up there, for the uſe of the poor.

Where

The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal pow'r,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſprite
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.
No myſtic ſounds from Hell's deteſted womb,
In duſky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Diſeaſe:
Then flow'rs in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring.
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore,
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetner ſaſſafras are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine and maſtic wood:
Gums, foſſils too the pyramid increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt.
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe orizons he ſent.
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious pow'r,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour(*d*):
Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous pedigree
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.

(*d*) *Thou that would'ſt lay whole ſtates and regions waſte,*
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

The

The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end to fam'd St. Giles's-pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay leaves and vipers hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd Diſpenſary * expire.
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly.
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtrait was heard,
The altar fell, the off'ring diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a † ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the philter brew,
That cou'd in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful ‡ Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;
How ſanguine ſwains their am'rous hours repent,
When pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.

* See the alluſion. Theoc. Pharm. † Apothecaries-hall.
‡ See Ov. Met.

Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
Th' aſſembly Diaſenna thus addreſs'd.
My kind confed'rates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other bus'neſs but to dine;
The faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway;
And int'reſt then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known;
Who beſt cou'd fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gath'ring clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halycon hours:
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
Know, when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt.
Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown,
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's ſlight will ſhow,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy ptiſans were ſold;
When patients choſe to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill:
And cheaper than for our aſſiſtance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, ſpring and fall (*e*).

Then

(*e*) *But now late jars or practices detect,*
For mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parllel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.

'Tis

Then prieſts increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine, ſlaves and atheiſts made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the ſword.
Penſions in private were the ſenate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns.
And we, in ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin(*e*).
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Strait turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's pow'r
Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus paus'd and foam'd with ſpite.

(*e*) *'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,*
And beg the faculty to be our friend.
As he revolving ſtood to ſay the reſt,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage expreſt.

Sow'r ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up to froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhou'd redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that miſtake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.
Thus he —— thou ſcandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the ſprings of nature ſtart,
The nerves unbrace: Nay, at the ſight of thee,
A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy.
Cou'dſt thou propoſe, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill church-yards, and who unpeople ſtates,
Who baffle nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
Whilſt Ruſſel, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their deſpotick will,
Who out o' conſultation ſcarce can kill?
The tow'ring Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
And leaches, in our glaſſes, ſwell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
And Bromingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal!
Allies at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
And Monmmouth-ſtreet, Verſailles with riding-hoods;
The ſick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the gravel-pits for Kentiſh air.
Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar, death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhoar,
Where billows never break, nor tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.
The wiſe thro' thought th' inſults of death defy;
The fools, thro' bleſs'd inſenſibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the brave.

It

It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free;
And, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our force increaſes, as our funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no leſs wond'rous pow'r than to create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to Doctor Caſe.
Tho' ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.
So patriots, in the time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe:
On dangers paſt, ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us bravely fight, or bravely fall.
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length the growing diff'rence to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides, aroſe.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence;
Thus he: 'tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The heroe's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave.

Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair.
Angry when-e'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the heroe lies.
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, thro' wiſer conduct, would conceal:
Is't reaſon we ſhou'd quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent, what raſhly they begun:
Tho' projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy, and when bad, neglect;
If reaſon cou'd direct, ere now each gate
Had born ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate.
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
Then ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the faculty there are,
Who int'reſt prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport.
Them we'll conſult about this enterprize,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.

But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some aurum fulminans the * fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offſpring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

* The room the apothecaries meet in, is over the laboratory.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wand'ring punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe lately was undone by new:
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſt'ning preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each advent'rous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.

The weeds of writings for the flow'rs they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſt a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a mad-man, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloyſter penſive Strephon waits,
'Till Chloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ung'nerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprize to treat.
Each heroe a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my int'reſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a tongue.
And in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind:
Great ſervices, as great returns ſhou'd find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.
Oxford and all her paſſing bells can tell,
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.

Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in ev'ry pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Tho' credit ſuffers, the reward's the ſame.
What tho' the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
But Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardiſe reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtroaks of art.
Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhou'd never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.
He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhow'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the Coup de Grace.
O that near * Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt,
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that choak'd his ſtream with ſlain.

* See Hom. Il.

No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts, and when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the ſaint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes mutt'ring what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpight of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him preſs,
His province is loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurprize,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate, by wiſe diſtruſt enclines
To num'rous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.

Aban-

Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world, to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Moor's works entire, and endleſs reams of Bloom.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler's happy on this ſcore,
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival pow'r invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
* With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have,
The vain are ſprightly, and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the foppiſh, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the ſly, diſcreet.
A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
Colt a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breaths nothing but alarms.
For future glory, while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade;
Since of each enterprize th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.
High lives Vagellius, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe.
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.

* See the Imitation, Hor. Sat. the 3d.

Five

Five guineas make a criminal to day,
And ten to morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide.
Cato pernicious, Cataline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know; when I firſt invok'd Diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the Sibyl from her grott aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard.
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the pow'r of ſound, and force of lays.
Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions claſh,
And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
Of cynders bore. ——
Naked and half burnt hills with hideous wreck
Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back.
As he went rumbling on, the fury ſtrait
Crawl'd in, her limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents ſound.
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs, and drizzling vapours dwell:

Thither

Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe.
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy, who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vig'rous turns of fancy ſhine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly muſe but touch the lyre,
The ſmiles and graces melt in ſoft deſire,
And little loves confeſs their am'rous fire(*f*).
The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſt'ning fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince Pauſanias was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings,
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft tho' your ſtrokes ſurprize, you ſhould not chuſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin muſe.
Long did * *Apelles* his fam'd piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt deſign. 'Tis

*See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plaut. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.

(*f*) *The Tyber now no gentle Gallus ſees,*
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normanby.

'Tis *Montague*'s rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhould attempt a *Jove*.
The fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe —— The Deity we Fortune call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Strait for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.
Each wond'ring ſtood, but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts controul,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The ev'ning now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits thro' the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move.
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Thro' the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh the miſſionary flies.
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there.
How lambent jellies kind'ling in the night,
Shoot thro' the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhow'rs deſcend;
Or if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn.
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in light'ning blaze.
Why nimble coruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornado's bluſter in the ſky.

Why

Why a prolifick Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhow'r deſcends.
How vapours hanging on the tow'ring hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills:
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
The wond'ring ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholſome damps of night;
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above.
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy kids, the weeping hyades;
The ſhining * lyre with ſtrains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring manſions now than † hell's before;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each brave Churchil of the galaxy.
Aurora on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn;
Each flow'r in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day.
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burthen of the ſkies.
His tow'ring brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt light'ning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff his giant brother reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.
Around this hoary prince, from wat'ry beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;

The

* Orpheus's Harp made a Conſtellation,

† See Manil.

The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal ſpring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent riv'lets flow;
The tub'roſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the * citron ſhows,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And, warbling dirges, die on ev'ry note.
Where Flora treads her Zephir garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bowrs and jeſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottoes, ſilver brooks, and flow'ry vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards——The fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd goddeſs keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of † amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gypſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.

The

* Wall. † This Stone reckoned fortunate; ſee the Hiſt. of Nat. Magick.

The dame by divination knew that ſoon
The Magus wou'd appear——and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know,
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
* Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my pow'r,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd o' late,
Drinks rich tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heav'nly born my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity.
Tho' bleſt Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains
Where fortune is the ſlave, and merit reigns.
The Tyber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus † Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a ‡ heroe, and ſhe found a ‖ God.

CANTO

* See the Alluſion, Lucan.
† See Steph. ‡ Theſeus. ‖ Bacchus.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies:
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy, relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er cou'd die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtrait a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.

But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where hymen once hath been,
O'er-heard Mirmillo's anguiſh, then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own.

Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
For her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?

Have

Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
Aud does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom, but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardiſe prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And taking Querpo's meager ſhape, ſhe ſaid;
At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! But threats I find
Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce cou'd give you pain,
Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuff'ring party with my pen.
All ſhou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:

Such muſt ſucceed; but then th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold o' the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſtley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall,
A Codrus ſhou'd expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foyle;
And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.
Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs,
To ſtrive to make it more would make it leſs;
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Lab'ring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood, then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſwade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees wou'd leave?
Ten harveſts more, wou'd all I wiſh for give.
True man, reply'd the elf; by choice deceas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chuſe,
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet lab'rsng to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſly they live,
At ſubſtance oft unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.

Children at toys, as men at titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the fame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears.
The fury ſpoke, then in a moment fir'd
The heroe's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
'Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures thro' the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The am'ranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By * Mulciber, the mayor of Bromingham.
Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
† And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the won'dring ſight deceives.
Around the center fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hemorrhoidal blood,
The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.

* See the alluſion *Hom.* Iliad. B. 18. Virg. Æn. B. 8.
† See Ovid. Met. B. 2.

Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd collegue tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an † ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This, when the young * Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurſe's bread the boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent helm wou'd play,
And as the monſter gap'd wou'd ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
As Querpo tow'ring ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An ‡ Oran Outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motly mail ſcarce cou'd the heroe bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war.
Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your value more.
If battle he reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out deſtiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Tho' gods themſelves engage, a ‖ Diomed
With eaſe cou'd ſhow a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhou'd be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.

Let

† This bird, according to the ancients, gives it ſelf a clyſter with its beak.

* Alluding to Aſtyanax. See *Hom.* II.

‡ The ſkin of a diſſected Baboon called ſo,

‖ See Hom. II. B. 5.

Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and cholics rack;
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raiſe my chivalry proclaim,
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In fame's bright liſt my victories record.
More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures,, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old.
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold;
Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not pray'r,
That argues want of pow'r, and this of care.
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Pow'r infinite muſt act. *I grant it ſo.*
Haſte ſtrait to Neptune's fane, ſurvey with zeal
The walls. *What then?* reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe num'rous throngs in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.
'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, tho' unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war, ſurprizes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cav'ndiſh reigns
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;

But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winnington plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor firſt was heard;
His lab'ring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident,
Machaon, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your pow'r.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die(g).

Our

(g) *What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd:*
But ſev'ral voices ſev'ral methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act offenſively.
Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;
And then, behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſt deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

Our ſpite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lye.
He had not finiſh'd, 'till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Tho' wide the front, tho' groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer drew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtrait prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty ſquire reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardor and alarms,
Wou'd aſk the muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron god his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs,
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour.
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtels peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their levell'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhow'r.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne:
Such watry ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.

And now the ſtagg'ring braves, led by deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhow'rs of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots, and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dier defeat reſound.
Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhow'rs of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'er-ſpread the vale below.
But now, all order loſt, promiſcous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's arm a maſſy opiat flies,
And ſtrait a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of death, was ſtung,
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtrait retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pſylas ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead.
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an * eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud.
Great Queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If faithful to the midnight myſteries,
If ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throws,
Direct

* See Plin.

Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy lab'ring light.
He ſaid, and let the pond'rous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Tho' the haranguing God ſurvey'd the war,
That day the muſes ſons were not his care.
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features,, and alike their flame.
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſt'ning river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their * muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw
That from its birth had ſlept unſeen 'till now;
Stunn'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.
And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung thro' the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.
On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſu'd.

When

* See Taſſ.

When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But to the loſt, if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant-grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd * Diſpens'ry I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch ecſtaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangour fir'd;
Or ſimp'ring prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or ſultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermons done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd † Signetur writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatning head,
And fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid,
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quietiſt,
Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy(*b*),

Warm

* See the alluſion, Virg. Æn.

† Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries Signetur Men.

(*b*) *Faith ſtand unmov'd thro' Stillingfleet's defence,*
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her pow'r.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we've ſeen
Two Tritons of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The heroe ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unlinches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangour of the battle rings.
Auſpicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Cicel's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing * beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls.

Enough

* See Newt. of Col.

Enough th' atchievement of your arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, ſoon he'll diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.
Let Celſus for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heav'nly bright they cou'd not bear;
Celſus alone unmov'd the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pigmies, marſhall'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;
The poppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtrait at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
* Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heavn'ly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by † Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.

* Health, celebrated by the ancients as a goddeſs.

† See Ov. Met.

Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themſelves in various hew,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the baſhful roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſt lilly riſes to the light,
Unvails her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's lawrel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.

The inſects here their lingring trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptils creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizzards ſleep.
Where ſhiv'ring ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd † erucæ hide,
Their num'rous feet in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling year begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.

Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of oar.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.

The

† See Godort of caterpillars and butterflies,

The * copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chymiſt's fire.
Near theſe the Delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentize:
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run.
Where light's gay god deſcends to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, miters emulate, thoſe, turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow
Convulſions in the lab'ring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clam'rous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda, ſo whilſt her heroe fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.

And

* See Yald. on mines.

And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps.
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An aukward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With forged age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps.
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters die.
Upon a couch of jett in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs, with terror they ſurvey
Where death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway;
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch, and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'er-flow.
Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded family of Care.
Old mouldring urns, racks, daggers and diſtreſs
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decrees of fate.
* Febris is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.

In

* Fever.

In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
Then † Hydrops next appears amongſt the throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her watry ſtore.
Now loathſome ‡ Lepra, that offenſive ſprite,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to beauty's ſoft perſuading pow'r;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meager ‖ Pthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow.
No loud alarms, nor fierce aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crouds of much inferior name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name,
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyrrany,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celſus, with his glorious guide, invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades;
Where rocks and rueful deſarts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then ſhews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſſport to demand our aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon's preſent ſtill at their command.
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of their realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhoar.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air.

Upon

‡ Dropſy. ‡ Leproſy. ‖ Conſumption.

Upon the left they ſpy a penſive * ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief ſate heavy on his mournful look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes:
And who thoſe mangled manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm Guâicum, once your firmeſt friend,
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th' angry pow'rs relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſeam'd with ſcars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill conduct are.
They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate; that demands his noſe:
And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a pill.
Then Celſus thus; O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than Mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
But ſtill the off-ſpring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
In rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring ſkies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian pow'rs could bend,
Entreaties to their awful ſeats I'd ſend.

* See the Alluſion, Virg. Æn. B. 6.

But ſince no human arts the fates diſſuade;
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhoar a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on,
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd,
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
And taſte th' indulgence of a milder ſky.
Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide;
And as they paſs, their painted banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights, nor mildews fear,
The flow'rs ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
E'er noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head:
Rob'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And ev'ry flow'r does homage to their queen.
So when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wond'ring Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And ev'ry Grace unſung, the waves conceal.
The Delegate obſerves, with wond'ring eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend, and incenſe riſe.
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent * manſion of diſaſtrous love.
Here jealouſy with jaundice looks appears,
And broken ſlumbers, and fantaſtic fears.

* See Virg. Æn. B. 6.

The

The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings.
No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears.
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow garlands hang on ev'ry bough.
Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground:
Her dreſs neglected, and unbound her hair,
She ſeem'd the dying image of deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and ſparkle in the ring!
'Till the green-ſickneſs and love's force betray'd
To death's remorſeleſs arms th' unhappy maid.
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold complexion'd nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear ſhade, from whence ſuch anxious care,
Your looks diſorder'd, and your boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flow'r,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhow'r?
Your languid looks, your late ill conduct tell;
Oh that inſtead of traſh you'd taken ſteel!
Stabb'd with th'unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid;
When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtyle our modeſty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair ones of Rufilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſev'ral Cælia's, ſev'ral ages boaſt,
That like, where reaſon recommends the moſt.

Where heav'nly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.
Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant tyes ſuch haughty ſlaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the courage, but how few the flame;
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name.
The lonely Phœnix, tho' profeſs'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun.
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires,
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew;
Thus he ——
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious pow'r,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore!
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſentions of the Faculty;
How your ſad ſick'ning art now hangs her head,
And once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riſle her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.

Not

Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A * temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft father Tyber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhip'd like the fire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor wou'd our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wond'rous ſearches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From heav'n and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th'oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, heavens! how the liſt'ning throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue.
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,
Here, light'ning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft breezes ſigh.

* A temple built at Rome, in the iſland of Tyber, to Æſculapius, ſon of Apollo.

To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.
Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes claims from devaſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in pity to be king:
And when, amidſt his olives plac'd, he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands:
Ev'n then not leſs a heroe he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.
Wou'd Phœbus, or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred veh'mence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that god-like pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring univerſe reſtore:
Fair Albion's cliffs wou'd echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs
They've ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.
When late, Jove's * eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heav'ns a ſtar.
Near thee, † Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latin blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latin liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:

* Read the ceremony of the Apotheoſis.
† Hercules, a conſtellation near Ariadne's crown.

Loud

Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the ſage his raptures cou'd purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his guide withdrew.

A KEY to the DISPENSARY.

Ascaris	Mr. Parrot.
Aſcarides	Mr. Parrot, and Mr. Bridges, apothecaries.
Atticus	Lord Somers.
Carus	Dr. Tyſon, phyſician to Bedlam.
Celſus	Dr. Bateman.
Chiron	Mr. Gill.
Colocynthus	Mr. Baron, an apothecary.
Colon	Mr. Lee, an apothecary.
Diaſenna	Either Mr. Day, or Mr. Fig, apothecaries.
Guaiacum	Mr. Hobbs, a ſurgeon.
Hermes	A phyſician.
Horoſcope	Dr. Barnard.
Machaon	Sir Thomas Millington.
Mirmillo	Dr. Gibbons.
Mulciber	Mr. Thomas Foley, a lawyer.
Pſylas	Dr. Chamberlayne, a man-midwife.
Querpo	Dr. How, ſon of an eminent diſſenting teacher.
Sertorius	A phyſician.
Squirt	Dr. Barnard's man.
Stentor	Dr. Goodall.
Talthibius	A phyſician.
Vagellius	Sir Bartholomew Shower.
Umbra	Dr. Cole.
Urim	Biſhop Atterbury.

Errat. P. 188. line 2. for *Sloane* r. *Salmon*.

To the Lady Lovisa Lenos: With Ovid's Epiſtles.

IN moving lines theſe few epiſtles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when ſoft intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.
In diff'ring breaſts what diff'ring paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excell;
And ours in patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpraiſ'd years
Smile at the tale of lover's hopes, and fears.
Tho' infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flow'rs;
Let raſh admirers your keen light'ning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time e'er long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenal bloom.

All

All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.
The muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd muſicians riſe:
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

To RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON, with OVID's Art of Love.

MY LORD,

OUR poet's rules, in eaſy numbers tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Tho' angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain, and found the eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd liſten then, and lovers lye.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, atton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair-one's ſake,
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhou'd take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring,
The flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.

Tho'

Tho' you poſſeſs all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all that goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows,
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hov'ring on the coaſt,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loſt.
When coming time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide:
Inſtead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has moſt charms that is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe wou'd dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

VERSES written for the TOASTING-GLASSES of the KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

Lady CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can ev'ry muſe inſpire,
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

The

The SAME.

At once the ſun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flow'rs to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

Lady ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

The SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine,
The health's engaging and divine:
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair.

Lady HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

On Lady HYDE in child-bed.

Hyde, tho' in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the chearful morn.

Lady WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

To the Earl of GODOLPHIN.

WHilſt weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labour's long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependance merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance you approve:
A people at their eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices wou'd have.
Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves a matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen.
But now ſome ſtar ſiniſter to our pray'rs,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguiſh in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus like a victim, no conſtraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the ſame;
The vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your flame:
But tho' you ſuffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you ſet.

On

On the KING of SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built by hands divine;
But Love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a heroe, and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

To the Dutcheſs of B——— on her ſtaying all the winter in the country.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at * Kent's pavilion ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive gen'rals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides's labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Tho' each a goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

* A gallery the earl of Kent has built at St. James.

PRO-

PROLOGUE designed for TAMERLANE.

TO-day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm,
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no texts, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his pow'r.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britain, for ſhame your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of whig and tory in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
E'en abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

Prologue to the Muſick-meeting in York-Buildings.

WHERE muſic and more pow'rful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure, and the pain?
Here their ſoft magic thoſe two ſyrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wond'rous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre?
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we are decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant love more vaſſals makes than fear.
No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in deſire;
Thoſe fires the veſtals guard, can ne'er expire.

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.

Vows

Vows of virginity ſhou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves——you may
Be ſpiteful——and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you your ſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix;
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the pow'r of charms
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the ſoul ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And crowns leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

CLARE-

CLAREMONT

Addreſſed to the

EARL of CLARE.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain?
Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, our bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit,
And take off ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
No muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhow'r.
Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own.
Or if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe fame crys---Athens; honeſt truth----Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' floods of ink;
Flaggs with full ſail; and raiſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegryics laſh; their ſatyrs praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.

But ſuch a ſhameleſs muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vye with Jove.
To form great works puts fate it ſelf to pain,
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man.
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes tow'ring Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipſe produc'd * Alcmena's ſon:
The fire of gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
No bard for bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhou'd arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio ſenſe,
Shou'd indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part.
What then--you'll ſay, muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?
Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, ſcribble too.
The man who's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my muſe's homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or Holles cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.

When

* Hercules.

When Pelham you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir?
Hydaſpes that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt cryſtal glides.
But when new-gath'ring ſtreams enlarge his courſe,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, Clare, to name ſome nobler muſe,
That for her theme thy late receſs may chuſe.
Such bright deſcriptions ſhall the ſubject dreſs;
Such vary'd ſcenes, ſuch pleaſing images;
That ſwains ſhall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bow'rs,
And quit Arcadia for a ſeat like yours.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous part,
Where nature borrows dreſs from Vanbrug's art.
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aſpire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verſe thoſe riſing hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their ſilver rills:
Cloſe groves, and op'ning glades with verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing ſweets, and ſhrubs that balſam bleed.
With gay variety the proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon ſmiling round.
Whilſt I attempt to tell how antient fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.
In times of old when Britiſh nymphs were known
To love no foreign faſhions like their own;
When dreſs was monſtrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but (a) Woade.
Of Spaniſh red unheard was then the name;
For cheeks were only taught to bluſh by ſhame.

(a) Glaſtrum. See Pliny. Ἰσάτις. See Dioſcorides.

No beauty, to encreaſe her crowd of ſlaves,
Roſe out of waſh, as Venus out of waves.
Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paſte:
No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe providence had made.
Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilkworms ſpun for times to come.
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
All like Diana were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs.
(*a*) Upright in actions, and in thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what fancy wanted, reaſon had.
Whatever nature aſk'd, their hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art encreas'd phyſician's fees;
Nor ſerv'd up death in ſoups and friccaſees.
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.
Ere right and wrong, by turns, ſet prices bore;
And conſcience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters.
In thoſe good days of innocence, here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,
Frequented by the (*b*) Druids, to beſtow
Religious honours on the (*c*) Miſſelto. The

(*a*) Mores eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitate noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti. See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. L. IV. Verſ. Lat.

(*b*) Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos. Plin. L. XVI.

(*c*) Et nihil habent Druida viſco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius. Plin. ibid. Et Viſcum Druida. Ovid.

The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain:
Whether the buſy birds engraft it there:
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroak.
So when the Gauls the tow'rs of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outragious waſte;
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a God.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe;
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To (*a*) Hermes oft they paid their ſacrifice,
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No (*b*) politicks but publick intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.

No miter'd prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor, o'er his maſter, claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſev'ral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſymony, nor fine cure were known;
Nor wou'd the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail Abigals with fat pluralities.

(*a*) Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c. Cæſ.

(*b*) De republicâ, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur. Cæſ. Lib. VI.

But then in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land:
Cou'd tell what murrians in what months begun,
And how the (a) ſeaſons travell'd with the ſun:
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye.
All their remarks on nature's laws, require
More lines than wou'd ev'n Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian ſage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe.
For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own.
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt;
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jaſmin blows,
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere-long will blanch the lilly with a ſnow.
They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame;
And varies but in figure and in name.
And that the (c) ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat;
New rounds of life to run; or paſt, repeat.

Thus

(a) Multa prætera de ſideribus, & eorum motu, de rerum natura, &c. Cæſ.

(b) Imprimis hoc volunt perſuadere, non interire animas, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire ad alios. Cæſ.

Thus when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live;
In beings brave and virtuous they (*a*) revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd events, not ripe for fate, unfold.
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In (*b*) rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their (*c*) ſong.

The fair Montano, of the Sylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry grace.
His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighb'ring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.

Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flow'r, could boaſt more fragrancy.
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain ſnow more fair.
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe:
But thoſe are not ſo ſtreight; nor graceful theſe.
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue.
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.

The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.

(*a*) Et vos Barbaricos ritus —— Sacrorum Druida —— redituræ parcere vita. —— regit idem ſpiritus artus. Lucan. Lib. I.

(*b*) Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur. Cæſ.

(*c*) Superſtitione vanâ Druidæ canebant, &c. Tacit. L. IV.

All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace.
For tho' poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view;
To ſeize, is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs that yield too ſoon, their charms impair.
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees,
And palls the appetite he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with mould'ring ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall;
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall.
The claſping ivies up the ruin creep;
And there the bat, and drowſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the ſylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies;
But feels a fiercer flame; love's keeneſt dart
Finds through his eyes a paſſage to his heart.
Penſive the virgin ſat with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries,
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies,
That, in compaſſion leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here.
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.

From

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimm'ring light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities.
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn.
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the ſylvan lies.
The rural pow'rs the wond'rous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent honours pay.
Th' aſcent, with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrews the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.
Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the ev'ning ſhews a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales, he rang'd before.

Her

Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to nothing waſted, voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the (*a*) Delphic god inſpir'd.
E'er twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſceptre ſway.
No more fair Liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The maid is reſcu'd, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.
From (*b*) Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore;
Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her ſafety to ſecure, two pow'rs accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Tho' captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage;
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age;
Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſlead;
And laws ev'n by the legiſlators bleed;
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
For tyrants are but princes in diſguiſe,
Tho' ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolomies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's (*c*) order early he ſhall wear;
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.

(*a*) Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c. Cic. de Divinatione.

(*b*) Son of Jupiter and Danae.

(*c*) Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant. Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.

Oft will his leiſure this retirement chuſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the muſe,
And to record the ſylvan's fatal flame,
The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

AN

ESSAY

ON

OVID's METAMORPHOSES;

Prefixed to the Tranſlation of OVID, publiſhed by the AUTHOR.

THE method I propoſe in writing this preface, is to take notice of ſome of the beauties of the Metamorphoſes, and alſo of the faults, and particular affectations. After which I ſhall proceed to hint at ſome rules for tranſlation in general; and ſhall give a ſhort account of the following verſion.

I ſhall not pretend to impoſe my opinion on others with the magiſterial authority of a critic; but only take the liberty of diſcovering my own taſte. I ſhall endeavour to ſhew our poet's redundance of wit, juſtneſs of compariſons, elegance of deſcriptions, and peculiar delicacy in touching every circumſtance relating to the paſſions, and affections; and with the ſame impartiality, and frankneſs, I ſhall confeſs the too frequent puerilities of his luxuriant fancy, and the too great negligence of his ſometimes unlaboured verſification.

I am not of an opinion, too common to tranſlators, to think that one is under an obligation to extol every thing he finds in the author he undertakes: I am ſure one is no more obliged to do ſo, than a painter is to make every face, that ſits to him, handſome. 'Tis enough if he ſets the beſt features he finds, in their full, and moſt advantageous light. But if the poet has private deformities, tho' good-breeding will not allow to expoſe him naked, yet ſurely there can be no reaſon to recommend him, as the moſt finiſh'd model of harmony, and proportion.

Whoever has this undiſtinguiſhing complaiſance, will not fail to vitiate the taſte of the readers, and miſguide many of them in their judgment, where to approve, and where to cenſure.

It muſt be granted, that where there appears an infinite variety of inimitable excellencies, it would be too harſh, and diſingenuous to be ſevere on ſuch faults, as have eſcaped rather thro' want of leiſure, and opportunity to correct, than thro' the erroneous turn of a deprav'd judgment. How ſenſible Ovid himſelf was of the uncorrectedneſs of the metamorphoſes, appears from theſe lines prefix'd before ſome of the editions by the care of his commentators.

Orba parente ſuo quicunque volumina tangis,
His ſaltem veſtrâ detur in urbe locus.
Quóque magis faveas; non ſunt hæc edita ab illo,
Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui.
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit
Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat. Triſt. El. vi.

Since therefore the readers are not ſolemnly invited to an entertainment, but come accidentally; they ought to be contented with what they find: And pray what have they to complain of, but too great variety? where, tho' ſome of the diſhes be not ſerved in the exacteſt order and politeneſs, but haſh'd up in haſte; there are a great many accommodated to every particular palate.

To

To like every thing, ſhews too little delicacy; and to like nothing, too much difficulty. So great is the variety of this poem, that the reader, who is never pleaſed, will appear as monſtrous, as he that is always ſo. Here are the hurries of battels for the heroe, tender emotions of ſoul for the lover, a ſearch and penetration into nature for the philoſopher; fluency of numbers, and moſt expreſſive figures for the poet; morals for the ſerious, and plaiſantries for admirers of points of wit.

'Tis certain a poet is more to be ſuſpected for ſaying too much, than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. If our author, inſtead of ſaying all he could, had only ſaid all he ſhould, Daphne had done well to fly from the god of wit, in order to crown his poet: Thus Ovid had been more honoured, and adored in his exile, than Auguſtus in his triumphs.

I ſhall now attempt to give ſome inſtances of the happineſs, and vaſt extent of our author's imagination. I ſhall not proceed according to the order of the poem, but rather tranſcribe ſome lines here, and there, as my reflection ſhall ſuggeſt.

Nec circumfuſo pendebat in aere tellus
Ponderibus librata ſuis———

Thus was the ſtate of nature before the creation: And here it is obvious, that Ovid had a diſcerning notion of the gravitation of bodies. 'Tis now demonſtrated, that every part of matter tends to every part of matter with a force, which is always in a direct ſimple proportion of the quantity of the matter, and an inverſe duplicate proportion of the diſtance; which tendency, or gravitating is conſtant, and univerſal. This power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the ſolid content of bodies, and never in any proportion to their ſuperficies, cannot be explained by any material impulſe; For the laws of impulſe are phyſically neceſſary: There can be no αὐτεξσιον, or arbitrary principle, in meer matter;

matter; its parts cannot move, unleſs they be moved; and cannot do otherwiſe, when preſſed on by other parts in motion; and therefore 'tis evident from the following lines, that Ovid ſtrictly adher'd to the opinion of the moſt diſcerning philoſophers, who taught that all things were formed by a wiſe, and intelligent mind.

Juſſit & extendi campos, ſubſidere valles,
Fronde tegi ſylvas———

The Fiat of the Hebrew law-giver is not more ſublime, than the Juſſit of the Latin poet, who goes on in the ſame elevated, and philoſophical ſtyle.

His ſuper impoſuit liquidum & gravitate carentem
Æthera———

Here the author ſpreads a thin veil of æther over his infant creation; and tho' his aſſerting the upper region to be void of gravitation, may not, in a mathematical rigour, be true; yet 'tis found from the natural enquiries made ſince, and eſpecially from the learned Dr. Halley's diſcourſe on the barometer, that if, on the ſurface of the earth, an inch of quickſilver in the tube be equal to a cylinder of air, of 300 foot, it will be at a mile's height equal to a cylinder of air of 2700000: and therefore the air at ſo great a diſtance from the earth, muſt be rarified to ſo great a degree, that the ſpace it fills muſt bear a very ſmall proportion to that which is intirely void of matter.

I think, we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our author has writ on the Roman feaſts, that he cou'd not be totally ignorant of aſtronomy. Some of the critics wou'd inſinuate from the following lines, that he miſtook the annual motion of the ſun for the diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum——— Met. B. 2.

Though the ſun be always in one or other of the ſigns of the Zodiac, and never goes by either motion more north-

northward, or ſouthward, than is here deſcrib'd; yet Phaeton being deſign'd to drive the chariot but one day, ought to have been directed in the æquator, or a circle parallel to it, and not round the other oblique one of the ecliptic: a degree of which, and that by a motion contrary to the diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of time.

I am inclined to think, that Ovid had ſo great an attention to poetical embelliſhments, that he voluntarily declined a ſtrict obſervance of any aſtronomical ſyſtem. For tho' that ſcience was far from being neglected in former ages; yet the progreſs which was made in it, by no means equalled that of our preſent time.

Lucretius, tho' in other things moſt penetrating, deſcribes the ſun ſcarce bigger, than he appears to the eye.

Nec nimio ſolis major rota, nec minor ardor
Eſſe poteſt, noſtris quam ſenſibus eſſe videtur.

And Homer, imagining the ſeats of the gods above the fixed ſtars, repreſents the falling of Vulcan from thence to the iſle of Lemnos, to continue during a whole day.

Πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ——— Il. B. 1.

The Greek poet aims here to give a ſurpriſing idea of the height of the celeſtial manſions: but if the computation of a modern aſtronomer be true, they are at ſo much a greater diſtance, that Vulcan would have been more years in falling, than he was minutes.

But leſt I ſhould exceed the uſual length of a preface, I ſhall now give ſome inſtances of the propriety of our author's ſimiles, and epithets; the perſpicuity of his allegories; the inſtructive excellence of the morals; the peculiar happy turn of his fancy; and ſhall begin with the elegance of his deſcriptions.

———Madidis notus evolat alis,
Terribilem piceâ tectus caligine vultum.

Barba

Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte ſedent nebulæ, rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.

Sternuntur ſegetes, & deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.

Met. B. 1.

Theſe lines introduce thoſe of the deluge, which are alſo very poetical, and worthy to be be compared with the next, concerning the golden age.

———Sine militis uſu
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipſa quoque immunis raſtroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per ſe dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderunt patulâ jovis arbore glandes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.

Virgil has alſo touched upon the ſame ſubject in the end of the ſecond Georgick.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, nec dum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.

And again

Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus olympo

Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo ſub rege fuerunt
Sæcula: ſic placidâ populos in pace regebat.

Æn. B. 8. l. 319.

Some of the lines, a little foreign to the preſent, are omitted; but I mall make the moſt admirable author amends by tranſcribing at length his next deſcription.

'Tis

'Tis of a ſtag, which gave the firſt occaſion to the war betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians: I chuſe this, becauſe my deſign is to have theſe two great poets ſeen together, where the ſubject happens to be almoſt the ſame, tho' the nature of the poems be very different.

Cervus erat formâ præſtanti, & cornibus ingens,
Tyrrheidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, Tyrrheuſque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, & latè cuſtodia credita campi.
Aſſuetum imperiis ſoror omni Sylvia curâ
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua ſertis:
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manûm patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili
Errabat ſylvis ———————

Æn. B. 7. l. 483.

The image which Ovid gives of the favourite ſtag ſlain by Cypariſſus, ſeems not of leſs dignity.

Ingens cervus erat, latéque patentibus altas
Ipſo ſuo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demiſſaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla ſuper frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
Iſque metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
Depoſito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla
Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere ſolebat.
Gratus erat Cypariſſe tibi, Tu pabula cervum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.
- -
Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo reſidens, huc latus & illuc
Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capiſtris.

In the following lines, Ovid deſcribes the watry court of the river Peneus, which the reader may compare with

Virgil's ſubterranean grot of Cyrene the Naïad, mother to Ariſtæus.

Eſt nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
Silva: vocant Tempe, per quæ Penëus ab imo
Effuſus Pindo ſpumoſis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, ſummaſque aſpergine ſylvas
Impluit, & ſonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæ ſedes, hæc ſunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc reſidens facto de cautibus antro
Undis jura dabat, Nymphiſque colentibus undas.
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
Neſcia gratentur, conſolenturve parentem,
Populifer Sperchëos, & irrequietus Enipeus,
Eridanuſque ſenex, leniſque Amphryſos, & Æas;
Moxque amnes alii, qui, quà tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt feſſas erroribus undas.

Met. B. 1.

Triſtis Ariſtæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans ——— ——— ———

- -

Jamque domum mirans genetricis, & humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clauſos, lucoſque ſonantes,
Ibat; & ingenti motu ſtupefactus aquarum,
Omnia ſub magnâ labentia flumine terrâ
Spectabat diverſa locis, Phaſimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum ſe erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, & unde Aniena fluenta,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit annis.

G. B. 4.

The divine poet goes on in pomp of numbers, and eaſy magnificence of words, 'till he introduces the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice; in the narration of which, he is as much ſuperior to Ovid, as the reeds of his own Mantuan ſhepherds are leſs muſical, than the lyre of Orpheus.

That

That I may not be too long on this article, I ſhall recommend to the reader, Ovid's admirable deſcription of ſleep.

——— *Eſt prope Cimmerios* —
That of hunger
——— *Eſt locus extremis Scythiæ* —— B. 8.
That of the plague
——— *Dira lues* ——————— B. 7.
That of fame
——— *Orbe locus medio eſt* ——— B. 12.

Virgil has alſo touch'd on the two laſt; in the one he had Lucretius in view; in the other Homer: and I think it will not be to the diſadvantage of our author to appear at the ſame time.

There are many other deſcriptions ſcatter'd in the Metamorphoſes, which for juſt expreſſion of nature, and majeſtic modulation of words, are only inferior to thoſe already tranſcribed, as they are ſhorter; which makes the objection, that his diction is commonly loitering into proſe, a great deal too ſevere.

The metamorphoſes muſt be conſidered, as is obſerved before, very uncorrect; and Virgil's works as finiſh'd: tho' his own modeſty would not allow the Æneids to be ſo. It ſeems it was harder for him to pleaſe himſelf, than his readers. His judgment was certainly great, nor was his vivacity of imagination leſs; for the firſt without the laſt is too heavy, and like a dreſs without fancy; and the laſt without the firſt is too gay, and but all trimming.

Our author's ſimilitudes are next to be conſidered, which are always remarkably ſhort, and convey ſome pleaſing idea to the imagination. 'Tis in this branch of the poem, that he has diſcover'd as juſt a judgment, as any of the claſſics whatever. Poets, to give a looſe to a warm fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their ſimiles, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the firſt, they detain the attention

too long from the principal narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent breaches in the unity of the poem.

Theſe two errors Ovid has moſt diſcerningly avoided. How ſhort, and ſignificant are generally his compariſons! he fails not, in theſe, to keep a ſtiff rein on a high-mettled Pegaſus; and takes care not to ſurfeit here, as he had done on other heads, by an erroneous abundance.

His ſimiles are thicker ſown by much in the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, than in any other book, but always ſhort.

The nymph claſps the youth cloſe to her breaſt, and both inſenſibly grow one.

——Velut ſi quis conducto cortice ramos
Creſcendo jungi, pariterque adoleſcere cernat.

Met. B. 4.

Again, as Atalanta reddens in the race with Hippomenes,

Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum ſuper atria velum
Candida purpureum ſimulatas inficit umbras.

Met. B. 10.

Philomela's tongue ſeem'd to move after it was cut out by Tereus.

Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat —————— Met. B. 6.

Cadmus ſows the dragon's teeth, and the ſons of the earth riſe gradually.

Inde fide majus glebæ cepêre moveri;
Primaque de ſulcis acies apparuit haſtæ;
Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
Mox humeri, pectuſque ——
Sic ubi tolluntur feſtis aulæa theatris

Surgere

Surgere ſigna ſolent, primumque oſtendere vultum,
Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
Toto patent, imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

Met. B. 3.

The objection to Ovid, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifeſt. Tho' he frequently expatiates on the ſame thought, in different words; yet in his ſimiles, that exuberance is avoided. There is in them all, a ſimplicity, and a confinement to the preſent object; always a fecundity of fancy, but rarely an intemperance: nor do I remember he has erred above once by an ill-judg'd ſuperfluity. After he has deſcribed the labyrinth built by Dedalus, he compares it thus,

Non ſecus ac liquidus Phrygiis Mæandros in arvis
Ludit, & ambiguo lapſu refluitque, fluitque;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare verſus apertum
Incertus exercet aquas ——————— Met. B. 8.

He ſhould have ended at the cloſe of the ſecond line, as Virgil ſhould have done at the end of the fourth in his noble ſimile, where Dido proceeds to the temple, with her court about her.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Oreades, illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque Deas ſupereminet omnes:
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

Æn. B. 4.

I ſee no reaſon for the laſt line: tho' the poet be juſtly celebrated for a moſt conſummate judgment, yet by an endeavour to imitate Homer's ſimiles, he is not only very long, but by introducing ſeveral circumſtances he fails of an applicable relation betwixt the principal ſubject, and his new ideas. He ſometimes thinks fit to work into the piece ſome differing embroidery, which, tho' very rich, yet makes at beſt but glorious patch-

work. I really believe his excellent poem had not been the leſs ſo, if, in this article, he had thought fit to have walked on in his own regular and majeſtic grace, rather than have been hurried forward through broken by-ways by his blind guide.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of his ſimiles which is not cull'd out, but exactly of the ſame texture with all the reſt in the four laſt books of the Æneids.

Turnus leaps in fury from his chariot.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum —— Æn. B. 12. l. 684.

It does not ſeem to be at all material, whether the rock was blown or waſhed down by wind or rain, or undermined by time.

But to return to Ovid; the reader may take notice how unforced his compliments, and how natural his tranſitions generally are. With how much eaſe does he ſlide into ſome new circumſtance, without any violation of the unity of the ſtory! The texture is ſo artful, that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the ſhade dies ſo gradually, and the light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the ſtory of Apollo and Daphne; how happily does he introduce a compliment to the Roman conquerors!

——*Et conjux quoniam mea non potes eſſe,*
Arbor eris certè ——
Tu Ducibus lætis aderis, cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, & longæ viſent Capitolia pompæ.
Poſtibus Auguſtis eadem fidiſſima cuſtos
Ante fores ſtabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

Met. B. 1.

He

He compliments Auguſtus upon the aſſignation of Julius; and, by way of ſimile, takes the opportunity from the horror that the barbarity of Lycaon gave.

——— Sic cum manus impia ſævit
Sanguine Cæſareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deify'd, and looks down on his adopted ſon.

——— Nat que videns benefacta, fatetur
Eſſe ſuis majora, & vinci gaudet ab illo.

Met. B. 15.

And immediately follows,

Hic ſua præferri quanquam vetat acta paternis,
Libera fama tamen, nulliſque obnoxia juſſis
Invitum præfert ——————

The author in the two firſt lines ſhews the affectionate condeſcenſion of the father; in the three laſt, the pious gratitude of the ſon.

The compliments to Auguſtus are very frequent in the laſt book of the Metamorphoſes; as thoſe to the ſame emperor are in the Georgics of Virgil, which alſo ſtrike the imagination by their agreeable flattery.

Hæc ſuper arvorum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
Et ſuper arboribus; Cæſar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.

G. 1.

Again on Julius,

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris
Julius ——————

Æn. B. 1.

The compliments have a great ſublimity, and are worthy of the grandeur of the heroes, and the wit of the poet.

Ovid as much deſerves praiſe for ſaying a great deal in a little, as cenſure for ſaying a little in a great deal.

None of the claſſic poets had the talent of expreſſing himſelf with more force and perſpicuity.

Phaeton deſires ſome pledge of his father's tenderneſs, and aſks to be truſted with his chariot. He anſwers,

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.

Met. B. 2.

However, the latter complies with his importunity; the conſequence is fatal, the world is ſet on fire, even the rivers feel the force of the conflagration. The Tagus boils,

——————*Fluit ignibus Aurum.*

The Nile retreats,

Occultitque caput, quod adhuc latet ——

Xanthus is parched up,

Arſuruſque iterum Xanthus ——

The poet's fancy is here full of energy, as well as in the following lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promiſes himſelf ſucceſs, but is diſappointed.

Quodque cupit, ſperat; ſuaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And again,

The river Achelous combats Hercules, and aſſumes ſeveral ſhapes in vain, then puts on at laſt that of a ſnake; the hero ſmiles in contempt.

Cunarum labor eſt angues ſuperare mearum.

Ovid never excels himſelf ſo much, as when he takes occaſion to touch upon the paſſion of love; all hearts are in a manner ſenſible of the ſame emotions; and, like inſtruments tuned uniſons, if a ſtring of any one of them be ſtruck, the reſt by conſent, vibrate.

Procris

Procris is jealous of Cephalus; ſhe endeavours to be confirmed in her fears, but hopes the contrary,

——*Speratque miſerrima falli.*

The next is not leſs natural,

——*Sed cuncta timemus amantes.*

Byblis is in love with Caunus. The ſtruggle is betwixt her unlawful flame, and her honour.

She's all confuſion at the thoughts of diſcovering her paſſion ——

——*miſerere fatentis amorem.*

She attempts to write,

Incipit & dubitat: ſcribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet; mutat, culpatque probatque.

In the end, inclination, as it does always, gets the better of diſcretion.

This laſt fable ſhews how touchingly the poet argues in love affairs, as well as thoſe of Medea, and Scylla. The two laſt are left by their heroes, and their reflections are very natural and affecting. Ovid ſeemed here to have had Virgil's paſſion of Dido in his eye, but with this difference; the one had converſed much with ladies, and knew they loved to talk a great deal: the other conſidered no leſs, what was natural for them to ſay, than what became them to ſay.

Virgil has, through the whole management of this rencounter, diſcovered a moſt finiſhed judgment. Æneas, like other men, likes for convenience, and leaves for greater. Dido, like other ladies, reſents the neglect, enumerates the obligations the lover is under, upbraids him with ingratitude, threatens him with revenge, then by and by ſubmits, begs for compaſſion, and has recourſe to tears.

It appears from this piece, that Virgil was a diſcerning maſter in the paſſion of love: And they that conſider the ſpirit, and turn of that inimitable line —— *Qui Bavium non odit* —— cannot doubt but he had an equal talent for ſatyr.

Nor does the genius of Ovid more exert on the ſubject of love, than on all others. In the contention of Ajax, Ulyſſes's elocution is moſt nervous, and perſuading. Where he endeavours to diſſuade mankind from indulging carnivorous appetites in his Pythagorean philoſophy, how emphatical is his reaſoning!

Quid meruêre boves, animal ſine fraude, doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare laborem?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus
Qui potuit curvi demto modò pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare ſuum —— Met. B. 15.

I think Agricolam had been ſtronger, but the authority of manuſcripts does not warrant that emendation.

Through the whole texture of this work, Ovid diſcovers the higheſt humanity, and a moſt exceeding good nature. The virtuous in diſtreſs are always his concern; and his wit contrives to give them an immortality with himſelf.

He ſeems to have taken the moſt pains in the firſt and ſecond book of the Metamorphoſes, though the thirteenth abounds with ſentiments moſt moving, and with calamitous incidents, introduced with great art. The poet had here in view, the tragedy of Hecuba in Euripides; and 'tis a wonder it has never been attempted in our own tongue. The houſe of Priam is deſtroyed, his royal daughter a ſacrifice to the Manes of him that occaſioned it. She is forced from the arms of her unhappy friends, and hurried to the altar, where ſhe behaves herſelf with a decency becoming her ſex, and a magnanimity equal to her blood, and ſo very affecting, that even the prieſt wept.

—— *Ipſe etiam flens, invituſque ſacerdos, &c.*

She

She ſhews no concern at approaching death, but on the account of her old unfortunate mother.

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere poſſit.
Mater obeſt, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis
Non mea mors illi, verum ſua vita gemenda eſt.

Then begs her body may be deliver'd to her without ranſom,

——— Genetrici corpus inemptum
Reddite; neve auro redimat jus triſte ſepulchri,
Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

The unhappy queen laments ſhe is not able to give her daughter royal burial,

Non hæc eſt fortuna domûs ———

Then takes the body in her decrepid arms, and halts to the ſea to waſh off the blood,

——Ad littus paſſu proceſſit anili
Albentes laniata comas.——

The animated thoughts, and lively images of this poem, are numerous. None ever painted more to the life, than our author, tho' ſeveral groteſque figures are now and then ſeen in the ſame groupe. The moſt plentiful ſeaſon, that gives birth to the fineſt flowers, produces alſo the rankeſt weeds. *Ovid* has ſhewn in one line, the brighteſt fancy, ſometimes; and in the next, the pooreſt affectation.

Venus makes court to Adonis,

———————Et ecce!
Opportuna ſuâ blanditur Populus umbrâ;
Et requievit humo; preſſitque & gramen & ipſum.
Met. B. 10. l. 556.

Phœbus requeſts Phaeton to deſiſt from his requeſt,

——Con-

——— *Conſiliis, non curribus utere noſtris.*

Cœneus, in the battle of the Centaurs, wounds Latrens in ſeveral places.

———*Vulnuſque in vulnere fecit.*

Theſe are ſome of our poet's boyiſms. There is another affectation, called by Quintilian Ὀξύμωρον, or a witty folly, which would not have appeared quite ſo trifling, had it been leſs frequent.

Medea perſuades the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, in order to have his youth renewed. She, that loves him beſt, gives the firſt wound,

Et, ne ſit ſcelerata, facit ſcelus——— Met. B. 7.

Althea is enraged at her ſon Meleager, and to do juſtice to the Manes of his brothers, deſtroys him,

Impietate pia eſt———

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flouriſhing condition of the city,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of ſuch witticiſms, which are more to be wondered at, becauſe they were not the faſhion of that age, as punns and quibbles are of this. Virgil, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once, or twice.

Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus——— G. B. 1. l. 63.

Juno is in indignation at Æneas, upon his arrival in Italy.

Num capti potuere capi? num incenſa cremavit
Troja viros? ——— Æn. 7. l. 295.

The

The poet is ſo far from affecting this ſort of wit, that he rarely ventures on ſo ſpirited a turn of fancy, as in theſe following inſtances.

Juno upbraids Venus and Cupid, ironically, that two deities could be able to get the better of one weak woman.

——*Memorabile nomen,*
Unda dolo Divûm ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt.
Æn. B. 4. l. 95.

Euryalus, going upon an enterprize, expreſſes his concern for his ſurviving mother, if he ſhould fall, and recommends her to the care of Aſcanius, who anſwers,

Namque erit iſta mihi genitrix, nomenque Creûſæ
Solùm defuerit ——

Venus is importunate in her ſollicitations to Vulcan, to make armour for her ſon: he anſwers,

——*Abſiſte precando*
Viribus indubitare tuis —— Æn. B. 7.

At the firſt kindling of Dido's paſſion, he has this moſt natural thought,

——*Illum abſens abſentem auditque videtque.*

But to return to Ovid; tho' I cannot vindicate him for his points, I ſhall endeavour to molify his critics, when they give him no quarter for his diction, and attack him ſo inflexibly for ending his lines with monoſyllables, as ——*ſi quis* ——*ſi non*, &c. and as I think he cannot be excuſed more advantageouſly, than by affirming, that where he has done it once, Virgil has twenty times.

—— *& cum* G. 1.
—— *ſi quis* G. 2.
—— *nec dum* G. 2.

——*ſi*

——— *ſi quam* Æn. 1.
——— *ſi quis* Æn. 7.
——— *jam bos* Æn. 12.
——— *nunc nunc* ——— *&c.*

There are a great many endings of lines in this manner, and more indeed than ſeems conſiſtent with the majeſty of heroic verſe. When lines are deſign'd to be *ſermoni propiores*, this liberty may be allowable, but not ſo when the ſubject requires more ſonorous numbers. Virgil ſeems to endeavour to keep up his verſification to an harmonious dignity; and therefore, when fit words do not offer with ſome eaſe, he'll rather break off in an Hemiſtic, than that the line ſhould be lazy, and languid. He well knew, how eſſential it was in poetry to flatter the ear; and at the ſame time was ſenſible, that this organ grows tired by a conſtant attention to the ſame harmony; and therefore he endeavoured now and then to relieve it by a cadence of pauſes, and a variation of meaſures.

Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracyntho, Ecl. 2.

This line ſeems not tuneful at the firſt hearing; but by repetition, it reconciles itſelf, and has the ſame effect with ſome compoſitions of muſic, which are at the firſt performance tireſome, and afterward entertaining.

The commentators, and critics are of opinion, that whenever Virgil is leſs muſical, it is where he endeavours at an agreement of the ſound with the ſenſe, as,

——— *Procumbit humi bos.*

It would ſhew as much ſingularity to deny this, as it does a fanciful facility to affirm it, becauſe it is obvious, in many places he had no ſuch view.

——— *Inventa ſub illicibus ſus.* Æn. 3. l. 390.
——— *Denteſque ſabellicus exacuit ſus.* G. 3. l. 255.

—— *Jam ſetis obſita, jam bos.* Æn. 7. l. 790.
—— *Furor adaitus, inde lupi ceu, &c.*
Æn. 11. l. 355.

The places, which favour moſt the firſt opinion are,

Saxa per & ſpeculos, & depreſſas convalles.
G. 3. l. 275.

—— *Sæpe exiguus mus.*
Omnia ſub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ. G. 4.

The laſt line is the only inſtance, I remember (except one in *Ecl.* 2.) where the words terminate in the ſame vowel, and ſeem to repreſent the conſtant and uniform ſound of a ſliding ſtream.

Thoſe, that are moſt converſant in claſſic poetry, muſt be ſenſible, that Virgil has been much more ſolicitous, than Ovid, to keep up his lines to an eaſy, and a muſical flow; but tho' the critics charge the latter with breaking through proſody and grammar, and allowing himſelf too often the licence of græciſms; I take this cenſure to be only an arrogant pedantry in the grammarians, and groundleſs in it ſelf; but tho' it were true, I dare be confident it is full as juſt upon Virgil,

—— *Curru ſubjungere Tigres,* Ecl. 5. l. 29.

for *Currui*, according to the grammarians.

Often adjectives for adverbs; and the contrary.

G. 1. —— *Pingui culta*; an adjective for a ſubſtantive.

——— *Denſo diſtinguere pingui*; the ſame.

Æn. 11. l. 69. —— *Seu languentis Hyacinthi*; firſt foot of the dactyl ſhort,

Æn. 4. —— *Tulerunt faſtidia menſes*; the penultima of the verb ſhort,

Obſtupui ſteteruntque comæ —— the ſame.

So *Lucretius, prodiderunt, reciderunt, &c.*

G.

G. 2. l. 5. —— *Pampineo gravidus autumno*; an iambic for a ſpondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus campuſque per omnes; an anapeſt for a dactyl, or a ſpondee.

Æn. 10. l. 29. *Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Meſthes*; a trochee, unleſs the two conſonants M N of the following word be allowed.

G. 1. l. 456. *Ferwere, non illâ quiſquam* ——

The penultima commonly ſhort with Virgil, ſo *fulgere, ſtridere, &c.*

Æn. 12. l. 680. —— *Sine me furere ante furorem*;

a græciſm.

G. 1. l. 281. —— *Imponere Pelio oſſam*; a græciſm, where there is no eliſion, but the long vowel before another made ſhort.

The learned and reverend Dr. Clark has obſerved, (as he tells me) that tho' there be ſeveral ſhort vowels made long in Homer, yet there is no inſtance on the contrary, of any long vowel (ſuch as the firſt ſyllable of πάμα, ψυχὴ, νίκη, and the like) ever made ſhort, where no vowel follows. Which ſhows that there is no ſuch thing as a *poetica licentia*, properly ſo called.

Certainly no body can imagine but theſe two celebrated authors underſtood their own tongue, better than the ſcrupulous gramarians of after-ages, who are too dogmatical, and ſelf-ſufficient, when they preſume to cenſure either of them for not attending enough to ſyntax, and the meaſure of verſe. The Latin tongue is a dead language, and none can decide with confidence on the harmony, or diſſonance of the numbers of theſe times, unleſs they were thoroughly acquainted with their pauſes, and cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more aſſurance on their diction; and diſtinguiſh where they have been negligent, and where more finiſhed.

There

There are certainly many lines in Ovid, where he has been downright lazy, and where he might have avoided the appearance of being obviouſly ſo, by a very little application. In recording the ſucceſſion of the Alban kings, thus,

Epitus ex illo eſt, poſt hunc Capetuſque, Capyſque,
Sed Capys ante fuit———

There are alſo ſeveral lines in Virgil, which are not altogether tunable to a modern ear, and which appear unfiniſhed.

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendæ in ſulcum——— G. 2. l. 61.
Præſertim ſi tempeſtas a vertice ſylvis
Incubuit——— G. 2. l. 310.
Quaſve referre parem? ſed nunc eſt omnia quando
Iſte animus ſupra——— Æn. 11. l. 509.
Iſta quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter——— Æn. 12. l. 108.

But the ſun has its ſpots; and if amongſt thouſands of inimitable lines, there ſhould be ſome found of an unequal dignity with the reſt, nothing can be ſaid for their vindication more, than, if they be faults, they are the faults of Virgil.

As I ought to be on this occaſion an advocate for Ovid, who I think is too much run down at preſent by the critical ſpirit of this nation; I dare ſay, I cannot be more effectually ſo, than by comparing him in many places with his admired contemporary Virgil; and tho' the laſt certainly deſerves the palm, I ſhall make uſe of Ovid's own lines, in the tryal of ſtrength betwixt Acheloüs and Hercules, to ſhew how much he is honoured by the contention.

——— Non tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum.

Met. B. 9.

I ſhall finiſh my remarks on our author, by taking notice of the juſtneſs, and perſpicuity of his allegories; which are either phyſical, or natural; moral, or hiſtorical. Of the firſt kind is the fable of Apollo, and Python; in the explanation of this all the mythologiſts agree; exhalations and miſts, being the conſtant effects of inundations are here diſſipated by the rays of the ſun.

Of the ſecond kind, are *Actæon* torn to pieces by his own pack of dogs, and Eriſicthon ſtarved by the diſeaſe of hunger. Theſe two allegories ſeem to ſignify, that extravagance and luxury end in want.

Of the third, is the ſtory of the rape of Europa. Hiſtory ſays, ſhe was daughter to Agenor, and carried by the Candians in a gally, bearing a bull in the ſtern, in order to be married to one of their kings named Jupiter.

This explanation gives an occaſion for a digreſſion, which is not altogether foreign to the preſent purpoſe, becauſe it will be of uſe to juſtify Ovid on ſome other occaſions, where he is cenſured for being too free with the characters of the gods. I was once repreſenting the metamorphoſes, as an excellent ſyſtem of morality; but an illuſtrious lady, whoſe leaſt advantage above her ſex, is that of being one of the greateſt princeſſes in Europe, objected, that the looſe and immodeſt ſallies of Jupiter did by no means confirm my aſſertion.

One muſt conſider, that what appeared an abſurdity in Ovid, is not ſo much his own fault, as that of the times before him. The characters of the gods of the old heroic age repreſented them unjuſt in their actions; mutable in their deſigns; partial in their favours; ignorant of events; ſcurrilous in their language. Some of the ſuperior hierarchy treating one another with injurious brutalities, and are often guilty of ſuch indecencies and miſbehaviour as the loweſt of mortals would bluſh to own. Juno calls Diana, the goddeſs of chaſtity, κύον ἀδδεὲς, brazen faced bitch; Hom. II. B. 21. l. 481. Jupiter inſults his daughter, the goddeſs of wiſdom, for raſhneſs and folly; bids Iris tell her, he'll maul her coach-horſes for her like a ſurly bitch as ſhe is; αἰνοτάτη κύο: Il. B. 8.

B. 8. from l. 400. to l. 425. then threatens in another place to beat his wife, that divine vixen, the immortal partner of the Empyreal throne, καί σε πλαγῆσιν ἰμάσσω. Il. B. 15. l. 17.

The commentators may endeavour to hide thoſe abſurdities under the veil of allegories; but the reader that conſiders the whole texture of the Iliad, will find that the author's meaning, and their interpretation, are often as unlike, as the imaginary heroes of his time, are to the real ones of ours.

Allegories ſhould be obvious, and not like meteors in the air, which repreſent a different figure to every different eye. Now they are armies of ſoldiers; now flocks of ſheep; and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the critics of a more exalted taſte, may diſcover ſuch beauties in the antient poetry, as may eſcape the comprehenſion of us pigmies of a more limited genius. They may be able to fathom the divine ſenſe of the Pagan theology; whilſt we aim at no more, than to judge of a little common ſenſe.

It is, and ever will be a rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general vogue, tho' never ſo ill grounded. The moſt are afraid of being particular; and rather than ſtrive againſt the ſtream, are proud of being in the wrong with the many, rather than deſirous of being in the right with the few: and tho' they be convinc'd of the reaſonableneſs of diſſenting from the common cry, yet out of a poor fear of cenſure, they contribute to eſtabliſh it, and thus become an authority againſt others, who in reality are but of their own opinion.

Ovid was ſo far from paying a blind deference to the venerable name of his Grecian predeceſſor, in the character of his God; that when Jupiter puniſhes Andromeda for the crimes of her mother, he calls him "injuſtus Ammon," Met. B. 4. and takes commonly an honourable care of the decorum of the Godhead, when their actions are conſiſtent with the divinity of their character. His

allegories include ſome religious, or inſtructive moral, wrapped up in a peculiar perſpicuity. The fable of Proſerpina, being ſometimes in hell, and ſometimes with Ceres her mother, can ſcarce mean any thing elſe than the ſowing and coming up of corn. The various dreſſes, that Vertumnus, the god of ſeaſons, puts on in his courtſhip of Pomona the garden goddeſs, ſeem plainly to expreſs the different and moſt proper times for digging, planting, pruning, and gathering the increaſe. I ſhall be ſhorter on this head, becauſe our countryman Mr. Sands has, by a laborious ſearch amonſt the mythologiſts, been very full. He has annexed his explanations to the end of each book, which deſerve to be recommended to thoſe, that are curious in this figurative learning.

The reader cannot fail of obſerving, how many excellent leſſons of morality Ovid has given us in the courſe of his fables.

The ſtory of Deucalion, and Pyrrha teaches, that piety and innocence cannot miſs of the divine protection, and that the only loſs irreparable is that of our probity, and juſtice.

That of Phaeton; how the too great tenderneſs of the parent proves a cruelty to the child; and that he, who wou'd climb to the ſeat of Jupiter, generally meets with his bolt by the way.

The tale of Baucis and Philemon is moſt inimitably told. He omits not the minuteſt circumſtance of a cottage life; and is much fuller than Virgil, where he brings in his contented old man Corycius, G. 4. Ovid repreſents a good old couple; happy and ſatisfied in a cleanly poverty; hoſpitable, and free of the few things, that fortune had given them; moderate in deſires; affectionate in their conjugal relation; ſo religious in life, that when they obſerved their homely cabbin riſing to a Temple, all the bounty they aſked of the gods they had entertained, was, that they might do the office of

prieſt-

prieſthood there; and at their death, not ſervive one another.

The ſtories of Lycaon, and Pentheus, not only deter from infidelity, and irreverence to the gods; but the laſt ſhews, that too great zeal produces the ſame effects, as none at all; and that enthuſiaſm is often more cruel, that atheiſm.

The ſtory of Minos, and Scylla repreſents the infamy of ſelling our country; and teaches, that even they who love the crime, abhor the criminal.

In Cippus we find a noble magnanimity, and heavenly ſelf-denial; he preferred the good of the republick to his own private grandeur; and choſe with an exemplary generoſity, rather to live a private free-man out of Rome, than to command numbers of ſlaves in it.

From the ſtory of Hercules we learn, that glory is a lady, who, like many others, loves to have her admirers ſuffer a great deal for her. The poet enumerates the labours of the hero; ſhews how he conquered every thing for others, but nothing for himſelf: Then does him the poetical juſtice of an apotheoſis; thinking it moſt fit that one, who had born the celeſtial orbs on his ſhoulders, ſhould have a manſion amongſt them.

From the aſſumption of Romulus; that when war is at an end, the chief buſineſs of peace ſhould be the enacting good laws; that after a people are preſerved from from the enemy, the next care ſhould be, to preſerve them from themſelves; and therefore the beſt legiſlators deſerve a place amongſt heroes and deities.

From Ariadne being inhumanly deſerted by Theſeus, and generouſly received by Bacchus; we find, that as there is nothing we can be ſure of, ſo there is nothing we ought to deſpair of.

From Althea burning the brand; that we ſhould take care leſt under the notion of juſtice, we ſhould do a cruelty; for they that are ſet upon revenge, only endeavour to imitate the injury.

From Polyphemus making love to Galatea one may obſerve, that the moſt deformed can find ſomething to like in their own perſon. He examines his face in the ſtream, combs his rueful locks with a rake, grows more exact, and diſcovers the firſt ſign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than uſual care to pleaſe.

The fable of Cephalus and Procris confirms, that every trifle contributes to heighten the diſeaſe of jealouſy; and that the moſt convincing proofs can ſcarce cure it.

From that of Hippomenes and Atalanta we may diſcover, that a generous preſent helps to perſuade, as well as an agreeable perſon.

From Medea's flying from Pelias's court; that the offered favours of the impious ſhould be always ſuſpected; and that they, who deſign to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From Myrrha; that ſhame is ſometimes hard to be overcome, but if the ſex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more trouble.

From Cenis; that effeminacy in youth may change to valour in manhood, and that as fame periſhes, ſo does cenſure.

From Tereus; that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that the ſame perſon who begins with luſt, may conclude with murther.

From Midas; that no body can puniſh a covetous man worſe, than he puniſhes himſelf; that ſcarce any thing would ſometimes prove more fatal to us, than the completion of our own wiſhes; and that he who has the moſt deſires, will certainly meet with the moſt diſappointments.

From the Pythagorean philoſophy, it may be obſerved, that man is the only animal, who kills his fellow-creature without being angry.

From Proteus we have this leſſon, that a ſtateſman can put on any ſhape; can be a ſpaniel to the lion, and

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a lion to the ſpaniel; and that he knows not to be an enemy, who knows not how to ſeem a friend; that if all crowns ſhould change their miniſtry, as often as they pleaſe, tho' they may be called other miniſters, they are ſtill the ſame men.

The legend of Æſculapius's voyage to Rome in form of a ſnake, ſeems to expreſs the neceſſary ſagacity required in profeſſors of that art, for the readier inſight into diſtempers: this reptile being celebrated by the ancient naturaliſts for a quick ſight.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquila, aut ſerpens Epidaurius? ——
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1.

The venerable Epidaurian aſſumed the figure of an animal without hands to take fees; and therefore, grateful poſterity honoured him with a temple. In this manner ſhould wealthy phyſicians, upon proper occaſions, practiſe; and thus their ſurviving patients reward.

If the metamorphoſes be attended to with a juſt application, and without prepoſſeſſion; one will be the leſs ſurprized at the author's prophetic ſpirit, relating to the duration and ſucceſs of the work.

Jamque opus exegi, &c. ——

This prediction has ſo far proved true, that this poem has been ever ſince the magazine, which has furniſhed the greateſt poets of the following ages with fancy, and alluſions; and the moſt celebrated painters with ſubjects and deſign. Nor have his poetical predeceſſors, and contemporaries, paid leſs regard to their own performances.

Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora Muſæ. Lucr. B. 1.
Nemo me lacrumeis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faciſit; quur volito vivu' per ora virûm. Enn. Frag.
——*Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim*

Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Virg. G. 3.

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis ——— Hor. Od. 1.

Again,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar. ——— Hor. B. 3. Od. 30.

The whole ode is in a manner a continued compliment to his own writings; nor, in imitation of this celebrated author, want we poets of our present age, who have been pleased to rank themselves amongst their own admirers.

I have done with the original, and shall make no excuse for the length of the preface, because it is in the power of the reader to make it as short as he pleases. I shall now conclude with a word or two about the version.

Translation is commonly either verbal, or paraphrase, or imitation; of the first is Mr. Sands's, which I think the Metamorphoses can by no means allow of. It is agreed, the author left it unfinished; if it had undergone his last hand, it is more than probable, that many superfluities had been retrenched. Where a poem is perfectly finished, the translation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this, the sense of the author is more entirely his own, and the cast of the periods more faithfully preserved: but where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a hasty brevity, I think the translator may be excused for doing what the author, upon revising, would have done himself.

If Mr. Sands had been of this opinion, perhaps other translations of the metamorphoses had not been attempted.

A critic has obſerved, that in his verſion of this book, he has ſcrupulouſly confined the number of his lines to thoſe of the original. 'Tis fit I ſhould take the ſum upon content, and be better bred, than to count after him.

The manner that ſeems moſt ſuited for this preſent undertaking, is, neither to follow the author too cloſe out of a critical timorouſneſs; nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic boldneſs. The original ſhould always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the ſenſe. Where it is otherwiſe; it is not a verſion, but an imitation. The tranſlator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulneſs of the poem, as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a ſhade over its blemiſhes; to be faithful to an idolatry, where the author excels; and to take the licence of a little paraphraſe, where penury of fancy, or dryneſs of expreſſion ſeem to aſk for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concerned in this undertaking ſeem to be of this opinion; and therefore they have not only conſulted the reputation of the author, but their own alſo. There is one of them has no other ſhare in this compliment, than by being the occaſion of engaging them that have, in obliging the public. He has alſo been ſo juſt to the memory and reputation of Mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing ſo near his own.

I cannot paſs by that admirable Engliſh poet, without endeavouring to make his country ſenſible of the obligations they have to his muſe. Whether they conſider the flowing grace of his verſification; the vigorous ſallies of his fancy; or the peculiar delicacy of his periods; they'll diſcover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the firſt productions of his youth, to the laſt performances of his age, they'll find, that as the tyranny of rhyme never impoſed on the perſpicuity of the ſenſe; ſo a languid ſenſe never wanted to be ſet off by the harmony of rhyme. And as his earlier works wanted no maturity; ſo his latter wanted no force or ſpirit.

Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
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Translation is commonly either verbal, or paraphrase, or imitation; of the first is Mr. Sands's, which I think the Metamorphoses can by no means allow of. It is agreed, the author left it unfinished; if it had undergone his last hand, it is more than probable, that many superfluities had been retrenched. Where a poem is perfectly finished, the translation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this, the sense of the author is more entirely his own, and the cast of the periods more faithfully preserved: but where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a hasty brevity, I think the translator may be excused for doing what the author, upon revising, would have done himself.

If Mr. Sands had been of this opinion, perhaps other translations of the metamorphoses had not been attempted.

A critic has obſerved, that in his verſion of this book, he has ſcrupulouſly confined the number of his lines to thoſe of the original. 'Tis fit I ſhould take the ſum upon content, and be better bred, than to count after him.

The manner that ſeems moſt ſuited for this preſent undertaking, is, neither to follow the author too cloſe out of a critical timorouſneſs; nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic boldneſs. The original ſhould always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the ſenſe. Where it is otherwiſe; it is not a verſion, but an imitation. The tranſlator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulneſs of the poem, as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a ſhade over its blemiſhes; to be faithful to an idolatry, where the author excels; and to take the licence of a little paraphraſe, where penury of fancy, or dryneſs of expreſſion ſeem to aſk for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concerned in this undertaking ſeem to be of this opinion; and therefore they have not only conſulted the reputation of the author, but their own alſo. There is one of them has no other ſhare in this compliment, than by being the occaſion of engaging them that have, in obliging the public. He has alſo been ſo juſt to the memory and reputation of Mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing ſo near his own.

I cannot paſs by that admirable Engliſh poet, without endeavouring to make his country ſenſible of the obligations they have to his muſe. Whether they conſider the flowing grace of his verſification; the vigorous ſallies of his fancy; or the peculiar delicacy of his periods; they'll diſcover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the firſt productions of his youth, to the laſt performances of his age, they'll find, that as the tyranny of rhyme never impoſed on the perſpicuity of the ſenſe; ſo a languid ſenſe never wanted to be ſet off by the harmony of rhyme. And as his earlier works wanted no maturity; ſo his latter wanted no force or ſpirit,

rit. The falling off of his hair, had no other conſequence, than to make his laurels be ſeen the more.

As a tranſlator he was juſt; as an inventor he was rich. His verſions of ſome parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a juſt pretence to that compliment which was made to Monſieur d'Ablancourt, a celebrated French tranſlator; "It is uncertain who have the greateſt obligations to him, the dead or the living."

With all theſe wond'rous talents, he was libell'd in his life-time by the very men, who had no other excellencies, but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have ſentiments ſuperior to all others, they charged him with theft: but how did he ſteal? no otherwiſe, than like thoſe, that ſteal beggars children, only to cloath them the better.

'Tis to be lamented, that gentlemen ſtill continue this unfair behaviour, and treat one another every day with moſt injurious libels. The muſes ſhould be ladies of a chaſte and fair behaviour: when they are otherwiſe, they are furies. 'Tis certain that Parnaſſus is at beſt but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more ſo by their unneighbourly deportment; the authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own ſociety. Every day may convince them, how much a rich fool is reſpected above a poor wit. The only talents in eſteem at preſent are thoſe of Exchange-alley; one tally is worth a grove of bays; and 'tis of much more conſequence to be well read in the tables of intereſt, and the riſe and fall of ſtocks, than in the revolutions of empires.

Mr. Dryden is ſtill a ſad, and ſhameful inſtance of this truth: the man, that could make kings immortal, and raiſe triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor ſquare foot of ſtone, to ſhew where the aſhes of one of the greateſt poets, that ever was upon earth, are depoſited.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

The Transformation of SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills where baneful philters Circe brews;
Monſters in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the ſorcereſs.
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe.
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tend'reſt ſounds I ſu'd; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows and pitileſs to pray'r.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I aſk no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.

No

No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant God marine replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly, but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the ſun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love;
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
Ere I think any but my Scylla fair.
Strait Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some facinating bev'rage now ſhe brews;
Compos'd of deadly drugs, and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful ſorc'reſs viſits this receſs;
Her charm infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts,
A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not, who it is ſhe fears:
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run;
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with grief the pitying god appears:
And ſwells the riſing ſurges with his tears;
From the deteſted ſorcereſs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her addreſs denies:

Whilſt

Whilſt hapleſs Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe barques, that beat the ſeas.

The Voyage of Æneas continued.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulyſſes' fleet,
But good Æneas 'ſcap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latin ſhore the Trojan ſtood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: But ere long
The ſkies were darken'd, and the tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the Libyan coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian ſhore.
Here Dido, with an hoſpitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd Queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a ſacrifice.
Æneas now ſets ſail, and plying gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Aceſtes reigns:
Firſt to his ſire does fun'ral rites decree,
Then gives the ſignal next, and ſtands to ſea;
Out-runs the iſlands where volcanos roar;
Gets clear of Sirens, and their faithleſs ſhore:
But loſes Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

The Transformation of Cercopians into Apes.

The gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The father of the gods, deteſting lyes,
Oft, with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:

Merry in make, and buſy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains;
Tho' loſt the language, yet the noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS deſcends to Hell.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Miſenus jutting in the ſea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid:
Begs leave thro' black Avernus to retire;
And view the much-lov'd manes of his ſire.
Strait the divining virgin rais'd her eyes:
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe worth thy wond'rous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Tho' great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th' Elyſian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's ſhade: This arm thy ſteps ſhall guide:
To ſuppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough
Which in th' Avernian grove reſulgent grew,
Seize that, ſhe bids; he liſtens to the maid;
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead:
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the heroe came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame.——
O, whether ſome propitious deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky!
With grateful incenſe I ſhall ſtile you one,
And doom no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
And give me to behold the fields of light:
To feel the breezes of congenial air;
And nature's bleſt benevolence to ſhare.

The ſtory of the SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the dame,
But mortal, and religious rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic ſway,
Had I conſented to the god of day.
With promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then pointing to a heap of ſand,
For ev'ry grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The ſmiling bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Sev'n cent'ries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finiſh ſtill.
Who'll think, that Phœbus, dreſt in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd frame, ſo fates have will'd, ſhall waſte
To nothing, but prophetic words, at laſt.
The Sibyl mounting now from nether ſkies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurſe's name.
Here did the luckleſs Macareus, a friend
To wiſe Ulyſſes, his long labours end.
Here, wand'ring, Achæmenides he meets,
And, ſudden, thus his late aſſociate greets.
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at laſt aboard a Trojan found.

The adventures of ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides —With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.

I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops thro' the hero's aid,
Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
He rav'd, 'till Ætna labour'd with the ſound.
Raging, he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
And vented clouds of breath at ev'ry ſtride.
His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
Oft, as he walks, his griſly front he ſhrouds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
And juſtled promontories as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting hurricane.
Oh! cou'd I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind ev'ry crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror ſhook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook.
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a ſail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befell.

The adventures of MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:

When

When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
Whoſe crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet,
Two, friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
And drop'd his anchor in yon faithleſs bay.
The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, 'till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor giv'n to wine,
Eurylochus, my ſelf, the lots aſſign,
Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

The enchantments of Circe.

Before the ſpacious front, a herd we find
Of beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage kind.
Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
Her maids nor mind the loom, nor houſhold care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war.
But cull in canniſters diſaſt'rous flow'rs,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bow'rs,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each doſe the goddeſs weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!

Entring ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity beſpoke.
Her ready nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her pow'r we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.
Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chine ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends:
A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulyſſes haſtes, ſo fates command,
And bears the pow'rful Moly in his hand;
Unſheaths his ſcymitar, aſſaults the dame,
Preſerves his ſpecies, and remains the ſame.
The nuptial right this outrage ſtrait attends;
The dow'r deſir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
The incantation backward ſhe repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did, defeats.
And now our ſkin grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping gen'ral we embrace,
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.
Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone;
His head a pecker bore; the cauſe unknown
To paſſengers. A nymph of Circe's train
The myſt'ry thus attempted to explain.

The ſtory of PICUS and CANENS.

Picus, who once th'Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field.
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the ſculptor's ſkill.

The

The graces in the finiſh'd piece you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth cou'd name,
'Till ev'ry love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.
Oft for his love the mountain Dryads ſu'd,
And ev'ry ſilver ſiſter of the flood:
Thoſe of Numicus, Albula, and thoſe
Where Almo creeps, and haſty Nar o'erflows:
Where ſedgy Anio glides thro' ſmiling meads,
Where ſhady Farfar ruſtles in the reeds:
And thoſe that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaſte goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
In vain each nymph her brighteſt charms put on;
His heart no ſov'reign would obey but one.
She whom Venilia, on mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the faireſt of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confeſs,
Her voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
Whene'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her ſtrains,
The flocks unfed ſeem'd liſt'ning on the plains;
The rivers would ſtand ſtill, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The ſavage kind in foreſt-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heav'nly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft moments in delights they waſte,
And each new day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the foreſts rove,
And mingle ſports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chas'd,
His jewels ſparkling on his Tyrian veſt,
Laſcivious Circe well the youth ſurvey'd,
As, ſimpling, on the flow'ry hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lap the verdant miſchief fell.

As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame,
If plants have pow'r, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid —— and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That ſought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chaſe the viſionary prey.
Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the chearful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone.
By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and ev'ry grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſun's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare.
She firſt my ev'ry tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, each looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end, what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtic drudge, a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere long ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic pow'r ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.

On

On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from driſling damps now purge the air,
The miſt ſubſides, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulcher.
Now, ſtrange to tell, the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads.
The ſad ſpectators ſtiffen'd with their fears
She ſees, and ſudden ev'ry limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.
The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence, or delay.
Where ſhe commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſick'ning ſwan thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings.

Ere long ſad Canens waſtes to air; whilſt fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.
Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe;
Above belief the wonder I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our ſuff'ring fleet.
My ſelf unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS arrives in ITALY.

Thus Macareus——Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a fun'ral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore,
Where the falſe goddeſs reigns with fatal pow'r;
And ſought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campain.
His kindred gods the hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both pow'rs from neighb'ring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.
The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venulus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd.——

Shall

Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte;
An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne;
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harſhneſs of her hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

The Adventures of DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd, what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſu'd us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oleus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of light'ning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yield, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſt'rous ſtate to tell;
Ev'n Priam wou'd have pity'd, what befell.
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as fates ordain.
Chas'd from my country, I once more repeat
All ſuff'rings ſeas could give, or war compleat.
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient thro' ſucceſſive ills,
With fury, love's bright goddeſs thus reviles: —
Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.
Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies.
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.

About to anſwer; his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warpt into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny,
And wheeling in the air, like ſwans they fly:
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

The Transformation of APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.
Her trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here ſtreams in gentle falls thro' windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing breath cool zephyrs play.
The goatherd god frequents the ſilent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the ſylvan race,
'Till Appulus with a diſhoneſt air,
And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, when-e'er they tread the green,
Their motions mimics, but with geſt obſcene.
Looſe language oft he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

The TROJAN Ships transformed to ſea-nymphs.

Mean while the Latians all their pow'r prepare,
'Gainſt fortune, and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating field they ſtain;
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain.

Turnus

Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand;
He thought; and ſtrait a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades, what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her tow'ry crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;
Her brindled lion rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet, ſhe ſaid:
Ceaſe, Turnus, and the heav'nly pow'rs reſpect,
Nor dare to violate, what I protect.
Theſe gallies, once fair trees on Ida ſtood,
And gave their ſhade to each deſcending god.
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Strait peals of thunder heav'n's high arches rend,
The hail-ſtones leap, the ſhow'rs in ſpouts deſcend.
The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoaking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh, and blood;
The yards, and oars new arms, and legs deſign;
A trunk the hull; the ſlender keel, a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the ſeas are ſtill their care,
Themſelves remembring what of late they were;
To ſave a Trojan ſail in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war.

Both

Both ſides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their gods depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great ſoul to war, like fair renown.
Æneas at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain, ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And bury'd in fierce deluges of flame.
Her tow'rs, that boaſted once a ſov'reign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings.
Calamities of towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft, with woful ſhrieks, of war complains.

The Deification of ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And by a ſure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome.
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother Goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers.
Almighty arbiter, whoſe pow'rful nod
Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the goddeſs feels;
Then thund'ring Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals;
Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An Apotheoſis, and rites divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws;

Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies.
Alights, where thro' the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his watry tribute pays.
The God ſhe ſupplicates to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay,
And cleanſe the goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.
His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to ætherial mind,
With gums of fragrant ſcent the goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals; and ſtyles him Indiges.

The Line of the LATIN Kings.

Aſcanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways;
The Alban nation, Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal pow'r ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river god.
Now haughty Remulus begun his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
From peace endeav'ring, more than arms, renown,
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The mount on which he rul'd, preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

The Story of VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

A Hama-Dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
Or to the fruit more gen'rous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the flatt'ring ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurs'ry did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtraglers to obey command;
Leſt the licentious, and unthrifty bough,
The too indulgent parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the ſalvage teint; and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſu'd the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd the like ſucceſs.

To

To gain ſucceſs a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harveſt, of the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the god.
Now, in a forehead-cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.
Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in am'rous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then fair nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well, as I,
Tho' old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt wiſhes, and unſoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of ſeaſons only worth your love:
On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows,

True

True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
The charms of youth, and ev'ry ſmiling grace
Bloom in his features, and the god confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on ev'ry ſhape at eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt, that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
Still to oblige her in her lover's aim;
Their likings and averſions are the ſame.
Nor the fair fruit your burthen'd branches bear;
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at her feet.
A tale attend, thro' Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

The Story of IPHIS and ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxerete of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear.
But love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs, and pray'r,
Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs meſſengers in ſuits of love.
Now ſhiv'ring at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas,
Derides his pray'rs; inſults his agonies;

Arraign

Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain;
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.
Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair. ——

O Anaxarete, at laſt forget
The licence of a paſſion indiſcreet.
Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
Your ſlave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride, like thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great pow'rs, do juſtice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, reſtore to fame.

Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life and love.

Ere-long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue ſhe appears;
Then bathes the breathleſs coarſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,
To view the paſſing pomp the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by his tale, no longer then diſdain,
O nymph belov'd, to eaſe a lover's pain.
So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.

The

The ſtory oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heav'nly form again.
Such looks, and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts: ſo ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager wings, ſucceeds deſire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

The LATIAN line continu'd.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his ſon
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown.
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs pow'r,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.
The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the falſe Tarpeia was betray'd,
But death well recompens'd the treach'rous maid.
The foe on this new-bought ſucceſs relies,
And, ſilent, march, the city to ſurprize.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain deſign;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the ſprings preſide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To ſend their ſuccours: ev'ry urn they drain,
To ſtop the Sabines progreſs, but in vain.
The Naids now more ſtratagems eſſay;
And kindling ſulphur to each ſource convey.

The

The floods ferment, hot exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding ford the army flies,
Soon Romulus appears in ſhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is ſpread
With nothing, but the dying, and the dead.
Both ſides conſent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the ſceptre ſway,
But Tatius by Lavinian fury ſlain,
Great Romulus continu'd long to reign.

The aſſumption of ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burniſh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes heav'n's imperial throne.
Since the inferior world is now become
One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.
Long haſt thou promis'd an ætherial ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The ſire, that rules the thunder, with a nod,
Declar'd the fiat, and diſmiſs'd the god.
Soon as the pow'r armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And leaning on his lance, he mounts his carr,
His fiery courſers laſhing thro' the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heav'nly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye;
Then vaults upon his carr, and to the ſpheres,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears,
The parts more pure, in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

The aſſumption of HERSILIA.

Ere-long the goddeſs of the nuptial-bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia —— Thus the meteor maid: ——
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to heav'n ally'd,
The Sabines glory, and the ſex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe, as now reſides above,
Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford;
And if thou would'ſt once more behold thy lord,
Retire to yon ſteep mount, with groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright embaſſadreſs replies: ——
O goddeſs, yet to mortal eyes unknown,
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy vot'reſs bear,
With looks of love he'll ſmile away my care:
In what-e'er orb he ſhines, my heav'n is there.
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And up the mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward thro' the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With op'ning arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XV.

The Story of Cippus.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horns that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurprize
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes.
Streight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods direct theſe pious pray'rs.
If this portent be proſp'rous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, hail conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſov'reign pow'r as fate's decree.
He ſaid——and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent.
Far hence, ye gods, this execration ſend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhou'd ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid,

If

If Augurs can forſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns, moſt ſtrange to tell, his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit, that ill-fated hour;
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs pow'r.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gath'ring gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.
The anxious throng look'd down, and ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate——hear, O Cippus, hear;
So god-like is thy tutelary care,
That ſince in Rome thy ſelf forbids the ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plow-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of the day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

The End of the Firſt Volume.